

T W E N T Y
O F T H E
P L A Y S
O F

S H A K E S P E A R E,

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A N D

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B Y

GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq;

—ire jubeo, ut ea a fontibus potius hauriant, quam rivulos
confectentur. Quæ autem nemo adhuc docuerat, nec erat
unde studiosi scire possent, ea, quantum potui, feci, ut essent
nota nostris.

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V O L. VI.

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B.WAY



T H E
TRAGICALL HISTORIE
O F
H A M L E T
PRINCE of DENMARKE.

B Y
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much againe as it
was, according to the true and perfect coppie.



At L O N D O N:

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T H E
T R A G E D I E
O F
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Bernardo, and Francisco, two centinels.

Bar.

WHOSE * there?

Fran. Nay answer me. Stand and vnfold you
felfe.

Bar. Long liue the king.

Fran. Barnardo.

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come moſt carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. Tis now ſtrooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,

And I am ſick at heart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.

Bar. Well, good night :

If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*

The riuals of my watch, bid them make haſt.

* who's

Enter

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And leegemen to the *Dane*.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O, farewell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?

Fran. *Bernardo* hath my place; giue you good night.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say what is *Horatio* there?

Hora. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

Hora What ha's this thing appeard againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* sayes tis but a * fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
Hee may approue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe awhile,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What wee haue two nights seene.

Hor. Well sit wee downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same starre thats westward from the pole;
Had made his course t'illumine † that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

* our. † t'illumine.

Enter

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off looke where it comes againe,

Bar. In the same figure like the king thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholler speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the maiesty of buried *Denmarke*
Did sometimes march : by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it staukes away.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake I charge thee speake.

Exit Ghost.

Ma. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more then phantasie ?
What thinke you *of it* * ?

Hora. Before my God I might not this beleue,
Without the fencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king ?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe :
Such was the very armor hee had on,
When hee the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownde hee once when in an angry parle
Hee smote the sleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before and iump at this *dead* † houre,
With martiall stauke hath hee gone by our watch.

Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,

* *ent.* † *same.*

But

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me hee that knowes,
Why this same strict and most obseruant watch
So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazen cannon
And forraine marte for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose sore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might bee toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the night ioynt *labourer* * with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I.

At least the whisper goes so, our last king,
Whose image euen but now appea'd to vs,
Was as you know by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seald compact
Well ratified by law and heraldry
Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moity competent
Was gaged by our king, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
Had hee beene *vanquisher* †; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the articles deseigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*; now sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolute
For food and diet to some enterprife

* *labour.* † *vanquish'd.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

That hath a stomake in't, *which* * no other
 As it doth well appeare vnto our state
 But to recouer of vs by strong hand
 And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost; and this I take it,
 Is the maine motiue of our preparations
 The source of this our watch, and the cheefe head
 Of this post-hast and romeage in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other but *euen so* † ;
 Well may it fort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch so like the king
 That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye :
 In the most high and palmy state of *Rome*,
 A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
 The graues stood tennantlesse, and ‡ the sheeted dead
 Did squeake and gibber in the *Romane* streets
 As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
 Disasters in the sunne; and the moist starre,
 Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* empier stands,
 Was sick almost to doomesday with eclipse.
 And euen the like precurse of *fearce* || euent
 As harbingers preceeding still the fates
 And prologue to the omen comming on
 Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
 Vnto our climatures and contrimen.

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes againe
 Ile crosse it though it blast mee : stay illusion,
It spreads his armes.
 If thou hast any found or vse of voice,
 Speake to mee, if there be any good thing to bee done

* *which is.* † *enso.* ‡ *and omitted.* || *fear.*

That

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

That may to thee doe ease and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy contryes fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd,
O speake :
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.

The cock crowes.

Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan ?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone,

We doe it wrong being so maiesticall
To offer it the shoue of violence,
For it is as the ayre invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crew :

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons ; I haue heard,
The cock that is the trumpet to the morne
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throate
Awake the god of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre,
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine and of the truth heerein
This present obiekt made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,

And

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

And then they fay no spirit *dare* * sturre abroad
The nights are wholsome, then no plannets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme
So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part beleue it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high eastward hill :
Breake wee our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what wee haue seen to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him :
Doe you consent wee shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitting our duety.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where wee shall find him most conuenient. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter Claudius, king of Denmarke, Gertrad the
queene, counsaile : as Polonius, and his sonne Laertes,
Hamlet cum aliis.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memory bee greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe and our whole kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe,
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That wee with wisest sorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of ourselues :
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queene
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
Haue wee as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in mariage
In equall scale waighing delight and dole

* *dares.*

Taken

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Taken to wife : nor haue wee herein bard
 Your better wifdomes, which haue freely gone
 With this affaire along (for all our thanks)
 Now followes that you know yong *Fortinbrasse*,
 Holding a weake supposall of our worth
 Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
 Our state to bee disioynt, and out of frame
 Colegued with this dreame of his aduantage
 Hee hath not faild to pester vs with message
 Importing the furrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law
 To our most valiant brother, so much for him.
 Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
 Thus much the busines is, we haue here writ
 To *Norway* vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
 Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
 Of this his nephewes purpose ; to suppress
 His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
 The lists, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his *subiect* * and we heere dispatch
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
 For † bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
 Giuing to you no further personall power
 To busines with the king, more then the scope
 Of these delated articles allow :
 Farwell, and let your hast commend your duty.

Cor. Vo. In that and all things will we show our duty.

Kin. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.

And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you ?

You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes* ?

You cannot speake of reason to the *Dane*

And lose your voyce ; what would'st thou begge *Laertes* ?

* *subiects.* † *Our.*

That

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more natieue to the heart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy father,
What would'st thou haue *Laertes* ?

Lar. My dread lord.

Your leaue and fauour to returne to *France*,
From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
To show my duty in your coronation ;
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward *France*.
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius* ?

Polo. He hath my lord wrung from me my flow leaue
By labourfome petition, and at last
Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,
I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
But now my cosin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,
Seeke for thy noble father in the dust,
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must dye,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it bee

Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake *could smother* *,

* *could smother.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Nor customary futes of solemne black,
 Nor windie fuspuration of forst breath,
 No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
 Nor the deiected hauior of the visage,
 Together with all formes, moodes, *shapes* * of grieve
 That can *deuote* † me truely, these indeed seeme,
 For they are actions that a man might play,
 But I haue that within which passes shoue,
 These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature
Hamlet,

To giue these mourning duties to your father,
 But you must know your father lost a father,
 That father lost, lost his, and the furuiuer bound
 In filliall obligation for some tearme
 To doe obsequious sorrowes, but to perseuer
 In obstinate condolement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornesse, tis vmanly grieve,
 It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen,
 A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient.
 An vnderstanding simple and vnschoold,
 For what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
 Why should we in our peeuish opposition
 Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theame
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
 From the first *course* ‡, till he that dyed to day
 This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
 This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
 As of a father, for let the world take note
 You are the most imediate to our throne,

* *shapes.* † *deuoute, denote.* ‡ *course.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

And with no lesse nobility of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going back to schoole to *Wittenberg*,
It is most *retrograd** to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obay you madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that *Denmarke* drinkes to day,
But the great cannon to the clowdes shall tell.
And the kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away.

Florissb. Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too too fallied flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolue it selfe into a dew,
Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
His cannon gainst *seale* † slaughter, ô God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden,
That growes to feed, things ranck and grose in nature,
Possesse it meerely that it should come thus
But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a king, that was to this
Hyperion to a satire, so louing to my mother,
That he might not *beteeme* § the winds of heauen

* *retrograde.* † *self.* § *let e'en.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Vifit her face too roughly : heauen and earth
Muft I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him
As if increafe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't ; frailty thy name is woman
A little month. On ere thoſe ſhoes were old
With which ſhe followed my poore fathers body
Like *Niobe* all teares, why ſhe
O God ! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my vncke,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married oh ! moſt wicked ſpeed ; to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtious ſheetes,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your lordſhippe.

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well ; *Horatio*, or I do forget
my ſelfe.

Hora. The ſame my lord, and your poore ſeruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio* ?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good lord.

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you, (good euen ſir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg* ?

Hora. A truant diſpoſition good my lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemy ſay ſo,
Nor ſhall you do my eare that violence

To

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elfonoure*?

Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora. My lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hora. Indeed my lord it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*.
My father me thinkes I see my father.

Hora. Where my lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly king.

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hora. My lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw, who?

Hora. My lord the king your father.

Ham. The king my father?

Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an *attentive* * eare till I may deliuer
Vpon the witnesse of these gentlemen
This maruaile to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead *vast* † and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at poynt, exactly *Cap apee*
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,

* *attent.* † *vast.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Goes slowe and stately by them ; thrice he walkt
 By their opprest and feare surpris'd eyes,
 Within *this* † tronchions length, whilst they distil'd
 Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
 Stand dumbe and speake not to him ; this to me,
 In dreadfull secrecy impart they did, 20
 And I with them the third night kept the watch,
 Whereas they had deliuered both in time,
 Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparision comes: I knew your father,
 These hands are not more like,

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My lord vpon the platforme where wee watcht,

Ham. Did you not speake to it ?

Nora. My lord I did,

But answer made it none, yet once mee thought
 It lifted vp *it* * head and did addresse
 It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
 But euen then the morning cock crew loude,
 And at the sound it shruncke in hast away
 And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Nora. As I doe liue my honor'd lord tis true
 And wee did thinke it writ downe in our duety
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeede sirs but this troubles me,
 Hold you the watch to night ?

All. Wee doe my lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you ?

All. Arm'd my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

All. My lord from head to foote.

Hau. Then saw you not his face ?

† *his.* * *its.*

Nora.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Hora. O yes my lord, hee wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't hee frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like: staid it long?

Hora. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grifs'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life
A fable filuer'd.

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.

Hora. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid mee hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this fight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so fare you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue.
Ile visit you.

All. Our duety to your honor.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Till then sit still my soule, *foule* * deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes, *Exit.*

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his sister.

Laer. My necessaries are inbarckt, farewell,
And sister as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assistant, do not sleepe
But let me heare from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that ?

Laer. For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of *primy* † nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting.
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the mind and soule
Growes wide withall, perhaps hee loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,
His greatnes waid, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnualed persons doe,
Graue ‡ for himselfe, for on his choise depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd,
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body,
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
It fits your wisdom so farre to beleue it
As he in his particuler act and place

* *fond.* † *prime.* ‡ *carue.*

May

PRINCE OF DENMARKE

May giue his saying deede, which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his songs
Or loose your heart, or your chaste treasure open,
To his vnmaistred importunity.

Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sifter,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,

“ The chariest maide is prodigall enough
If she vnmaske her beauty to the moone

“ Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes

“ The canker gaules the infant of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos’d,

And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent,

Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,

Youth to it selfe rebels though none else neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe,
As *watchmen* * to my heart : but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
Show me the *steepe* † and thorny way to ‡ heauen
Whiles a puffed, and reckles libertine,
Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads.
And reakes not his owne reed.

Enter Polonius.

Laer. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet here *Laertes* ? a bord, a bord for shame,

* *watchman.* † *step.* ‡ *of.*

The

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
 And you are staied for, there my blessing with thee,
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
 Be thou famelier, but by no meanes vulgar,
 Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of steele,
 But do not dull thy palme with entertainment
 Of each new hatcht vnpledgd courage; beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell, but beeing in,
 Bear't that th' *opposer* * may beware of thee.
 Giue euery man thy eare, but few thy voyce,
 Take each man's censure, but referue thy iudgement.
 Costly thy habite as thy purse can buy,
 But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
 For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man:
 And they in *France* of the best ranck and station,
Ar † of a most select and generous, cheefe in that:
 Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
 For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
 And borrowing *dulleth* ‡ *the* § edge of husbandry:
 This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
 And it must follow as the night *the* || day
 Thou canst not then bee false to any man:
 Farewell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leaue my lord.

Pol. The time inuests you, goe, your seruants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
 What I haue said to you.

Ophe. 'Tis in my memory lockt
 And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit Laertes.

* *opposed.* † *Or.* ‡ *dulls.* § *the omitted.* || *so.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Pol. What ist *Ophelia* hee hath said to you ?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry well bethought

Tis told me hee hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious,
If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.

Ophe. He hath my lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle,
Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
Doe you belieue his tenders, as you call them ?

Ophe. I doe not know my lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie,
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling : tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase)
Wrong it thus*, youle tender me a foole.

Ophe. My lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springes to catch wood-cocks, I doe know
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not tak't † for fire : from this time

* The parenthesis in the first edition takes in as far as, thus)

† take.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Be some-thing scanter of your maiden presence
 Set your intreatments at a higher rate
 Then a command to *parle* ¶ ; for lord *Hamlet*,
 Belieue so much in him, that he is young,
 And with a larger teder may he walke
 Then may be giuen you : in few *Ophelia*,
 Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
 Not of that die which their inuestments show
 But meere implorators of vnholly suites,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
 The better to *beguile* † : this is for all,
 I would not in plaine termes from this time forth
 Haue you so slaunder any moments leasure
 As to giue words or talke with the lord *Hamlet*,
 Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my lord.

Excunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hor. Indeede ; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke.

A florish of trumpets and 2 peeces goes off.

Ham. The king doth walke ‡ to night and takes his rowse.
 Keepes wassell and the swaggring vp-spring reeles :
 And as he drains his drafts of *Rennish* downe,
 The kettle drumme and trumpet, thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome ?

¶ *parley.* † *beguide.* ‡ *wake.*

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. I marry ist,
But to my mind, though I am native heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauy-headed reuelle east and west
Makes vs traduc'd and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards and with swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chanches in particuler men,
That for some vitious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habite that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
Being natures liuery, or fortunes starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinit as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault : the dram of *cale* *
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandall.

Enter Ghost.

Hera. Looke my lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend vs !
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

* *cale.*

Thou

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
 King, father, royall *Dane*, ò answere mee,
 Let mee not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones heard in death
 Haue burst their cerements? why the sepulcher,
 Wherein wee saw thee quietly interr'd
 Hath opt his ponderous and marble iawes,
 To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
 That thou dead corse, againe in compleat Steele
 Reuifites thus the glimpses of the moone,
 Making night hideous, and wee fooles of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughtes beyond the reaches of our soules,
 Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Beckons.

Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
 It waues you to a more remooued ground,
 But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my lord.

Ham. Why? what should bee the feare,
 I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,
 And for my soule, what can it doe to that
 Being a thing immortall as * it selfe;
 It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you towards the flood my lord,
 Or to the dreadfull fomnet of the cleefe
 That bettels ore his bafe into the sea,

* like.

And

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might depriue your soueraignty of reason,
And drawe you into madnesse, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty *artyre** in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* Lyons nerue ;
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe *one* †, Ile follow thee.

Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke*.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further.

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alasse poore ghost.

* attire, artery. † on.

Ghost.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake I am bound to here.

Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What ?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my daies of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away : but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-houfe,
I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quils vpon the fearefull porpentine :
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood, list, list, O list,
If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his foule *, and most vnnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Hast me to know't, that I with wings as swift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller shouldest thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'st thou not sturre in this ; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard,

* *soul.*

A serpent

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.]

A serpent stung me, so the whole eare of *Denmarke*.
Is by a forged processe of my death
Ranckely abused : but know thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike soule ! my vnkle :

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to seduce ; wonne to his shamfull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous queene ;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine ; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
So but though to a radiant angle linckt.

Will fort it selfe in a celestiall bed

And pray on garbage.

But soft, me thinkes I scent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be ; sleeping within my orchard,
My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my secure houre, thy vnkle stole
With iuyce of cursed *Hebona* in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure,
The leaprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksiluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse,
And curde like eager droppings into milke.
The thin and wholsome blood ; so did it mine,

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O

And

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

And a most instant tetter barked about
 Most *lazerlike* * with vile and lothsome crust
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
 Of life, of crowne, of queene at once dispatcht,
 Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
 Vnnuzled, disappointed, vn-anueld,
 No reckning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head,
 O horrible, O horrible, most horrible.
 If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,
 Let not the royall bed of *Denmarke* be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But howsomeuer thou *pursues* † this act,
 Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contriue
 Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
 And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
 To pricke and sting her : fare thee well at once,
 The gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
 And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
 Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen ! O earth ! what else,
 And shall I couple hell, O fie ! *hold* ‡, my heart,
 And you my sinnowes ; grow not instant old,
 But beare me swiftly vp ; remember thee,
 I thou poore ghost whiles memory holds a seate
 In this distracted globe, remember thee,
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
 All *saues* § of bookes, all formes, all pressures past
 That youth and obseruation coppied there,
 And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
 Within the booke and volume of my braine

* *lazar-like.* † *pursuest.* ‡ *bold, bold.* § *saues.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen.
O most prenicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I fet it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine.
At least I am sure it may be so in *Denmarke*.
So vncke, there you are, now to my word.
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My lord, my lord.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hora. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come;

Mar. How i'ft my noble lord? *

Hora †. O, wonderfull!

Hor. Good my lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueale it.

Hora. Not I my lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my lord.

Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be secret.

Both. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all *Denmarke*
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hora. There needs no ghost my lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,

* *Hora.* *What newes my lord?*

This line is added from the first edition.

† *Ham.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your businesse and desire shall point you,
For euery man hath businesse and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. These are but wilde and whurling words my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.

Hora. There's no offence my lord.

Ham. Yes by saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you,
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
Ore-maister't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hora. What i'th my lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.

Both. My lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hora. In faith my lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my lord in faith.

Ham. Vppon my sword.

Mar. Wee haue sworne my lord already.

Ham. Indeed vppon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries vnder the stage.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there true penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the fellerige,
Consent to sweare.

Hora. Propose the oath my lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene,
Sweare by the sword.

Ghost.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic, & ubique*, then weele shift our ground :
Come hether gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Swear by my sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said old mole, *canst** worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy pioner once more remooue good friends.

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more thinges in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your philosophy : but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so *mere* † I beare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an antike disposition on
That you at such times seeing mee, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or *this head shake* ‡,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As, well, well wee know, or wee could and if wee would,
Or if wee list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of mee, this do sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed spirit : so gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you,
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you
God willing shall not lacke : let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt. O cursed spight !

* *canst thou.* † *ere.* ‡ *head thus shak'd*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

That euer I was borne to set it right.

Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this mony, and these *two* * notes *Reynaldo*.

Rey. I will my lord.

Pol. You shall do maruelous wisely good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visite him, to make inquire,
Of his behauiour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what *Dansters* are in *Paris*.
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompassment, and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y^t be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so farre.

* *two* omitted.

Rey.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of liberty,
The flash and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclamed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good lord.

Pol. Wherfor should you doe this?

Rey. I my lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I beleeeue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these slight *sullies* * on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little soyld with working,
Marke you, your party in conuerse, him you would sound
Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this cosequence,
Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my lord.

Pol. And then sir does a this, a doos: what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say something,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman
I say him yesterday, or th'other day.
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,

* *sallies.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

There falling out at tennis, or perchance
 I saw him enter such *or* * such a house of sale,
 Videlizet, a brothell, or so foorth, see you now,
 Your bait of falshood : take this carpe of truth,
 And thus doe we of wifdome, and of reach,
 With windleses : and with assaies of bias,
 By *indirects* † find directions out,
 So by my former lecture and aduise
 Shall you my sonne ; you haue me, haue you not ?

Rey. My lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.

Rey. Good my lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my lord.

Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Polo. Farwell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter ?

Ophe. O my lord, my lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

Polo. With what i'th name of God ?

Ophe. My lord, as I was sowing in my closset,
 Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
 No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,
 Vngartred, and downe *gyred* ‡ to his ankle,
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
 And with a looke so pittious in purport
 As if he had beene loosed out of hell
 To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Polo. Mad for thy loue ?

Ophe. My lord I do not know,
 But truly I doe feare it.

Polo. What said he ?

* and † *indirections.* ‡ *gyred.*

Ophe.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to fuch perufall of my face
As a would draw it ; long ftayd he fo,
At laft, a little fhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raifed a figh fo pittious and profound,
As it did feeme to fhatter all his bulke,
And end his being ; that done, he lets me go,
And with his head ouer his fhoulders turn'd
He feem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out a doores he went without their helps,
And to the laft bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe feeke the king,
This is the very extacy of loue,
Whofe violent property *forgoes** it felfe,
And leads the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any paffions vnder heauen
That dooes afflict our natures : I am forry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late ?

Ophe. No my good lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters : and denied
His acceffe to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am forry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not *coted*† him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke thee, but befhrow my ieloufie
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To caft beyond our felues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger fort
To lack difcretion ; come, goe we to the king,

* *foredoes.* † *coated.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
More grieve to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come.

Exeunt.

Florish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne*,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hasty sending, something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,
So much from the vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,
That beeing of so young daies brought vp with him,
And sith so neighbored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lies within our remedy.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there *are* * not liuing,
To whome he more adheres, if it will please you,
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to *extend* † your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your maiesties
Might by the foueraigne power you haue of vs,

* is. † *extend.*

Put

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Put your your dread pleasures more into commaund
Then to intreaty.

Guyl. But we both obey,
And here giue vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feete §.

King. Thankes *Roscencraus*, and gentle *Guyldensterne*,

Quee. Thankes *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Roscencraus*.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne : goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guyl. Heauens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I amen.

Exeunt Ros. and Guyld.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good lord,
Are ioyfully returnd.

King. Thou still hast beene the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my lord ? I assure my good liege
I hold my duty as I hold my soule.

Both to my God, and to my gracious king ;
And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vsd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacy,

King. O speake of that, that do I long to heare.

Pol. Giue first admittance to th' embassadors,
My newes shall be the frute to that great feast,

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my decree † : *Gertrud* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

§ to be commanded. This is added from the first edition.

† dear.

Quee.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our hasty marriage.

Enter embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway* ?

Volte. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephews leuies, which to him appeared
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnesse, whereat greu'd
That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his vncle, neuer more
To giue th'affay of armes against your maiesty:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commission to imploy those souldiers,
Soleuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprife
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night wee'll feast together,
Most welcome home.

Exeunt embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended,
My liege and maddam, to expostulate

What

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

What maiesty should be, what duety is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,
Therefore breuity is the soule of wit,
And tediousnes the limmes and outward florishes :
I will be breefe your noble sonne is mad :
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What ist but to be nothing else but mad ?
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
And pittie tis, tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaines
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect
For this effect defectiue comes by cause :
Thus it remaines and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her duety and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

*To the celestiall and * my soules idol, the most beautified Ophelia,
that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase,
but you shall heare : thus in her excellent white bosome,
these &c.*

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her ?

Pol. Good maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

* and omitted.

LETTER.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

LETTER.

*Doubt that the starres are fire,
Doubt that the sunne doth mooue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.*

*O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to
reken my groanes, but that I loue thee best, oh most best beleue
it ! adew. Thine euermore most deare lady, whilst this machine
is to him.*

Hamlet.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shown me,
And more about *hath* * his folicitings
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue ?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me ?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing ?
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare maiesty your queene heere thinke,
If I had plaid the deske, or table booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle fight,
What might you thinke ? no, I went round to worke,
And my yong mistresse *this* † I did bespeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a prince out of thy *starre* ‡
This must not bee : and then I *prescripts* § gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from *his* || resort,

* haue. † thus. ‡ sphere. § precepts. || her.

Admit

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens.
Which done she tooke the fruites of my aduise,
And hee repel'd. A short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,
Thence to § lightnes, and by this declension,
Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
And all wee mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke *this* †?

Quee. It may bee very *like* ‡.

Pol. Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade mee, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the center.

King. How may wee try it forther?

Pol. You know sometimes hee walkes foure houres together
Heere in the lobby.

Quee. Soe he does indeede.

Pol. At such a time; Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind *an* || arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And bee not from his reason false thereon
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. Wee will trye it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away.

Exit King and Quee.

§ to a. † 'tis this. ‡ likely. || the.

Ile

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How does my good lord *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my lord ?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my lord.

Ham. I fir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

Pol. That's very true my lord.

Ham. For if the funne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter ?

Pol. I haue my lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th funne, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at first, a sayd I was a fishmonger, a is farre gone, and truely in my youth, I suffered much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my lord.

Ham. Slanders sir ; for the fatericall rogue saies here, that old men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum, and that they haue a plentiful lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which sir though I most powerfully and potently belieue, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall grow old as I am ; if like a crab you could goe backward.

Pol.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, wil you walke out of the ayre my lord.

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre ; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall : except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guildensterne, and Rosencraus.

Polo. Fare you well my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polo. You goe to seeke the lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Ros. God saue you sir.

Guyl. My honor'd lord.

Ros. My most deere lord.

Ham. My *excellent* § good friends, how dost thou *Guildensterne* ?

A *Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both ?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on fortunes
lap †.

We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waist, or in the middle of her fauors.

Guyl. Faith her priuates we.

§ *excellent.* † *cap.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ha. In the 'secrēt parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet.

What newes ?

Rof. None my lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is doomes day neere, but your newes is not true ;

But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elſonoure* ?

Rof. To viſit you my lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thank you, and ſure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny : were you not ſent for ? is it your owne inclining ? is it a free viſitation ? come, come, deale iuſtly with me, come, come, nay ſpeake.

Guy. What ſhould we ſay my lord ?

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpoſe ; you were ſent for, and there is a kind of confeſſion in your lookes, which your mo-deſtyes haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good king and queene haue ſent for you.

Rof. To what end my lord ?

Ham. That you muſt teach me : but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowſhippe, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preſerued loue ; and by what more deare a better propoſer can charge § you withall, bee euen and direct with mee whether you were ſent for or no.

Rof. What ſay you ?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you, if you loue me hold not off.

Guy. My lord wee were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why ſo ſhall my anticipation preuent your diſcouery, and your ſecrecie to the king and queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgon all cuſtome of exerciſes, and indeede it goes ſo heauily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame the

§ *change.*

earth,

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue *ore-hanged* § firmament, this maiesticall rooffe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. *What* † peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an angell in apprehension, how like a god: the beauty of the world; the parragon of annimales, and yet to mee, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not mee nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Rof. My lord there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I said man delights not me.

Rof. To thinke my lord if you delight not in man, what lenton entertainment the players shal receiue from you, wee *coted* ‡ them on the way, and hether are *the* || coming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that playes the king shal be welcome, his maiesty shal haue tribute on mee, the aduenterous knight shal vse his foyle and target, the louer shal not *sing* §§ gratis, the humorous man shal end his part in peace and the lady shal say her mind freely: or the blanke verse shal hault for't. What players are they?

Rof. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the citty.

Ham. How chanches it *the* †† trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rof. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

Ham. Do *the* †† hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

§ *ore-hanging.* † *What a.* † *coted.* || *they.* §§ *figb.* †† *they.*
 †† *they.*
 P 2 *Rof.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my vnclē is king of *Denmarke* and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his picture in little: s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if philosophy could find it out.

A flourish.

Guyl. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands, come then th apportenance of welcome is fashon and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the players, which I tell you must shoue fayrely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my vnclē father, and aunt-mother, are decaued.

Guyl. In what my deare lord.

Ham. I am but mad north north west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hauke from a hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guyldensterne*, and you to, *are* § each eare a hearer, that great baby *as* † you see is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy *that* ‡ he comes to tell me of the players; marke it, you say right sir a Monday morning t'was then indeed.

Pol. My lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My lord I haue newes to tell you: when *Rossius* was an actor in *Rome*.

Pol. The actors are come hether my lord.

§ *at.* † *as omitted.* ‡ *that omitted.*

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each actor on his asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastorall, pastorall-comicall, historical-pastorall, *seeme* * indeuidable, or poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot bee too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty : these are the onely men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* iudge of *Israell*, what a treasure hadst thou ?

Pol. What a treasure had he my lord ?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which hee loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha* † ?

Pol. What followes then my lord ?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was ; the first rowe of the *pious* ‡ chanson will show you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Dēmark* ? what my young lady and mistris, *bꝝ* § lady your ladishippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrent gold, bee not crackt within the ring : maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly faukners, flie at any thing we see, weele haue a speech straite, come giue vs a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

* *scene.*

† Here the two following speeches are omitted which are found in the first copy.

Pol. If you call me *Ieptha* my lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

‡ *pans.* § *my.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Player. What speech my good lord?

Ham I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, t'was cauiary to the general, but it was as I receiued it and others, whose iudgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no falllets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phraze that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly lou'd, t'was *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, and there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Ircanian* beast, tis not * it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pirrh*us, hee
whose fable armes,

Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When hee lay couched in th' ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
With heraldy more disinall head to foote,
Now is hee totall gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and *embasted* † with the parching streetes
Than lend a tirranous and a damned light
To their lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbunckles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old grandfire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Foregod my lord well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at *Greekes*, his anticke sword

* not so. † *embasted*.

Rebellious

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
 Repugnant to command ; vnequall matcht,
*Pirrh*us at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
 But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,
 Th' vnnerued father falls :

Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
 Stoopest to his base ; and with a hiddious crash
 Takes prisoner *Pirrh*us eare, for lo his sword
 Which was declining on the milkie head
 Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
 So as a painted tirant *Pirrh*us stood
 Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
 Did nothing :

But as wee often see against some storme,
 A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
 The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
 As hush as death, anone the dreadfull thunder
 Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrh*us pause,
 A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,
 And neuer did the *Cyclops* hammers fall,
 On *Marses* * armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,
 With lesse remorse then *Pirrh*us bleeding sword
 Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out thou strumpet fortune ! all you gods,
 In generall sinod take away her power,
 Breake all the spokes, and folles † from her wheele,
 And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
 As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

Ha. It shal to the barbers with your beard ; prethee say on,
 he's for a iig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come
 to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a ‡ woe, had seene the mobled queen.

* *Mars bis.* † *felloes, follies, fellowes.* ‡ *ab.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ham. The mobled queene.

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With bison rhume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steept,
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounc'd ;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his collour, and has
teares in's eyes prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
good my lord will you see the players well bestowed ; doe you
heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and
breefe chronicles of the time ; after your death you were
better haue a bad epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after
his desert, and who shall scape whipping, vse them after your
owne honour and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more
merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

Ha. Follow him friends, weele here a play to morrow ; dost
thou heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gon-
zago* ?

Play. I my lord.

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. Weele *bau't* * to morrow night, you could for need study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't : could you not?

Play. I my lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to *Elfonoure*.

Exeunt Pol. and players.

Ref. Good my lord.

Exit †.

Ham. I so, God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and peasant slaue am I !
Is it not monstrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion
Could force his foule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole function futing
With formes to his conceit ; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he should weepe for her ? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue ? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and *appeale* ‡ the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and eares ; yet I,
A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,
Like *Iohn-a-dreames*, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no not for a king,
Vpon whose property and most deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made : am I a coward,
Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,

* *bate,* † *Exeunt.* ‡ *appeale.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
 Tweekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th throate
 As deepe as to the lunges : who does me this,
 Hah ! s'wounds I should take it : for it cannot be
 But I am pidgion liuerd, and lacke gall
 To make oppression bitter, or ere this
 I should *haue* * farted all the region kytes
 With this slaues offall, bloody, bawdy villaine,
 Remorselesse, treacherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.
 Why what an asse am I ? this is most braue,
 That I the sonne of a deere *father* † murdered,
 Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
 Must like a whore vnpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing like a very drabbe ; a stallion, he vppont, foh.
 About my *braines* ‡, hum, I haue heard,
 That guilty creatures fitting at a play,
 Haue by the very cunning of the scene,
 Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
 They haue proclaim'd their malefactions :
 For murder though it haue no tongue will speake
 With most miraculous organ. Ile haue these players
 Play somthing like the murder of my father
 Before mine vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,
 Ile tent him to the quicke, if a do blench
 I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene
 May be a *diuell* §, and the *diuell* § hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape ; yea and perhaps,
 Out of my weakenesse and my melancholly,
 As hee is very potent with such spirits,
 Abuses mee to damne mee ; Ile haue grounds
 More relative then this, the play's the thing
 Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the king.

Exit.

* a. † *father* omitted. ‡ *braues.* § *deale.*

Enter

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Guyl-
densterne, lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why hee puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie ?

Ros. He dooes confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause a will by no meanes speake.

Guyl. Nor do wee find him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty madnes keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to some confession.
Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you well ?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guyl. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime ?

Ros. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it : they are heere about the court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,
And he beseecht me to intreat your maiesties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen giue him a futher edge,
And drive his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall my lord.

Exeunt Ros. and Guyl.
King.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Kin. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'were by accident, may heere
Affront *Ophelia* ; her father and my selfe,
Wee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene,
We may of their encounter franckely iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
Ist be th' affliction of his loue or no
'That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.
And for my part *Ophelia*, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Ophe. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia* walke you heere: gracious so please you,
We will bestow our selues ; reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may collour
Your lowlinesse ; we are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The diuell himselfe.

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience ?
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word :
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer

The

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

The flings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take armes against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing, end them : to die to sleepe
 No more : and by a sleepe, to say we end
 The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
 That flesh is heire to; tis a confumation
 Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
 To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
 For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come?
 When we haue snuffled off this mortall coyle
 Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
 Th'oppressors wrong, the proude man's contumely,
 The pangs of *office*, and * the lawes delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurnes
 That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes,
 When himselfe might his *quietas* † make
 With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
 To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life?
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne
 No trauailer returnes, puzzles the will,
 And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
 Then flie to others that wee know not of.
 Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
 And thus the natiue hiew of resolution
 Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought.
 And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard their currents turne awry,
 And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
 The faire *Ophelia*, nimph in thy orizons
 Be all my sinnes remembered.

* *despised loue.* † *quietus.*

Ophe.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ophe. Good my lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thanke you ; well.

Ophe. My lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to re-deliuier,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composd
As made these things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Ophe. My lord.

Ham. Are you faire ?

Ophe. What meanes your lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, you should admit
no discourse to your beauty.

Ophe. Could beauty my lord haue better comerce
Then with honesty ?

Ham. I truely, for the power of beauty will sooner trans-
forme honesty from what it is to a baude, then the force of ho-
nesty can translate beauty *into* * his likenesse, this was some-
time a paradox, but now the time giues it prooffe, I did loue
you once.

Ophe. Indeed my lord you made me beleue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleen'd me, for vertue cannot
so euacuat † our old stock, but we shall relish of it : I loued
you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a nunry : why would'st thou be a breeder
of sinners ? I am myfelfe indifferent honest, but yet I could

* *in.* † *evacuat.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

accuse mee of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imaginatiō to giue them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crauling betweene earth and heauen? we are arrant knaues, beleeeue none of vs. Gō thy waies to a nunry. Wher's your father.

Ophe. At home my lord.

Ham. Let the doers be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this *plage** for thy dowrie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny get thee to a nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a foole, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a nunry goe, and quickly to, farwell.

Ophe. Heavenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig and amble, and you list you nickname Gods creaturs, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all but one shal liue, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a nunry go. *Exit.*

Ophe. O what a noble mind is heere othrowne!
The courtiers, fouldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectation, and rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th' obseru'd of all obseruers, quite, quite downe,
And I of ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suckt the hony of his *musickt* † vows;

* *plague.* † *musick.*

Now

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Now see what noble and most foueraigne reason
Like sweete bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That *unmatcht* * forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacy. O wo is me
T'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see.

Exit.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue : his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes ; there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy fits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger ; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus *set* † downe : he shall with speed to *England*,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What tinke you on't ?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet doe I beleue the origen and comencement of it ‡
Sprung from neglected loue : how now *Ophelia* ?
You neede not tell vs what lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all : my lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his queene-mother all alone intreate him,
To show his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare
Of all their conference : if she find him not,

* *unmatch'd.* † *set it.* ‡ *his griefe.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

To *England* send him : or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and three of the players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our players do, I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the aire too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, O it offends me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-patd fellowe tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shewes, and noyse : I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-dooing *Termagant*, it out *Herods Herod*, pray you auoyde it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion bee your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modesty of nature : for any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature ; scorne her own image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure : now this ouer-done, or come *trady* † off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole theater of others. O there bee players that I haue seene play, and

† *tardy.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

heard others prayfd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither hauing th' accent of Christians, nor the gate of Chriffian, *Pagan*, nor man, haue fo strutted and belowed, that I haue thought fome of natures ionrnemen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity fo abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ha. O reforme it altogether, and let thofe that play your clownes speake no more then is fet downe for them, for there be of them that will themfelues laugh, to fet on fome quantity of barraine fpectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, fome neceffary question of the play be then to be confidered: that's villanous, and fhewes a moft pittifull ambition in the foole that vfes it: goe make you ready. How now my lord, will the king heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldenfterne, and Rosencraus.

Pol. And the queene to, and that prefently.

Ham. Bid the plaiers make haft. Wil you two help to haften them.

Rof. I my lord.

Exeunt thofe two.

Ham. What how, *Horatio*.

Enter Horatio.

Hora. Heere fweete lord, at your feruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iuft a man
As ere my conuerfation copt withall.

Hora. O my deere lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew haft but thy good fpirits
To feede and cloathe thee, why fhould the poore be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick obfurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning, dooft thou heare,

Since

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Since my deere soule was mistress of her choyce,
And could of men distinguish her election
S'hath seal'd thee for her selfe, for thou hast bene
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
A man that fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast tane with equall thanks ; and blest are those
Whose bloud and iudgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pipe for fortunes finger
To sound what stoppe shee please: giue me that man
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the king,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy foule
Obserue my vncke, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that wee haue seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy ; giue him heedfull note
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after wee will both our iudgements ioyn
In censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter trumpets and kettle drummes, King, Queene, Polonius,
Ophelia.*

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,
Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin *Hamlet* ?

Q 2

Ham.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ham. Excellent yfaith.

Of the camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promis-cram'd, you cannot feede capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my lord.
You playd once i'th vniuersity you say,

Pol. That did I my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæsar*, I was kild i'th capitall,
Brutus kild me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calf
there.

Be the players ready?

Ros. I my lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother heere's mettle more attractive.

Pol. O, *oh**, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing my lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Ophe. What is my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry my lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my lord.

Ham. O God! your onely iigge-maker, what should a man
do but be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother
lookes, and my father died within's two howres.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two months my lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, for Ile
haue a sute of fables; O heauens, die two months ago, and

* *ho.*

not

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memory may out-live his life halfe a yeare, but ber lady a must build churches then, or else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, for O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

The trumpets sound. Dumb show followes.

Enter a king and a queene, the queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vppon her necke, he lies him downe vppon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him a sleepe, leaues him : anon comes in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him : the queene returnes, finds the king dead, makes passionate action, the poysoner with some three or foure comes in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poisoner woes the queene with gifts, she seemes harsh awile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. What meanes this my lord ?

Ham. Marry, tis munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow,
The players cannot keepe they'le tell all.

Ophe. Will a tell us what this show meant ?

Ham. I or any show that you will show him, be not you
asham'd to show heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue or the posie of a ring ?

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ophe. Tis breefe my lord.

Ham. As womans loue,

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phæbus* cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dosen moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iourneyes may the sunne and moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue bee doone,
But woe is me you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from *your* * former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my lord it nothing must.
For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my lord is prooffe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz't, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the litlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou shalt liue in this fare world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest.
Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kild the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

* *our.*

The

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

The instances that second marriage moue
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

King. I doe beleeeue you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slaue to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay ourselues what to ourselues is debt,
What to ourselues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of either, grieve, or ioy,
Their owne enactures with themselues destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, grieve doth most lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy grieves, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change,
For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or else fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,
The poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,
And hethertoo doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our willes and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from mee day, and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blanckes the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I bee a widdow, euer I be a wife.

Ham. If she should breake it now.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue mee heare a while,
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguyle
The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betwixt vs twane. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Maddam, how like you this play ?

Quee. The lady doth protest too much me thinkes.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument ? is there no offence
in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence
i th world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the
image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the dukes
name, his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anone, tis a knauish
peece of worke, but what of that ? your maiesty and we *shall* *
haue free soules, it touches vs not, let the gauled iade winch,
our withers are vnwrung. This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to
the king.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus my lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue
If I could see the puppits dallying.

* that.

Oph.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking rauens doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit and time agreeing,

Confiderat season els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poysons him i'th garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant and written in very choice *Italian*, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Quee. How fares my lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights.

Exeunt, all but Ham. and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stroken deere go weepe,
The hart vngauled play,
For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir and a forest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne *Turke* with me, with prouinciall roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

For thou dost know oh *Damon* deere
This realme dimantled was
Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the ghosts word for a thousand pound, didst perceauē ?

Hora. Very well my lord.

Ham. Vppon the talke of the poysoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, com the recorders,
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique.

Enter Rosencraus, Guyldensterne.

Guyl. Good my lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole history.

Guy. The king sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him ?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruailous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Guyl. No my lord, with choller.

Ham. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richer to
signifie this to the doctōr, for, for me to put him to his pur-
gation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Guil. The queene your mother in most great affliction of
spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay good my lord, this curtesie is not of the right
breed,

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholesome aunswer, I will doe your mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Rof. What my lord.

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Rof. Then thus she saies, your behauiour hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne that can so stonish a mother ! but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration ? impart.

Rof. She desires to speake with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs ?

Rof. My lord you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Rof. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Rof. How can that be when you haue the voyce of the king himselfe for your succession in *Denmarke*.

Enter the players with recorders.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something musty, oh the recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you, why do you goe about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would driue me into a toyle ?

Guyl.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Guyl. O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that : will you play vpon this pipe ?

Guyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, and the *thumb** giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guyl. But these cannot I commaund to an vtrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon me, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my miserie, you would found mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellēt voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'blood do you thinke I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord the queene would speake with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By'th masse and tis like a camell indeede.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a wezell.

* *umber.*

Pol.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Pol. It is black like a wezell.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by and by,
Leaue me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world : now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such businesse as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on : soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature ! let not euer,
The soule of *Nero* enter this firm bosome !
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them seales neuer my soule consent.

Exit.

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazard so neer's as doth houely grow,
Out of his browes.

Guy. We will our selues prouide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feed vpon your maiesty.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind

To

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of maiesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
To whose *hugh* * spokes, tenn thousand lesser things
Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls,
Each small annexment, pety consequence
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
Did the king sigh, but a generall *growne* †.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ref. We will hast vs.

Exeunt gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the arras I'll conuay my selfe
To here the proffesse, I'll warrant shee'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it sayd,
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; fare you well my leige,
I'll call vpon you ere you go to bed.
And tell you what I know.

Exit.

King. Thankes deere my lord.
O my offence is rancke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my stronge *entent* ‡
And like a man to double busines bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,

* *bough, buge.* † *grone.* ‡ *intent.*

And

PRINCE OF DENMARKE

And both neglect : what if this curfed hand
Were thicker then it felfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the fweete heauens
To wash it white as fnow ? whereto ferues mercy
But to confront the vilage of offence ?
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,
To be foreftalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
My faults is past, but oh ! what forme of prayer
Can ferue my turne ? forgiue me my foule murther ;
That cannot be fince I am ftill poffeff
Of thofe *effects* * for which I did the murther ;
My crowne, mine owne ambition, and my queene ;
May one be pardoned and retaine th' offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences *guided* † hand may fhew by iuftice,
And oft tis feene the wicked prize it felfe
Buyes out the law, but tis not fo aboue,
There is no fhuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our felues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence : what then, what refts ?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
O wretched ftate, O bofome blacke as death,
O limed foule, that ftuggling to be free,
Art more ingaged ! helpe angles *make affay*,
Bow ftubborne knees, and hart with strings of ft Steele,
Be foft as finnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and fo a goes to heauen,

* *effects.* † *guided.*

And

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
To heauen.

Why, this is base and filly.——not reuendge,
A tooke my father grosely, full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes faue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauy with him : and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage ?

No,

Vp sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th' incestious pleasure of his bed,
At game, a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't.

Then trip him that his heele mas kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and blacke .
As hell whereto it goes ; my mother staies,
This phisicke but prolongs thy sickly daies.

Exit.

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe.

Exit.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
With-draw, I heare him comming.

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. Now mother, whats the matter ?

Ger. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now *Hamlet* ?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Ger. Haue you forgot me ?

Ham. No by the rood not so,

You are the queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay then Ile fet those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You goe not till I fet you vp a glasse
Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me ?
Helpe hoe.

Pol. What hoe helpe.

Ham. How now, a rat, dead for a duckat, dead.

Pol. O I am flaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the king ?

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad good mother
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a king.

Ham. I lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to bee too busie is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stufte,

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

If damned custome haue nor brasd it so,
That it be prooffe and bulwark against fence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noyse so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls vertue hypocrit, takes of the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes mariage vowes
As false as dicers oathes, Oh such a deed !
As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very soule : and sweet religion makes
A rapsody of words ; heauens face dooes glow
Ore this solidity and compound masse
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought-sick at the act.

Quee. Ay me what act ?

Ham. That roares so low'de and thunders in the index,
Looke here vpon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on *his* * browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of *Ioue* him-selſe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,
A combination *and* † forme indeede,
Where euery god did seeme to set his seale
To giue the world assurance of a man,
This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholesome brother : haue you eyes ?
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batton on this moore ; ha, haue you eyes ?

* *this.* † *and a.*

You

PRINCE OF DENMARKE

You cannot call it loue, for at your age
 The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waites vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
 Would step from this to this? sence sure you haue
 Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
 Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
 Nor sence to extacie was neere so thral'd
 But it reseru'd some quantity of choyce
 To serue in such a difference. What diuell wast
 That thus hath cosond you at hodman-blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fance all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sence
 Could not so mope. O shame! where is thy blush?
 Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matrons bones,
 To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
 And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
 When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
 Since frost itselfe as actiue doth burne,
 And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
 Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soule,
 And there I see such black and greened spots
 As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
 In the rancke sweate of an *incestuous* * bed
 Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue
 Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to mee no more,
 These words like daggers enter in my eares,
 No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,

* *incestuous*.

R 2

A flauie

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth
Of your precedent lord, a vice of kings,
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelve the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket. *

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards : what would your gracious figure ?

Ger. Alasse hee's mad.

Ham. Doe youe not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap'ft in time and passion lets goe by
Th' important acting of your dread command. O say !

Ghost. Doe not forget : this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother fits,
O step between her, and her *sighing* † soule !
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you lady ?

Ger. Alasse how i't with you ?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancy.
And with th' incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Foorth at your eyes your spirrits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping souldiers in th' alarme,
Your *beaded* ‡ haire like life in excrements
Starts vp and stands an end : O gentle sonne !
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinckle coole patience, whereon doe you looke ?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he giares,
His forme and cause conioyned, preaching to stones

* *Gert.* No more. 1st edit. † *sighing.* ‡ *beaded.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true collour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whome doe you speake this ?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there ?

Ger. Nothing at ail, yet all that is *there** I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare ?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liue'd,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall.

Exit Ghost.

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileffe creation, extacy is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse
That I haue vttered, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from. Mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
That not your trespasse but my madnesse speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place,
Whiles rancke corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene: confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet*, thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

* *there* omitted.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my vncles bed,
Assume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster custome, who all fence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frocke or liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie :
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
And *maister* * the diuell, or throw him out
With wonderous potency : once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing beg of you, for this same lord
I doe repent ; but heauen hath pleas'd it so
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gaue him ; so againe good night
I must be cruell onely to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.
One word more good lady.

Ger. What shall I doe ?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt king temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechy kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him know.

* *either.*

For

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

For who that's but a queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispight of sence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that,

Ger. Alacke I had forgot.

Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweepe my way
And marshall me to knauery : let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blow them at the moone : O tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete.
This man shall set me packing,
He lugged the guts into the neighbour roome ;
Mother good night indeed, this counfayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother.

Exit.

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus and Gyldensterne.

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues ;
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
Where is your sonne ?

R 4

Gert.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Gert. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne lord, what haue I seene to night ?

King. What *Gertrad*, how dooes *Hamlet* ?

Gert. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stirre,
Whips out his rapier, cryeis a rat, a rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deed !
It had beene so with vs had we beene there,
His liberty is full of threatens to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd ?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man ; but so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a soule disease
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life : where is he gone ?

Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnesse like some ore
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. *Gertrad*, com away,
The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But wee will shippe him hence, and this vile deede
Wee must with all our maiesty and skill

Enter Ros. and Guild.

Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,

Hamlet

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* flaine,
And from his mothers cloffet hath hee drag'd him,
Goe seeke him out speake fayre and bring the body
Into the chappell ; I pray you hast in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wifest friends,
And let them know both what wee meane to do
And whats vntimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds diameter,
As leuell as the cannon to his blanck,
Transports his poyfined shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, O come away,
My foule is full of discord and dismay.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus and others.

Ham. Safely stowd, but softly, what noyse, who calls on
Hamlet ?

O heere they come.

Ros. What haue you done my lord with the dead body ?

Ham. Compounded it with dust whereto it is kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that wee may take it thence,
And beare it to the chappell.

Ham. Do not beleuee it.

Ros. Beleuee what ?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile and not mine owne,
besides to be demaunded of a sponge, what replication should
be made by the sonne of a king.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge my lord ?

Ham. I sir, that fokes vp the kings countenance, his rewards,
his authorities, but such officers do the king best seruice in the
end, he keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first
mouth'd to be last swallowed, when he needs what you haue
gleand, it is but squeeing you, and sponge you shall be dry
againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my lord.

Ham.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepe in a foolish care.

Rof. My lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him.

Excunt.

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes,
And where tis so, th' offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence : to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befallne ?

Rof. Where the dead body is bestowd my lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Rof. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Rof. Hoe, bring in the lord.

They enter.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius* ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper where.

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a * is eaten, a certaine conuocation of politique wormes are een at him : your worme is your only emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat ourselues for maggots, your fat king and your leane begger is but variable seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alasse, alasse.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a king, eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. What dost thou meane by this ?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a king may go a progress through the guttes of a begger.

King. Where is *Polonius* ?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger find him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vppe the stayres into the lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deede for thine especiall safety Which wee do tender, as wee deerely greeue For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence : Therefore prepare thy selfe, The barke is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th' assotiats tend, and euery thing is bent For *England*.

Ham. For *England*.

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them, but come for *England*. Farewell deere mother.

King. Thy louing father *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,

* be.

Man

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother :
Come for *England*.

Exit.

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede abourd,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is seald and done
That els leanes on the affaire, pray you make hast,
And *England* if my loue thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sence,
Since yet thy cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the *Danish* sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou maist not coldly set
Our soueraigne processe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*, do it *England*,
For like the hestique in my blood hee rages,
And thou must cure me till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere beginne.

Exit.

Enter Fortinbrasse with his armie ouer the stage.

Fortin. Goe captaine, from mee greet the *Danish* king,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the rendezuous,
If that his maiesty would ought with vs,
Wee shall expresse our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my lord.

Fortin. Go softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good fir whose powers are these ?

Cap. The are of *Norway* fir.

Ham. How proposd fir I pray you ?

Cap.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them sir ?

Cap. The nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir ?
Or for some frontire ?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it ?
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, should it bee fould in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes it is already garifond.

Ham. Two thousand soules and twenty thousand duckets
Will not debate the question of this straw,
This is th' impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and shewes no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Wil't please you goe my lord ?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
How all occasions do informe against mee,
And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feed, a beast, no more :
Sure he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capability and God-like reason
To fust in vs vnusd, now whether it be
Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdome,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,

Sith

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Sith I haue cause, and wil and strength, and meanes
 To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
 Witnes this army of such masse and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender prince,
 Whose spirit with diuine ambition puffed,
 Make mouthes at the inuisible euent,
 Exposing what is mortall, and vnfore,
 To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
 Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
 Is not to stirre without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then
 That haue a father kild, a mother staine,
 Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
 And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
 Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tombe enough and continent
 To hide the slaine. O from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gen. She is importunat,
 Indeed distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes shee heares
 There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
 Spurnes enuiously at straws, speakes things in doubt
 That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
 Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
 The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,

And

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winckes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing fure, yet much vnhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. ' To my sicke foule, as finnes true nature is,
' Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
' So full of artlesse iealofie is guilt,
' It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous maiesty of *Denmarke*?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*.

She sings.

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his fendall shoone.

Quee. Alasse sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,

SONG.

He is dead and gone lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse greene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountain^e
snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alasse looke heere my lord.

SONG.

Ophe. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go
With true loue showers.

King.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

King. How doe you pretty lady ?

Oph. Well good dild you, they say the owle was a bakers daughter, lord wee know what wee are, but know not what we may be, God be at your table.

King. Conceit vpon her father.

Ophe. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

SONG.

To morrow is *S. Valentines* day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayd at your window

To be your *Valentine*.

Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and dupt the chamber doore,

Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Ophe. Indeed without an oath Ile make an end ont,

By gis and by faint charity,

Alacke and fie for shame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,

By cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,

(He answers) So should * I a done by yonder funne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath shee beene thus ?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile.

Come my coach, god night ladies, god night.

Sweet laides god night, god night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.

* would.

O this

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her
fathers death, and now behold, O *Gertrard, Gertrard*,
When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first her father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent author
Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholesome in thoughts, and whispers
For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,
Last, and as much contayning as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my dear *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murdring-peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death.

A noyse within.

Enter a messenger.

King. Attend, where are my *Swissers*, let them guard the
doore,

What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my lord.

The ocean ouer-peering of his list.

Eates not the flats with more *impetuous* * hast

Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head

Ore-bears your officers: the rabble call him lord,

And as the world were now but to beginne,

* *impetuous.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be king,
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, *Laertes* king.

Que. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry.

A noise within.

O this is counter, you false *Danish* dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this king? sirs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue mee leaue.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: keepe the doore, O thou vile king,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclaimes me bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmarched browe
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him goe *Gertrard*, do not feare our person,
There's such diuinity doth hedge a king,
That treason cannot peepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenst, let him goe *Gertrard*,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

King. Let him demaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead ? Ile not be iugled with,
To hell alegiance, vowes to the blackest diuell,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reuengd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you ?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds :
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,
The shall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the the certainty
Of your deere father, i'ft writ in your reuenge,
That soope-stake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then ?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most fencible in grieve for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day dooes to your eye.

A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now what noyse is that ?
O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seauentimes salt
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Till our scale turne the beame. O rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind sifter, sweet *Ophelia*,
O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life !

SONG.

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the beere,
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Ophe. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false steward that stole his maisters daughter,

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophe. There's rosemary, that for remembrance, pray you
loue remember, and there is pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance
fitted.

Ophe. There's fennill for you, and colembines, there's rewe
for you, and heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of
grace a Sondaies, you may weare your rewe with a difference,
there's a dasie, I would giue you some violets, but they
witherd all when my father dyed, they say a made a good end.
For bonny sweet *Robin* is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettinesse.

SONG.

Ophe. And will a not come againe,
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.

His

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and all christians soules,
God buy *yous* *.

Laer. Doe you this O God.

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grieve,
Or you deny me right, goe but a part,
Make choice of whome your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kindome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction ; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophæ, sword, nor hachment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.

Kin. So you shall,
And where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and others.

Hera. What are they that would speake with me ?

Gen. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue letters for you.

Hera. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If not from lord *Hamlet*.

* *you.*

S 3

Enter

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Enter Saylers.

Say. God bleſſe you ſir

Hora. Let him bleſſe thee to.

Say. A ſhall ſir and pleaſe him, there's a letter for you ſir, it came from th' embaffador that was bound for *England*, if your name bee *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou ſhalt haue over-look't this, giue theſe fellowes ſome meanes to the king, they haue letters for him : ere wee were two daies old at ſea, a pyrat of very war-like appointment gave vs chafe, finding our felues too ſlow of faile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the inſtant they got cleere of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner, they haue dealt with me like theeuſes of mercy, but they knew what they did : I am to doe a turne for them, let the king haue the letters I haue ſent, and repayre thou to mee with as much ſpeed as thou wouldſt fly death. I haue words to ſpeake in thine eare wil make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, theſe good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rofencraus* and *Guilderſterne* hold their courſe for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knoweſt thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I will make you way for theſe your letters,
And doo't the ſpeedier that you may direct me
To him from whome you brought them.

Exeunt.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeale,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father ſlaine
Purſued my life.

Laer.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Laer. It well appeares : but tell me
Why you proccede not against these feates,
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safety, greatnes, wisdome, all things els,
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to me tha'r strong, the queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so concliue to my life and foule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymbered for so loued *armes* *,
Would haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I † a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desperat termes,
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not
thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our berd be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,

* *armd.* † *I haue.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

I lou'd your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a messenger with letters.

Messe. These to your maiesty, this to the queene.

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them ?

Messe. Saylers my lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them : leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
kingdome, to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes,
when I shall, first asking your pardon, there-vnto recount the
occasion of my suddaine returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come
backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. Know you the hand ?

King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a postscript here he saies alone,
Can you deuise me ?

Laer. I am lost in it my lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknes in my heart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me ?

Laer. I my lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned,
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes,
No more to vnder take it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,

Vnder

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall :
And for his death no winde of blame shall breathe,
But euen his mother shall vncharge the practife,
And call it accedent.

Laer. My lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing for a quality
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuy from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest sledge.

Laer. What part is that my lord?

King. A very *riband* * in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then settled age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two monthes since
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the *French*,
And they can well on horse-backe, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp'st, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very same.

* *ribaud*.

Laer.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Laer. I know him, well he is the brooch indeed
And iem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a maisterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especiall,
That he cryd out t'would be a fight indeed
If one could match you; the *scrimers* * of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them; fir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father, deere to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time quallifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or snuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when wee would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend-thrifts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quicke of th'vlcer,

* *scrimures.*

Hamlet

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Hamlet comes back what would you vndertake
To show your selfe indeed your fathers sonne
More then in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th church.

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarize,
Reuengde should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keep close within your chamber
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The *Frenchman* gaue you : bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads ; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnbad, and in a pace of practise,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for the purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a mountibancke
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be
death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what conueiance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd. Therefore this proiect,
Should haue a backe or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe ; soft let me see,

Wee'le

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
 I *hau't* *, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
 As make your bouts more violent to that end,
 And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
 A challice for the *once* †, whereon but sipping,
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stucke,
 Our purpose may hold there ; but stay, what noyse ?

Enter queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
 So fast they follow ; your sisters drownd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd, O where ?

Quee. There is a willow growes ascaunt the brooke,
 That shoves his hoary leaues in the glassy streame,
 There with fantastique garlands did she make
 Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
 That liberall shepheards giue a grosser name,
 But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
 There on the pendant boughes her *coronet* || weeds
 Clambring to hang, an enuious fluer broke,
 When down her weedy trophæes and her selfe,
 Fell in the weeping brooke, her clothes spred wide,
 And mermaide-like a while they bore her vp,
 Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
 As one incapable of her owne distresse.
 Or like a creature, natiue and indewed
 Vnto that element, but long it could not be
 Till that her garments heauy with their drinke,
 Puld the poore *wench* § from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then is she drownd.

Quee. Drownd, drownd.

* *bate.* † *nonce.* || *coronet.* § *wretch.*

Laer.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Lar. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my lord,
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it.

Exit.

King. Lets follow *Gertrard*.
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe.
Therefore lets follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two clownes.

Clowne. Is she to be buried in christian buriall, when she wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crowner hath fate on her, and finds it christian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne defence.

Oth. Why tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else, for heere lyes the poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drownd her selfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands the man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i't, crowners quest law.

Oth.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, she should haue bin buried out a christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou sayst, and the more pittie that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drown or hang themselues, more then their euen christen: come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but gardners, ditchers, and graue-makers, they hold vp *Adams* profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter.

Oth. The gallowes-maker, for that out-liues a thousand tennants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes dooes well, but how dooes it well? it dooes well to those that do ill, now thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the church, argal, the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. Who buildes stronger then a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull affe will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes last tell doomesday.

Goe get thee in and fetch me a soope of liquer.

SONG.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

SONG.

In youth when I did loue did loue,
Me thought it was very sweet
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his bufines? a sings in
graue-making.

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a property of easines.

Ha. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the
daintier sence.

SONG.

Glow. But age with his stealing steppes
Hath clawed mee in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had neuer beene such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once,
how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere *Gaines* iaw-
bone, that did the first murder: this might be the pate of a
polliticiā, which this asse now ore-reaches, one that would
circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say good morrow *my* *
lord: how dost thou sweet lord? this might be my lord such
a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse whē a *ment* † to
beg it: might it not?

Hora. I my lord.

Ham. Why een so, and now my lady wormes choples, and
knockt about the *mazer* § with a sextens spade; heer's fine
reuolution and we had the trick to see't, did these bones cost
no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them; mine
ake to thinke ont.

* *sweet.* † *went.* § *massene.*

SONG.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

SONG.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade,
for and a shrowding sheet,
Or a pit of clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cafes, his tenurs, and his trickes? why dooes he suffer this mad knaue now to knock him about the sconce with a durty shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of indentures? the vety conueyances of his lands will scarcely lye in this box, and must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hora. I my lord, and of calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are sheepe and calues which seeke out assurance in that, I will speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this firra?

Clow. Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede for thou lye'st in't.

Clow. You lye out ont fir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't to be in't and say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lye'st.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye fir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man fir.

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeares I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so neere the heele of the courtier he galls his kybe.

How long hast thou bene a graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came too't that day that our last king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. I marry why was he sent into *England*?

Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be seene in him there, there the are men as mad as hee.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith eene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in *Denmarke*: I haue beene sexton heere man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

you some eight ycare, or nine ycare. A tanner will last you nine ycare.

Ham. Why he more then another ?

Clow. Why fir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while ; and your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeaes.

Ham. Whose was it ?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a poud a flagon of renish on my head once ; this same skull fir, was fir *Yoricks* skull, the kings iester.

Ham. This ?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excelent fancy, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is : my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not how oft : where be your gibes now ? your gamboles, your songs, your flasbes of merriment, that were wont to fet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my lord ?

Ham. Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th heart ?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so : pah.

Hora. Een so my lord.

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. To what base vses we may retorne *Horatio*? why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hora. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelihood to leade it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth wee make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was conuerted, might they not stoppe a beare-barrell?

Imperious *Cæsar* dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.

Enter King Quee. Laertes and the corse.

But soft, but soft a while, here comes the king,
The queene, the courtiers, who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
'The corse they follow, did with desprat hand
Foredoo it owne life, rwas of some estate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, make *.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Doct. Her obsequies haue beene as farre inlarg'd
As we haue warrant, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground vn-sanctified beene lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin crants,

* marke.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May violets spring: I tell thee churlish priest,
A ministring angell shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'st haue beene my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O trebble woe.
Fall tenne times double on that cursed head.
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyesh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose grieve
Beares such an emphasis, whose phrased of sorrow
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers? *tis* * I

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The diueil take thy soule.

* *tis*.

Ham.

3 PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers
from my throat,

For though I am not spleenatiue rash,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare; hold off thy hand?

King. Plucke them a funder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my sonne, what theame?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*: forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of loue
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbeare him.

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'out doe:

Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,
Woo't drinke vp *Esill*, eate a crocadile
Ile doo't: doost come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning zone
Make *Ossa* like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as *the * female doe †*
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

* a † doe.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ham. Heare you fir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may
The cat will mew, a * dogge will haue his day.

Exit Hamlet, and Horatio.

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him.
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my lord.

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo's, rashly,
And prayd be rashnes for it: let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe fall, and that should learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

* and.

My

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commiffion; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many feuerall forts of reasons,
Importing *Denmarkes* health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe fuch bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the fuperviſe no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.

Hora. I'tt poſſible?

Ham. Heeres the commiſſion, read it at more leaſure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I ſat me downe,
Deuiſd a new commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ſtatists doe
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but ſir now
It did me yemans ſeruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my lord.

Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the king,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might florish,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare
And ſtand a comma tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe,
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſuddaine death,
Not ſhriuing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this ſcauld?

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the model of that *Danish* seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th' other,
Subscrib'd * it, gau't th' impressiō, plac'd it safely,
The changling neuer knowne : now the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already,

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience ; their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced poynts
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a king is this !

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vppon ?
Hee that hath kild my king, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cosnage, i't not perfect conscience ?

Enter a courtier.

Cour. Your lordshippe is right welcome backe to *Denmarke*.

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.

Doo'st know this water-fly ?

Hora. No my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know
him. He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be lord of
beasts, and his crib shall stand at the kings messe, tis a chough,
but as I say, spacious in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweet lord, if your lordshippe were at leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his maiesty.

* *subscribe.*

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. I will receiue it fir with all dilligence of spirit, your bonnet to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No belecue me, tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very *foultry** and hot, or my complexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my lord, it is very foultry, as t'were I cannot tell how : my lord his maiesty bad me signifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, fir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cou. Nay good my lord for my ease in good faith, fir here is newly come to court *Laertes*, belecue me an absolute gentlemā, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing : indeede to speake *feelingly* ‡ of him, he is the card or kalendar of gentry : for you shall finde in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dizzie th' arithmeticke of memory, and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick faile, but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soule of greate article, and his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, *ns* † to make true dixon of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy fir, why do wee wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath ?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will doo't fir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman ?

* *fully*, † *feelingly*. ‡ *as*

Cour.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in fayth if you did, it would not much approoue me, well sir.

Cour. You are † ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man well, were to know himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation layd on him by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon ?

Cour. Rapiar and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The king sir hath wagerd with him six *Barbary* horses against the which he has impaund as I take it six *French* rapiers and poynards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the cariages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very responsiue to the hilts, most dilicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages ?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraze would be more german to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then, but on, six *Barbary* horses against six *French* fwords their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it ?

Cour. The king sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes be-

† are not.

tweene

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

tweene your selfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate tryall, if your lordshippe would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no ?

Cour. I meane my lord the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it please his maiesty, it is the breathing time of day with mee, let the foyles be brought, the gentleman willinge, and the kinge hold his purpose ; I will winne for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you so ?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your lordshippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did so sir with his duggie before a sucked it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the drossy age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of *misty* * collection, which carryes them through and through the most prophane and *tren-*
nowned † opinions, and do but blowe them to their tryall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a lord.

Lord. My lord his maiesty commended him to you by younge *Ostricke*, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, hee sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time ?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready : now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

* *begly.* *trennoured.*

Lord.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Lord. The king and queene and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you goe ‡ to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since hee went into *France*, I haue bin in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing, obay it. I will forestall their repair hether and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we desie augury, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it bee not now, yet it will come, the readines is all, since no man of ought hee leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let bee.

A table prepard, trumpets, drums and officers with cushions, King, Queene, and all the state, foiles, daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punisht
With a fore distraction: what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake I heere proclaime was madnes,
Wast *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*,
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,

* full.

And

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

And when hee's not himfelfe, doo's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* doo's it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then ? his madnes. Ift be fo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madneffe is poore *Hamlets*emie,
Let my difclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free mee fo farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the houle
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am fatisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this cafe should firre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I ftand a loofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by fome elder maifters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and prefident of peace
To my name vngor'd : but all that time
I doe receiue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
franckly play.
Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill fhall like a ftarre i'th darkeft night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me fir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young *Ostricke*, cofin *Ham.* *
You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my lord.
Your grace has layde the ods a'th weaker fide.

King. I do not feare it, I haue feene you both,
But fince he is better, we haue therefore ods.

* *Hamlet.*

Laer.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Laer. This is too heavy : let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ofr. I my good lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon the table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange.

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The king shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,

And in the cup an onix shall he throw,

Richer then that which foure successiue kings

In *Denmarkes* crowne haue worne : giue me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,

The trumpet to the cannoneere without,

The cannons to the heauens, the heauens to earth,

Now the king drinkes to *Hamlet*, come beginne.

Trumpets the while.

And you the iudges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Drum, trumpets and shot.

Laer. Well, againe.

Florish, a piece goes off.

King. Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health, giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while
Come, another hit.

What say you ?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
The queene carowles to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good madam.

King. *Gertrard*, doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyfned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Com for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incenst.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the queene there hoe.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my lord?

Ostr. Host ist *Laeres*?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne springde. *Ostrick*
I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the queene?

King. She founds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drink, the drinke, O my deare *Hamlet*!

The drinke, the drinke, I am poyfned.

Ham. O villanie *! hoe let the dore be lock't,
Treachery, seeke it out.

* villanie.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art flaine,
No medcin in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practife
Hath turn'd it felfe on me, loe here I lye
Neuer to rife againe: thy mother's poyfned,
I can * no more, the king, the kings too blame.

Ham. The point enuenom'd to, then venom to thy worke.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestious damned *Dane*,
Drinke of this potion, is the onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iustly ferued, it is a poyfon temperd by him-
fefe.

Exchange forgiuenes with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched queene adiew.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time as this fell fergeant death
Is strict in his arrest. O I could tell you!
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause aright
To the vnsatisfied.

Hora. Neuer beleeeue it;
I am more an antike *Romane* then a *Dane*,
Heere's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man,
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

* am,

O God

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me ?
If thou didst euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine

A march a farre off.

To tell my story : what warlike noise is this ?

Enter Ostrick.

Osr. Young *Fortinbrasse* with conquest come from *Poland*,
Th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyson quite ore-growes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*.
But I do prophesie the election lights
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
To tell him with th'occurants more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hlra. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet prince,
And flights of angels singe thee to thy rest,
Why dooes the drumme come hether ?

Enter Fortinbrasse, with the ambassadors.

Fortin. Where is this fight ?

Hora. What is it you would see ?
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your searh

Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloudily hast strooke ?

Embas. The fight is dismall

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U

And

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are sencelesse that should giue us hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfilld,
That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldenstirne* are dead,
Where should wee haue our thanks ?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th' ability of life to thanke you ;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death ;
But since so iump vpon this bloody question
* You from the *Pollock* warres, and you from *England*
Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let mee speake, to the yet vnknowing world
How these things came about ; so shall you heare
Of cruell, bloody and vnnaturall acts.
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the inuenter's heads : all this can I
Truely deliuer.

Fort. Let vs haue to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I haue some rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will draw no more,
But let this same be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let foure captaines

* My first copy was imperfect from this place.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued most royall; and for his passage,
The souldiers musique and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him :
Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere showes much amisse.
Go bid the souldiers shoote.

Exeunt.

F I N I S.

THE
TRAGOE D Y
O F
O T H E L L O,
THE
MOORE of VENICE.

As it hath beene diuerſe times acted at the *Globe*, and
at the *Black-Friers*, by his Maieſties Seruants.

WRITTEN BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be ſold at his
ſhop, at the *Eagle and Child*, in *Brittans Burſſe*. 1622.

☞ This Copy has been collated with another printed in 1630. I have likewise an Edition published by *William Leake* in 1655, but it seems to be no more than a republication of the foregoing one.

T H E
S T A T I O N E R
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

TO set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old *English* prouerbe, *A blew coat without a badge*, and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke vpon mee : to commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope euery man will commend, without intreaty : and I am the bolder, because the authors name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement : I haue ventured to print this play, and leaue it to the generall censure.

Yours,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

T H E
T R A G E D Y
O F
O T H E L L O
T H E
M O O R E of V E N I C E.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Roderigo.

TVSH, neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That you Iago, who has * had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'ft know of this.

Iag. S'blood, but you will † not heare me,
If euer I did dreame of such a matter, abhorre me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iag. Despise me if I doe not : three great ones of the citty
In personall suite to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as louing his owne pride and purposes,
Euades them, with a bumbast circumstance,
Horribly stuft with epithites of warre :

And in conclusion ‡,

* That thou who hast. † But you'le. ‡ omitted.

Non-suits

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Non-suits my mediators : for certes, fayes he,
 I have already chosen my officer, and what was he ?
 Forsooth, a great arithmetition,
 One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
 A fellow almost dambd in a faire wife,
 That neuer set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the deuision of a battle knowes,
 More then a spinster, vnlesse the bookish theorique,
 Wherein the *toged** consuls can propose
 As masterly as he : meere prattle without practise,
 Is all his souldier-shippe : but he sir had the election,
 And I, of whom his eyes had seene the prooffe,
 At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds.
Christian † and heathen, must be led ‡, and calm'd,
 By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster :
 He in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I, God blesse the marke, his *worships* § ancient.

Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.

Ia. But there's no remedy,
 Tis the curse of seruice,
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 Not by the olde gradation, where each second
 Stood heire to the first :
 Now sir be iudge yourselfe,
 Whether I, in any iust tearme am *assign'd* ||
 To loue the *Moore*.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Ia. O sir, content you,
 I follow him to serue my turne vpon him,
 We cannot be all masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truely followed, you shall marke.
 Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,

* *tongued.* † *Christen'd.* ‡ *be-led.* § *Moore-ships.* || *assign'd.*

That

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

That doting on his owne obsequious bondage,
Weares out his time much like his masters asse,
For noughe but prouender, and when hee's old cashierd,
Whip mee such honest knaues :
Others there are, who trimd in formes,
And vissages of duty, keepe yet their hearts,
Attending on themselues, and throwing
But shewes of seruice on their lords,
Doe well thriue by 'em,
And when they haue lin'd their coates,
Doe themselues homage,
Those fellowes haue some soule,
And such a one doe I professe myselfe,—for sir,
It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago* :
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heauen is my iudge, not I,
For loue and duty, but seeming so,
For my peculiar end.
For when my outward action does demonstrate
The natue act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe. tis not long after,
But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue,
For doues to pecke at,
I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry'et thus ?

Ia. Call vp her father,
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the streete, incense her kinsmen,
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flyes : tho that his ioy be ioy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation out,
As it may loose some colour.

Rod.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Rod. Here is her fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Ia. Doe with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous citties.

Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, seignior *Brabantio*, ho,

Ia. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Theeues, theeues, theeues :
Looke to your house, you daughter, and your bags,
Theeues, theeues.

Brabantio at a window.

Brab. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
What is the matter there ?

Rod. Seignior, is all your family within ?

Ia. Are all *doore lockts* * ?

Brab. Why, wherefore aske you this ?

Iag. Zounds † fir you are robd, for shame put on your
gowne,

Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule ;
Euen now, very now, an old blacke ram
Is tuppung your white ewe ; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the diuell will make a grandfire of you, arise I say.

Brab. What, haue you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reuerend seignior, doe you know my voyce ?

Bra. Not I, what are you ?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome,

I haue charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doores,
In honest plainenesse, thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,

* *your doers lock'd.* † *Zounds omitted.*

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Vpon malicious brauery, dost thou come
To start my quiet ?

Rod. Sir, sir, sir.

Bra. But thou must needes be sure
My spirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is *Venice*,
My house is not a graunge.

Rod. Most graue *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soule I come to you.

Iag. Zouns sir, you are one of those, that will not serue
God if the deuill bid you. Because we come to doe you ser-
uice, you thinke we are ruffians, youle haue your daughter
couered with a *Barbary* horse ; youle haue your nephewes ney
to you ; youle haue coursers for coufens, and iennits for
iermans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou ?

Iag. I am one sir, that come to tell you, your daughter,
and the Moore, are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villaine.

Iag. You are a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer, I know thee *Roderigo*.

Rod. Sir *, I will answer any thing : but I beseech you †,

If

* Zouns sir.

† If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
At this od even, and dull watch oth' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knaue of common hire, a *Gundelier*
To the grosse claspes of a lasciuious Moore :
If this be knowne to you and your allowance,
We then haue done you bold and sawcy wrongs ?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke : do not beleue
That from the sense of al ciuilitie

I thus

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the iustice of the state,
For this delusion,

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho :
Giue me a taper, call vp all my people :
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleeve of it oppresses me already :
Light I say, light.

Iag. Farewell, for I must leaue you,
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my pate,
To be produc'd, as if I stay I shall
Against the Moore, for I doe know the state,
Now euer this may gaule him with some checke,
Cannot with safetie cast him, for hee's imbarck'd,
With such loud reason, to the *Cipres* warres,
Which euen now stands in act, that for their soules,
Another of his fathome, they haue not
To leade their businesse, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and signe of loue,
Which is indeed but signe, that you shall surely
Finde him : lead to the *Sagittar* †, the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

*It thus would play and trifle with your reuerence.
Your daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue,
I say againe) hath made a grosse reuolt.
Tying her duty, beauty wit and fortunes,
In an extrauagant and rebeldling stranger,
Of here, and euery where : straight satisfie your self ;
If she be, &c.*

These lines are wanting in the edition of 1622. and are printed from that
in 1630.

† *Sagittary.*

Enter

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Enter Barbantio || in his night gowne, and seruants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone she is,
And what's to come, of my despised time,
Is nought but bitternesse now *Roderigo*,
Where didst thou see her ; O vnhappy girle,
With the Moore faist thou ? who would be a father ?
How didst thou know twas she ? O *thou deceiuest* § me
Past thought : what said she to you ? get more tapers,
Raife all my kindred, are they married thinke you ?

Rod. Truely I thinke they are.

Bra. O heauen, how got she out ? O treason of the blood ;
Fathers from hence, trust not your daughters mindes,
By what you see them act ; is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd ? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
Of some such thing.

Rod. I haue sir *.

Bra. Call vp my brother ; O *that* † you had had her,
Some one way, some another ; doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore ?

Rod. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
To get good guard, and goe along with me.

Bra. Pray *leade me on* ‡, at euery house Ile call,
I may command at most : get weapons ho,
And raife some speciall officers of *night* † :
On good *Roderigo*, Ile deferue your paines. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants with torches.

Ia. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue slaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very *stufte* of || conscience.

|| *Barbantio.* § *she deceiues.* * *Yes sir, I haue indeed.* † *would.*
† *you lead on.* ‡ *night.* || *stufte o'th.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

To doe no contriu'd murther ; I lacke iniquity
 Sometimes to doe me seruice : nine or ten times,
 I had thought to haue ierk'd him here,
 Vnder the ribbes.

Oth. Tis better as it is.

Iag. Nay, but he prated,
 And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking tearmes
 Against your honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue,
 I did full hard forbear him : but I pray sir,
 Are you fast married ? for be sure of this,
 That the magnifico is much beloued,
 And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,
 As double as the dukes, he will diuorce you,
 Or put vpon you what restraint, and greeuance,
That * law with all his might to inforce it on,
 Weele giue him cable.

Oth. Let him doe his spite,
 My seruices which I haue done the feigniorie,
 Shall out tongue his complaints, tis yet to know, †
 That boasting is an honour,
 I shall *provolgate* ‡, I fetch my life and being,
 From men of royall height, and my demerits,
 May speake vnbonnited to ‡ as proud a fortune
 As this that I haue reach'd ; for know *Iago*,
 But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,
 I would not, my vnhoufed free condition,
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the seas worth,
 But looke what lights come yonder.

Enter Cassio with lights, officers, and torches.

Ia. These are the raised father and his friends,
 You were best goe in.

* *The.* † *which when I know.* ‡ *promulgate.* ‡ *to omitted.*

Oth.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Oth. Not I, I must be found,
My parts, my title, and my perfect soule,
Shall manifest *me rightly* || : it is they.

Ia. By *Ianus* I thinke no.

Oth. The seruants of the duke, and my lieutenant,
The goodnesse of the night vpon *your friends* §,
What is the newes.

Caf. The duke does greeete you generall,
And he requires your hast, post hast appearance,
Euen on the instant.

Oth. Whats the matter thinke you :

Caf. Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,
It is a businesse of some heate, the galleyes
Haue sent a dozen *frequent* * messengers
This very night, *at one* † anothers heeles :
And many of the consuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the dukes already ; you haue bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent aboue three feuerall quests
To search you out.

Othe. Tis well I am found by you,
Ile † spend a word here in the house, and goe with you.

Caf. Auncient, what makes he here ?

Ia. Faith he to night, hath boorded a land *carrick* ‡ :
If it proue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.

Caf. I doe not vnderstand.

Ia. Hee's married.

Caf. To *who* * § ?

Enters Brabantio, Roderigo, and others with lights and
weapons.

Ia. Marry to.—Come captaine, will you goe ?

Oth. Ha, with *who* * † ?

|| my right by. § you (friends) * sequent. † one at. ‡ I will but.
‡ carrick. * § whom. * † Ha' with you.

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Caf.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Caf. Here comes another troupe to seeke for you.

Ia. It is *Brabantio*, generall be aduise,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla, stand there.

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him theife.

Ia. You *Roderigo*, come sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keepe vp your bright swords, for the dew will rust
em,

Good seignior you shall more command with yeares
Then with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foule theefe, where hast thou stowed my
daughter?

Damnd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,
For Ile referre me to all *thing* * of sence, †
Whether a maide so tender, faire, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shund
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke)
Runne from her gardage to the footy bosome
Of such a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight, ‡
Such ‡ an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant?
Lay hold vpon him, if he doe resist,
Subdue him at his perill.

Oth. Hold your hands:
Both you of my inclining, and the rest,

* *things.*

† (*If she in chaines of magick were not bound*) From the Edit. in 1630.

‡ *Judge me the world, if t'is no grosse in sence,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule charmes,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weakens motion: Ile haue't disputed on
Tisportable and palpable to thinking:*

It therefore apprehend and doe attach thee. From the Edit. 1630.

‡ *For.*

Were

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Were it my *qu* ||. to fight, I should haue knowne it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
And § answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I doe obey,
How may the duke be therewith fatisfied,
Whose messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the state,
To beare me to him.

Officer. Tis true most worthy seignior,
The duke's in counsell, and your noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? the duke in counsell?
In this time of the night? bring him away,
Mine's not an idle cause, the duke himselfe,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if such actions, may haue passage free,
Bondslaues, and *Pagans*, shal our statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

Enter duke and senators, set at a table with lights and attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in these newes,
That giues them credit.

1 *Sena.* Indeede they are disproportioned,
My letters say, a hundred and feuen gallies.

Du. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 *Sena.* And mine two hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iust account.
As in these cases, where they *aym'd* * reports,
Tis oft with difference, yet doe they all confirme
A *Turkish* fleete, and bearing vp to *Cipresse*.

|| *cue.* § *To.* * *ayme.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Du. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement :
I doe not so secure me to the error,
But the mayne *articles* † I doe approue
In fearefull sence.

Enter a messenger.

One within. What ho, what ho, what ho ?

Sailor. A messenger from the galley.

Du. Now, the businesse ?

Sailor. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here, to the state. †

Du. How say you by this change ?

¶ *Sena.* This cannot be by no assay of reason—
Tis a pageant,

To keepe vs in false gaze : when we consider

The importancy of *Cypresse* to the *Turke* :

And let our selues againe, but vnderstand,

That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,

So may he with more facile question beare it. †

Du. And ¶ in all confidence, hee's not for *Rhodes*,

Officer. Here is more newes.

Enter a 2. messenger.

Mes. The *Ottamites*, reuerend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of *Rhodes*,
Haue there inioynted with an after fleete §

‡ *Article.*

† *By Signor Angelo.*

‡ For that it stands not in such warlike brace,

Who altogether lacks abilities

That Rhodes is drest in : if we make nought of this,

We must not thinke the Turke is so unskilfull,

To leaue that latest which concernes him first ;

Neglecting an attempt of ease and gaine,

To wake and wage a danger profitlesse. Edit. 1630.

¶ *Nay.*

§ ¶ *Sena.* I, so I thought, how many, as you guesse.

Mes. Of 30 saile, &c. Edit. 1630.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Of 30. faile, and now they doe *resterine* *
 Their backward course, bearing with franke appearance
 Their purposes towards *Cypresse* : seignior *Montano*,
 Your trusty and most valiant seruitor,
 With his free duty recommends you thus,
 And prayes you to belecue him.

Du. Tis certaine then for *Cypresse*,
Marcus Luccicos is not *here* † in towne.

I *Sena.* Hee's now in *Florence*.

Du. Write from vs, *wish* † him post, post hast dispatch.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Cassio, Desdemona
 and officers.

I *Sena.* Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant Moore.

Du. Valiant *Othello*, we must straite imploy you,
 Against the generall enemy *Ottaman* ;
 I did not see you, welcome gentle feiguior,
 We lacke ‡ your counsell, and your helpe to night,

Bra. So did I yours, good your grace pardon me,
 Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
 Hath rais'd me from my bed, *nor* || doth the generall care
 Take any § hold of me ; for my particular *griefes* *§,
 Is of so floodgate and orebearing nature,
 That it engluts and swallows other sorrowes,
 And it is still it selfe.

Du. Why, what's the matter ?

Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.

Ail. Dead ?

Bra. I to me :

She is abus'd, stolne from me and corrupted,
 By spels and medicines, bought of mountebancks,

* *resterne*, † *be*, ‡ *to*, † *lacke*, || *not*, § *any omitted*,
 *§ *griefe*.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

For nature so preposterously to erre, †
Saunce † witchcraft could not.

Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
 Hath thus beguild your daughter of her selfe,
 And you of her, the bloody booke of law,
 You shall your selfe, read in the bitter letter,
 After its owne sense, *tho* † our proper sonne
 Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your grace ;
 Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes
 Your speciall mandate, for the state affaires
 Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Du. What in your owne part can you say to this ?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, graue, and reuerend feigniors,
 My very noble and approoued good mai'ters :
 That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
 It is most true : true, I haue married her,
 The very head and front of my offending,
 Hath this extent no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little blest with the set phrase of peace,
 For since these armes of mine had seuen yeares pith,
 Till now some nine moones wasted, they haue vs'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field,
 And little of this great world can I speake,
 More then pertaines to feate of broyle, and battaile,
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for my selfe; yet by your gracious patience,
 I *will* || a round *unvarnish'd* § tale deliuer,
 Of my whole course of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
 What coniuration, and what mighty magicke,

† (*Being not deficient, b'ind or lame of sense*) Edit. 1630.

† *Sans.* † *yea tbo.* || *would.* § *unrauisb'd.*

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

(For such proceedings am I charg'd withall :)

I wonne his daughter.

Bra. A maiden neuer bold of spirit,
So still and quiet, that her motion
Blusht at her selfe : and she in spite of nature,
Of yeares, of countrey, credit, euery thing,
To fall in loue with what she fear'd to looke on ?
It is a iudgement maimd, and most imperfect,
That will confesse perfection, so would erre
Against all rules of nature, and must be driuen,
To find out practises of cunning hell,
Why this should be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with some mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with some dram coniur'd to this effect,
He wrought vpon her.

Du. To youth this is no prooffe,
Without more certaine and more ouert test,
These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
Of moderne seemings, you preferre against him.

I Sena. But *Othello* speake,
Did you by indirect and forced courtes,
Subdue and poison this young maides affections ?
Or came it by request, and such faire question,
As fould to fould affoordeth ?

Oth. I doe beseech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittar* *,
And let her speake of me before her father ;
If you doe finde me foule in her report †,
Not onely take away, but let your sentence,
Euen fall vpon my life.

Du. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Exit † two or three.

* *Sagittary.*

† *The trust, the office, I do hold of you* Edit. 1630.

‡ *Exeunt.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you best know the place ;
And till she come, as *faithfull* † as to heauen, †
So iustly to your graue eares I'll present,
How I did thrive in this faire ladies loue,
And she in mine.

Du. Say it *Othello*.

Oth. Her father loued me, oft inuited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From yeare to yeare, the battailes, seiges, fortunes
That I haue past :
I ran it through, euen from my boyish dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of mouing *accident* of † flood and field ;
Of *beire* §-breadth scapes ith imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe :
And sold to slavery, and my redemption thence,
And with it all || my travells historie ;
Wherein of *antrees* * vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hils, whose heads touch heauen,
It was my *bent* †† to speake, such was *the* †† processe :
And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate ;
The *Anthrophagie*, and men whose heads
Doe grow beneath their shoulders : this to heare,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline ;
But still the house affaires would draw her thence,
And §§ euer as she could with hast dispatch,
Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
Deuoure vp my discourse ; which I obseruing,
Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,

† truly. † I doe confesse the vices of my bloud. † accidents by. § baire ¶
|| And portance in. * antars. †† bent. †† my. §§ Which. Whereof

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Whereof by parcell she had something heard,
 But not intentiuely ; I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her teares,
 When I did speake of some *distressed* || stroake
 That my youth suffered : my story being done ;
 She gaue me for my paines a world of fighes ;
 She swore Ifaith twas strange, twas passing strange ;
 Twas pittifull, twas wondrous pittifull ;
 She wisht she had not heard it, yet she wisht
 That heauen had made her such a man : she thanked me,
 And bad me, if I had a friend that loued her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would wooe her. Vpon this heate I spake :
 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
 And I lou'd her that she did pittie them.
 This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd :
 Here comes the lady,
 Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and the rest.

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter to,—
 Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best,
 Men doe their broken weapons rather vse,
 Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake.
 If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
 Destruction lite on me, if my bad blame
 Light on the man. Come hither gentle mistresse :
 Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
 I doe perceiue here a deuided duty :
 To you I am bound for life and education ;

|| *distressful.*

My

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

My life and education both doe learne me
 How to respect you, you are *lord of all my* * duty,
 I am hitherto your daughter, but heere's my husband :
 And so much duty as my mother shewed
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge, that I may professe,
 Due to the Moore my lord.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done :
 Please it your grace, on to the state affaires ;
 I had rather to adopt a child then get it ;
 Come hither Moore :
 I here doe giue thee that, with all my heart †
 I would keepe from thee : for your fake iewell,
 I am glad at foule. I haue no other child,
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on em, I haue done lord.

Du. Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence
 Which as a greefe or step may help these louers
 Into your fauour.
 When remedies are past, the griefes are ended,
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
 To mourne a mischeife that is past and gone,
 Is the next way to draw more mischiefe on ?
 What cannot be preferu'd when fortune takes,
 Patience her iniury a mockery makes.
 The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the thiefe,
 He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse griefe.

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cypres* vs beguile,
 We lose it not so long as we can smile ;
 He beares the sentence well that nothing beares,
 But the free comfort, which from thence he heares :

* *the lord of.*

† *Which but thou hast already, with all my heart*

That

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

But he beares both the sentence and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore patience borrow.
These sentences to fugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equiuocall :
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare :
Beseech you now, to the affaires of the state.

Du. The *Turke* with most mighty preparation makes for
Cipres : *Othello*, the fortitude of the place, is best knowne to
you, and tho we haue there a substitute of most allowed suf-
ficiency, yet opinion, a soueraigne mistresse of effects, throwes
a more safer voyce on you ; you must therefore bee content
to stubber the glosse of your new fortunes, with this more
stubborne and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custome most great senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele cooch of warre,
My thrice driuen bed of downe : I doe agnize
A naturall and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardnesse, and would vndertake
This present warres against the *Ottamites*,
Most humbly therefore, bending to your state,
I craue fit disposition for my wife,
Due reuerence * of place and exhibition,
Which such accommodation ? and besort,
As leuels with her breeding.

Du. If you please, bee't at her fathers.

Bra. Ile not haue it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Desd. Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye : most gracious duke,
To my vnfoldings lend a gracious eare,

* reference.

And

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

And let me finde a charter in your voyce,
And if † my simpleness.—

Du. What would you—*speake* ‡.

Des. That I did loue the Moore, to liue with him,
 My downe right violence, and *scorne* § of fortunes,
 May trumpet to the world : my hearts subdued,
 Euen to the *utmost pleasure* || of my lord :
 I saw *Othelloes* viſſage in his minde,
 And to his honors, and his valiant parts
 Did I my foule and fortunes consecrate :
 So that deere lords, if I be left behinde,
 A mothe of peace, and he goe to the warre,
 The rites for which I loue him, are bereft me,
 And I a heauy interim ſhall ſupport,
 By his deare abſence, let me goe with him.

Oth. Your voyces lords : beſeech you let her will,
 Haue a free way, * I therefore beg it not
 To pleaſe the pallat of my appetite,
 Nor to comply with heate, the young affects
 In my deſunct, and proper ſatiſfaction,
 But to be free and bounteous of §§ her mind,
 And heauen defend your good ſoules that you thinke
 I will your ſerious and good buſineſſe ſcant,
 For ſhe is with me ;—no, when light-wingd toyes,
 And feather'd *Cupid* foyles with wanton dulneſſe,
 My ſpeculatiue and actiue inſtruments,
 That my diſports, corrupt and taint my buſineſſe,
 Let huſwiues make a ſkellet of my helme,
 And all indigne and baſe aduerſities,
 Make head againſt my reputation.

Du. Be it, as you ſhall priuately determine,

† *T' aſſiſt.* ‡ *Deſdemona.* § *ſcorne.* || *very qualitie* * *Vouch with*
me beauen, §§ *to.*

Either

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Either *for* † stay or going, the *affaires cry* † hast,
And speede must answer, you must hence to night.

Desd. To night my lord?

Du. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Du. At *ten* † i' the morning here weel meete againe.

Othello, leaue some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you,
With such things else of quality *or* || respect,
As doth *concerne* § you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust,
To his conueyance I assigne my wife,
With what else needefull your good grace shall thinke,
To be sent after me.

Du. Let it be so :
Good night to euery one, and noble feignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your son in law is farre more faire then blacke.

Sena. Adue braue Moore, vse *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her Moore, haue a quicke eye to see *,
She has deceiu'd her father, may doe †† thee. *Exeunt.*

Oth. My life vpon her faith : honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee,
I preethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best aduantage ;
Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters, and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and Desdemona.*

Iag. What saiest thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkest thou?

† *for her.* † *affaire cries.* † *nine.* || *and.* § *import.*
* *if thou hast eyes to see* †† *doe omitted.*

Iag.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. Why goe to bed and sleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my felfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doest, I shall neuer loue thee after it, Why, thou filly gentleman.

Rod. It is sillinesse to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a prescription, to dye when death is our physician.

Iag. I ha † look'd vpon the world for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himselfe: ere I would say I would drowne my felfe, for the loue of a *Ginny* hen, I would change my humanity with a baboone.

Rod. What should I do? I confesse it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue? a fig, tis in ourselues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners, so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettice, set isop, and weed vp time; supply it with one gender of hearbes, or distract it with many; either to haue it sterill with idleness, or manur'd with industry, why the power, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the ballance of our liues had not one scale of reason, to poise another of sensuality; the blood and basenesse of our natures, would conduct vs to most preposterous conclusions. But wee haue reason to coole our raging motions, our carnall stings, our vnbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a sect, or syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will: come, be a man; drowne thy felfe? drowne cats and blinde puppies: I professe me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with cables of perdurable toughness; I could neuer better steede thee then now. Put money

† *O villainous Iba, &c.*

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

in thy purse ; follow these warres, defeate thy fauour with an vsurp'd beard ; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her loue vnto the Moore, put money in thy purse,—nor he to her ; it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration ; put but money in thy purse.—These Moores are changeable in their wills :—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now, is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as *acerbe* * as *the* † colloquintida. ‡ When shee is sated with his body, shee will finde the error of her choyce ; shee must haue change ; shee must. Therefore put money in thy purse : if thou wilt needes damme thy selfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning ; make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, and a super subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enioy her ; therefore make money,—a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way ; seeke thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy ioy, then to bee drowned, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes ? §

Iag. Thou art sure of me—goe, make money—I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cause is harted, thine has no lesse reason, let vs be *communicative* || in our reuenge against him : if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many euent in the womb of time, which will be deliuered, Trauerce, go, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meete i'th morning.

Iag. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iag. Go to, farewell :—doe you heare *Roderigo* ?

* bitter. † the omitted. ‡ She must change for youth, when, &c. § if I depend on the issue. || conjecture.

Rod.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Rod. What say you ?

Iag. No more of drowning, do you heare ?

Rod. I am chang'd *.

Exit Roderigo.

Iag. *Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse † ;*

Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse :

For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport and profit : I hate the Moore,

And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes

Ha's done my office ; I know not, if't be true—

Yet I, for meere fuspition in that kind,

Will doe, as if for surety : he holds me well,

The better shall my purpose worke on him.

Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,

To get his place, and make vp to my will,

A double knauery—how, how,—let me see,

After some time, to abuse *Othelloe's* eare,

That he is too familiar with his wife :

He has a person and a smooth dispose,

To be suspected, fram'd to make women false :

The Moore a free and open nature too,

That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so :

And will us tenderly be led bit'h nose—as asses are :

I ha't, it is ingender'd : hell and night

Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light.

Exit.

A C T U S II.

S C E N E I.

Enter Montanio, gouernor of Cypres, with two other gentlemen.

Montanio. What from the cape can you discerne at sea ?

1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,

* *He go sell all my land.*

† This line is omitted in the second edition.

I cannot

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

I cannot twixt the *hauen* ** and the mayne
Descry a faile.

Mon. Me thinks the wind does speake aloud at land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our battlements :
If it ha ruffiand so vpon the sea.
What ribbes of oake, when the huge mountaine mealt,
Can hold the morties,—What shall we heare of this ?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* fleete :
For doe but stand vpon the *banning* * shore,
The chiding *billow* † seemes to pelt the cloudes,
The winde shak'd furge, with high and monstrous mayne,
Seemes to cast water, on the burning beare,
And quench the guards of th' euer fired pole,
I neuer did, like molestation view,
On the inchaſed flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkish* fleete
Be not inshelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impossible *they* ‡ beare it out.

Enter a third gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Newes lords §, your warres are done :
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turke*,
That their designement halts : another || shippe of *Venice* hath
seene
A greuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of the §§ fleete.

Mon. How, is this true ?

3 *Gent.* The shippe is heere put in :
A Veroneſſa, *Michael Caſſio*,
Leutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,
Is come ashore : the Moore himſelfe at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for *Cypres*.

Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy gouernour.

** *beauen.* * *foaming.* † *billowes.* ‡ *to.* § *lads.* || *a noble.*
§§ *their.*

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Y

3. *Gent.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

3. *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, tho he speake of comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe, for they were parted,
With foule and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heauen he be :
For I haue seru'd him, and the man commande
Like a full souldier :
Lets to the sea side, ho,
As well to see the vessell that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello* *.

3 *Gent.* Come, lets doe so,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thankes to the valiant of this worthy † iſle
That so approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence against their elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipt ?

Cas. His barke is stoutly timberd, and his pilate
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. A faile, a faile, a faile.

Cas. What noyse ?

Mess. The towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
stand ranckes of people, and they cry a sayle.

Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the guernement.

2 *Gent.* They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least.

A shot.

* *Euen till we make the maine and th'aire all blue,*
An indifinēt regard.

† *worthy omitted.*

Cas.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Caf. I pray you fir goe forth,
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.

2 Gent. I shall.

Exit.

Mon. But good lieutenant, is your generall wiu'd?

Caf. Most fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame:
One that excells *the* * blafoning pens,
And in the essentiall vesture of creation,
Does beare *all* † excellency:—now, who has put in?

Enter 2. gentleman.

2 Gent. Tis one *Iago*, ancient to the generall,
He has had most fauourable and happy speede,
Tempests themfelues, *by* † fea, and houlung windes,
The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors *enscerped* ‡; to clog the guiltlesse keele,
As hauing fence of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by
The diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Caf. She that I spoke of, our great captains captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*.
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A fennights speede—great *Ioue Othello* guard,
And swell his faile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this bay with his tall shippe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona*'s armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emillia, and Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits.
And bring all *Cypresse* comfort,—O behold

* *the quirkes.* † *an.* ‡ *Ligh.* ‡ *ensleep'd.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

The riches of the ship is come *ashore* ||.

Ye men of *Cyprus*, let her haue your knees :

Haile to thee lady : and the grace of heauen,

Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,

Enwheelee thee round.

Desd. I thanke you valiant *Cassio* :

What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

Cas. He is not yet arriued, nor know I ought,

But that hee's well, and will be shortly here.

Desd. O but I feare :—how lost you company ?

[*Within.*] *A saile, a saile.*

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies

Parted our fellowship : but harke, a saile.

2 *Gent.* They giue their greeting to the cittadell,
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. So *speakes* this voyce § :

Good ancient, you are welcome, welcome mistresse,

Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,

That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,

That giues me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iag. For * would she giue you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue, she has bestowed on me,
You'd haue enough.

Des. Alas ! shee has no speech.

Iag. I know † too much :

I finde it †, I ; for when I ha *list* ‡ to sleepe,——

Mary, before your ladiship I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

Em. You ha little cause to say so.

Iag. Come on, come on, you are pictures out adores :
Bells in your parlors : wildcats in your kitchins :

|| on shore.

§ See for the newes.

* Sir.

‡ In faith.

† it still.

‡ leave.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Saints in your iniuries: diuells being offended:
Players in your houswifery; and houswiues in your beds.
O fie vpon thee slanderer.

Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,
You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.

Em. You shall not write my praise.

Iag. No, let me not.

Desd. What wouldst thou write of me,
If thou shouldst praise me?

Iag. O gentle lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not criticall.

Desd. Come on, assay—there's one gone to the harbor?

Iag. I madam.

Desd. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iag. I am about it, but indeed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my muse labors,
And thus she is deliuer'd:
If she be faire and wise, fairenesse and wit;
The one's for vse, the other *vsing* * it.

Desd. Well praide: how if she be blacke and witty?

Iag. If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,
Shee'le finde a white, that shall her blacknesse *bit* †.

Desd. Worfe and worfe.

Em. How if faire and foolish?

Iag. She neuer yet was foolish, that was faire,
For euen her folly helpt her, *to a haire* †.

Desd. These are old paradoxes, to make fooles laugh i'the
alehouse,
What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's foule and foolish?

* *useth*, † *fit*. † *to an beire*.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,
But does foule pranks, which faire and wise ones doe.

Desd. O heauy ignorance, that praises the worst best: but
what praise couldst thou bestow on a deseruing woman in-
deed? one, that in the authority of her merri-
ts, did iustly put
on the vouch of very malice it selfe?

Iag. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;
She that in wisdom, neuer was so fraile,
To change the codshead for the salmons taile.
She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde, *
She was a wight, if euer such wight were.

Des. To doe what?

Iag. To suckle fooles, and chronicle small beere.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion:
Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband;
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberall
Counsellour?

Cas. He speakes home madam, you may relish him
More in the souldier then in the scholler.

Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well sed, whisper: as
little a webbe as this will ensnare as great a *flee* † as *Cassio*. I
smile vpon her, doe: I will catch you in your owne courtesies:
you say true, tis so indeed. If such trickes as these strip you
out of your leutenantry, it had beene better you had not rift
your three fingers so oft, which now againe, you are most apt
to play the fir in: good, well kist, an excellent courtesie; tis
so indeed: yet againe, your fingers at your lips? would they

* See sutors following and not looke behinde

† *flee*.

· THE MOORE OF VENICE.

were clisterpipes for your sake.—The Moore, I know his trumpet.

Trumpets within.

Enter Othello, and attendants.

Caf. Tis truely so.

Des. Lets meete him, and receiue him.

Caf. Loe, where he comes.

Oth. O my faire warriour.

Des. My deare *Othello*.

Oth. It giues me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me : O my foules ioy,
If after euey tempest, come such calmenesse,
May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death,
And let the labouring barke clime hills of seas,
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
As hell's from heauen : If it were now to dye,
T'were now to be most happy, for I feare
My soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this
Succeeds in vnknowne fate.

Des. The heauens forbid,
But that our loues and comforts should increase,
Euen as our dayes doe growe.

Oth. Amen to that sweete power *,
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stops me heere, it is too much of ioy :
And this, and this, the greatest discord be, *they kisse.*
That ere our hearts shall make.

Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,
But I'le set downe the pegs, that make this musique,
As honest as I am.

* *power.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Come, let vs to the castle :
 Newes friends, our warres are done, the *Turks* are drown'd :
 How doe our old acquaintance of the isle ;
 Honny, you shall be well desir'd in *Cypres* ;
 I haue found great loue amongst them : O my sweete,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,
 In mine one comforts : I preethee good *Iago*,
 Goe to the bay, and disimbarke my coffers ;
 Bring thou the master to the cittadell ;
 He is a good one, and his worthinesse,
 Does challenge much respect : come *Desdemona*,
 Once more well met at *Cypres*. *Exit.*

Iag. Doe thou meete me presently at the habour : come
 hither, if thou bee'st valiant, as they say, base men being in
 loue, haue then a nobility in their natures, more then is natieue
 to them—list me, the lieutenant to night watches on the court
 of guard : first I will tell thee, this *Desdemona* is directly in
 loue with him.

Rod. With him ? why tis not possible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soule be instructed :
 marke me, with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but
 for bragging, and telling her fantastick lies ; and will she
 loue him still for prating ? let not the discreet heart thinke so *.
 Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she haue to look
 on the diuell ? when the blood is made dull with the act of
 sport, there should be againe † to inflame it, and giue faciety
 a fresh appetite. Loue lines in fauour, sympathy in yeares,
 manners and beauties ; all which the Moore is defectiue in :
 now for want of these requir'd conueniences, her delicate ten-
 derneffe will finde it selfe abus'd, beginne to heaue the gorge,
 disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very nature will instruct her
 to it, and compell her to some second choyce : now sir, this
 granted, as it is a most pregnant and vnforced position, who

* it, † a game,

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluble, no farder conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of ciuill and hand-seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and hidden affections: a subtle slippery knave, a finder out of occasions; that has an eye, can stampe and counterfeit the true *aduantages neuer present themselves* *. Besides, the knave is handsome, yong, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green mindes look after; a pestilent compleate knave, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleeeue that in her, shee's full of most blest condition.

Iag. Blest figs end: the wine shee drinkes is made of grapes: if she had beene blest, she would neuer haue lou'd the Moore. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand?

Rod. Yes, but that was but courtesie.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an index *and* † prologue to the history of lust and foule thoughts: they met so neere with their lips, that their breathes embrac'd together. ‡ When these mutualities so marshall the way, hand at hand, *comes* || the maine exercise, the incorporate conclusion. But sir, be you rul'd by mee, I haue brought you from *Venice*: watch you to night, for *your* § command Ile lay't vpon you, *Cassio* knowes you not, I'll not be farre from you, do you finde some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other cause you please; which the time shall more fauourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir he is rash, and very suddain in choler, and haply with his trunchen may strike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out of that, will I cause these of *Cypres* to mutiny, whose

* *advantages, tho' true advantage neuer presents it selfe.* † *and obscure.*

‡ *Villainous thoughts when, &c.* || *comes on Roderigo, the master, and the, &c.*

§ *your omitted.*

qualification

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

qualification shall come into no true *trust* * again't, but by the displanting of *Cassio*: so shall you haue a shorter iourney to your desires by the meanes I shal then haue to prefer them, and the impediment, most profitably remou'd, without which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meete me by and by at the cittadell; I must fetch his necessaries ashore.—Farewell.

Rod. Adue.

Exit.

Iag. That *Cassio* loues her, I doe well belecue it;
That she loues him, tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore howbe't, that I indure him not,
Is of a constant, noble, louing nature;
And I dare thinke, hee'le proue to *Desdemona*,
A most deere husband: now I doe loue her too,
Not out of absolute lust, tho peraduenture,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly lead to diet my reuenge,
For that I doe suspect the lustfull Moore,
Hath leap'd into my seate, the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous minerall gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, nor shall content my soule,
Till I am euen with him, wife, for wife:
Of failing so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least, into a ieaousie so strong,
That iudgement cannot cure; which thing to doe,
If this poore trash of *Venice*, whom I crush,
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
I'le haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
(For I feare *Cassio*, with my night cap to)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an asse,

* *tasse.*

And

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

And practising vpon his peace and quiet,
Euen to madnesse : tis here, but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face is neuer seene, till vs'd. *Exit.*

*Enter a gentleman * reading a proclamation.*

It is *Othello's* pleasure; our noble and valiant generall, that vpon certaine tidings now arriued, importing the meere perdition of the *Turkish* fleete; that euery man put himselfe into triumph: some to dance, some make bonfires; each man to what sport and reuels his *minde* † leades him; for besides these beneficiall newes, it is the celebration of his nuptialls: so much was his pleasure should bee proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty, from this present houre of five, till the bell hath told eleuen. Heauen blesse the isle of *Cypres*, and our noble generall *Othello*.

Enter Othello, Cassio, and Desdemona.

Oth. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night,
Lets teach our selues *the* ‡ honourable stoppe,
Not to out sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath directed || what to doe:
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
Will I looke to it.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest,
Michael good night, to morrow with your earliest,
Let me haue speech with you, come my deare loue,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
The § profits yet to come twixt me and you,
Good night. *Exit Othello and Desdemona.*

* *Othello's* berald, † addition, ‡ that, || direction, § That.

Enter

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Enter Iago.

Caf. Welcome *Iago*, we must to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre lieutenant, tis not yet ten a clock : our generall cast vs thus early for the loue of his *Desdemona* : who let vs not therefore blame, hee hath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and she is sport for *Ioue*.

Caf. She is a most exquisite lady.

Iag. And I'le warrant her full of game.

Caf. Indeede she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iag. What an eye she has ?

Mc thinks it founds a parly of prouocation.

Caf. An inuiting eye, and yet me thinks right modest.

Iag. And when she speakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Caf. It is indeede perfection.

Iag. Well, happinesse to their sheetes—come lieutenant, I haue a stope of wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cypres* gallants, that would faine haue a measure to the health of the blacke *Othello*.

Caf. Not to night, good *Iago* ; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking : I could well wish courtesie would inuent some other custome of entertainment.

Iag. O they are our friends,—but one cup : I'le drink for you.

Caf. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innouation it makes here : I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of reuells, the gallants desire it.

Caf. Where are they ?

Iag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Caf. I'le do't, but it dislikes me.

Exit.

Iag.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Iag. If I can fasten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'll be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young mistris dog:—now my sicke foole *Roderigo*,
Whom loue has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To *Desdemona*, hath to night carouft
Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch
Three lads of *Cypres*, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honour, in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Haue I to night flustred with flowing cups,
And the watch too: now mongst this flocke of drunkards,
I am to put our *Cassio* in some action,
That may offend the isle;

Enter Montanio, Cassio, and others.

But here they come:
If consequence doe but approoue my dreame,
My boate failes freely, both with winde and streame.

Cas. Fore God they haue giuen me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not past a pint,
As I am a souldier.

Iag. Some wine ho:

And let me the cannikin clinke, clinke,

And let me the cannikin clinke, clinke:

A souldier's a man, a life's but a span,

Why then let a souldier drinke.—Some wine boyes,

Cas. Fore God an excellent song.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are most
potent in potting: your *Dane*, your *Germaine*, and your
swag-bellied *Hollander*; drinke ho, are nothing to your *Englisb*:

Cas. Is your *Englisb* man so expert * in his drinking?

* *exquisite.*

Iag.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. Why he drinke you with facillity, your *Dane* dead drunke: he sweats not to ouerthrow your *Almaine*; he gittes your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fild.

Caf. To the health of our generall.

Mon. I am for it lieutenant, and I will doe you iustice.

Iag. O sweete *England*,—king *Stephen* was * a worthy peere,

*His breeches cost him but a crowne,
He held 'em sixpence all too deere,
With that he cald the taylor lowne,
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thou art but of low degree,
Tis pride that puls the countrey downe,
Then take thine owd cloke about thee.*—Some wine ho.

Caf. Fore God † this is a more exquisite song then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

Caf. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does those things: well, God's aboue all, and there bee foules that must bee saued.

Iag. It is true good lieutenant.

Caf. For mine own part, no offence to the generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to be saued.

Iag. And so doe I lieutenant.

Caf. I, but by your leaue, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saued before the ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: God ‡ forgiue vs our sins: gentlemen, let's looke to our businesse; doe not thinke gentlemen I am drunke, this is my ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can stand well enough, and speake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

* was and.

† Why.

‡ God omitted.

Caf.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Cas. Very well then : you must not thinke, that I am
drunke. *Ex.*

Mon. To the plotforme maisters. Come, let's set the
watch.

Iag. You see this fellow that is gone before,
He is a souldier fit to stand by *Cæsar*,
And giue direction : and doe but see his vice,
Tis to his vertue, a iust equinox,
The one as long as th'other : tis pittie of him,
I feare the trust *Othello* put him in,
On some odde time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the prologue to his sleepe :
Hee'le watch the horolodge a double set,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. Twere well the generall *wete* * put in minde of it,
Perhaps he fees it not, or his good nature,
Praises the *vertues* † that appeares in *Cassio*,
And *looke* ‡ not on his euills : is not this true ?

Enter Roderigo.

Iag. How now *Roderigo*,
I pray you after the lieutenant, goe *Exit Rod.*

Mon. And tis great pittie that the noble Moore
Should hazard such a place, as his owne second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity :
It were an honest action to say so to the Moore.

Iag. Not I, for this faire island :
I doe loue *Cassio* well, and would doe much,
Helpe, helpe, within.
To cure him of this euill : but harke, what noyse.

* *were.* † *vertue.* ‡ *lookes.*

Enter

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. Zouns *, you rogue, you rascal.

Mon. What's the matter lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave, teach mee my duty : but I'll beate the knave into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beate me ?

Cas. Doeſt thou prate rogue ?

Mon. Good lieutenant ; pray ſir hold your hand.

Cas. Let me goe ſir, or Ile knocke you ore the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Cas. Drunke ?

They fight.

Iag. Away I ſay, goe out and cry a muteny.

A bell rung.

Nay good lieutenant : Godſwill gentlemen,
Helpe ho, lieutenant : ſir *Montanio*, ſir,
Helpe maiſters, here's a goodly watch indeed,
Who's that that rings the bell ? diablo—ho,
The towne will riſe, *Godſwill* † lieutenant, hold,
You will be ſham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and gentlemen with weapons.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mon. Zouns ‡, I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, to the death :

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold lieutenant, ſir *Montanio*, gentlemen,
Haue you forgot all place of ſence, and duty :
Hold, the generall ſpeakes to you ; hold, hold, for ſhame.

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence ariſes this ?
Are we turn'd *Turkes*, and to our ſelues doe that,
Which heauen has forbid the *Ottamites* :
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawle ;

* Zouns omitted. † ſie, ſie. ‡ Zouns omitted.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

He that stirres next, to carue *forth* * his owne rage,
Holds his soule light, he dies vpon his motion ;
Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety ; what's the matter masters ?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with griening,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.

Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
As if some plannet had vnwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peeuish odds ;
And would in action glorious, I had lost
These † legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In men of wisest censure : what's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler ? giue me answer to't ?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's sed or done amisse this night,
Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
When violence assayles vs.

* *for.* † *Those*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Now by heauen

My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
Assayes to leade the way. *Zouns* †, if I stirre,
Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke: giue me to know
How this foule rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approou'd in this offence,
Tho he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me; what, in a towne of warre,
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
To mannage priuate and domesticke quarrels,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety?
Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began?

Mon. If partiality affin'd, or league in office,
Thou doest deliuer, more or lesse then truth,
Thou art no souldier.

Iag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha this tongue out *from* * my mouth,
Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio*:
Yet I perswade my selfe to speake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is generall:
Montanio and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,
To execute vpon him: fir this gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreates his pause;
My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The towne might fall in fright: he swift of foote,
Out ran my purpose: and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords:
And *Cassio* high in oaths, which till to night,

† *If once.*

* *of.*

I ne're

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

I ne're might *see* † before : when I came backe,
For this was brieft, I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, euen as agen they were,
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget ;
Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleeeue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.

Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio* : *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona, with others.

Looke if my gentle loue be not raisde vp :
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter ?

Oth. All's well now sweeting :

Come away to bed : sir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your surgeon ; leade him off ;
Iago, looke with care about the towne,
And silence those, whom this vile brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona* : tis the souldiers life,
To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

Iag. What are you hurt lieutenant ?

Exit Moore, Desdemona, and attendants.

Cas. I, past all surgery.

Iag. Mary God ‡ forbid.

† say, ‡ Heaven.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Caf. Reputation, reputation, I § ha lost my reputation :
I ha lost the immortall part sir of my selfe,
And what remaines is beastiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.

Iag. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd
some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in
reputation : reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft
got without merit, and lost without deseruing, you haue lost
no reputation at all, vnlesse you rep̄te your selfe such a loser ;
what man, there are wayes to recouer the generall agen : you
are but now cast in his moode, a punishment more in pollicy,
then in malice, euen so, as one would beate his offencelesse
dog, to affright an imperious lyon : sue to him againe, and
hees yours.

Caf. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good
a commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreete an
officer || O thou inuisible sp̄rit of wine, if thou hast no name
to bee knowne by, let vs call thee diuell.

Iag. What was he, that you followed with your sword ?
What had he done to you ?

Caf. I know not.

Iag. Ist possible ?

Caf. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly ;
a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should
put an enemy in there mouthes, to steale away there braines ;
that wee should with ioy, reuell, pleasure, and applause, trans-
forme our selues into beasts.

Iag. Why, but you are now well enough : how came you
thus recovered ?

§ *cb I.*

|| *Drunke ? and speak Parrat ? and squabble, swagger, sweare ? and discourse
fustian with ones own shadow.*

Caf.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Caf. It hath pleasde the diuell drunkennesse, to giue place to the diuell wrath; one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another, to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iag. Come, you are too seuer a morraller; as the time, the place, the condition of this countrey stands, I could heartily wish, this had not so befallne; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your own good.

Caf. I will aske him for my place againe, hee shall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop em all: to be now a sensible man, by and by a foole, and presently a beast. Euery vnordinate cup is vnblest, and the ingredience is a diuell.

Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well vs'd; exclaime no more against it; and good leuteuant, I thinke you thinke I loue you.

Caf. I haue well approou'd it fir,—I drunke?

Iag. You, or any man liuing may bee drunke at some *time* *: I'll tell you what you shall do,—our generals wife is now the generall; I may say so in this respect, for that he has deuoted and giuen vp himselfe to the contemplation, marke and deuotement of her parts and graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her, importune her, shee'll helpe to put you in your place againe: she is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that shee holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to doe more then shee is requested. This *braule* † betweene you and her husband, intreate her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue shall grow stronger then twas before.

Caf. You aduise me well.

Iag. I protest in the sincerity of loue and honest kindnesse.

Caf. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beseech the vertuous *Desdemona*, to vndertake for me; I am desperate of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

* *time man.* † *broken joint.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. You are in the right :
Good night lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Caf. Good night honest *Iago*.

Exit.

Iag. And what's he then, that sayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course,
To win the Moore agen ? for tis most easie
The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,
In any honest suite, she's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free elements: and then for her
To win the Moore. Wer't to renounce his baptisme,
All seales and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soule is so infetter'd to her loue,
That she may make, vnmake, doe what she list,
Euen as her appetite shall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine ?
To counsell *Cassio* to this parrallell course.
Directly to his good: diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackest sins put on,
They doe suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
As I doe now: for while this honest foole
Plyes *Desdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore:
I'll poure this pestilence into his eare,
That she repeales him for her bodyes lust;
And by how much she strives to doe him good,
She shall vndoe her credit with the Moore,
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse make the net
That shall enmesh em all:

Enter Roderigo.

How now *Roderigo*?

Red. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that
hunts, but one that filles vp the cry: my money is almost
spent,

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

spent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgeld : I thinke the issue will be, I shall haue so much experience for my paines, *as that comes to*, and * no money at all, and with *that* † wit returne to *Venice*.

Iag. How poore are they that ha not patience ?
What wound did euer heale, but by degrees ?
Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by wichcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.

Do'st not go well ? *Cassio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast casheird *Cassio*,
Tho other things grow faire against the sun,
But ‡ fruite that blosome first, will first be ripe,
Content thy selfe awhile ; bi'the masse tis morning ;
Pleasure, and action, make the houres seeme short :
Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,
Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter :
Nay get thee gon. Some things are to be done,
My wife must moue for *Cassio* to her mistris,
I'll set her on.

My selfe awhile, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde,
Soliciting his wife : I, that's the way,
Dull not deuise by coldnesse and delay.

Exeunt.

Enter Cassio, with musitians and the Clowne.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your paines,
Something that's brieft, and bid good morrow generall.

Clo. Why masters, ha your instruments bin at *Naples*, that they speake i'th nose thus ?

Boy. How sir, how ?

Clo. Are these I pray, cald wind instruments ?

Boy. I marry are they sir.

* and so.

† a little more.

‡ Yes.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle fir?

Clo. Marry fir, by many a winde instrument that I know:
But masters, heere's money for you, and the generall so likes
your musique, that hee desires you *of all loues* †, to make no
more noyse with it.

Boy. Well fir, wē will not.

Clo. If you haue any musique that may not bee heard, to't
againē, but as they saay, to heare musique, the generall does
not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none such fir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for I'le away; goe,
vanish § away.

Cas. Doeſt thou heare my honeſt friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honeſt friend, I heare you.

Cas. Preethee keepe vp thy quillēts, there's a poore pēce
of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the gene-
rals wife be ſtirring, tell her there's one *Caffio*, entreats her a
little fauour of ſpeech—wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is ſtirring fir, if ſhe will ſtirre hither, I ſhall ſeeme
to notiſe vnto her.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Doe good my friend: in happy time *Iago*.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Cas. Why no, the day had broke before we parted:
I ha made bold *Iago*, to ſend in to your wife,—my ſuite to her,
Is, that ſhe will to vertuous *Deſdemona*,
Procure me ſome acceſſe.

Iag. I'le ſend her to you preſently,
And Ile deuife a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerſe and buſineſſe,
May be more free.

Exit.

† for loues ſake. § *vanish* into aire.

Cas.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Caf. I humbly thanke you *for it* || : I neuer knew
A *Florentine* more kinde and honest.

Enter Emilla.

Em. Good morrow good lieutenant, I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will soone be well,
The generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly : the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cypres*,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisedome,
He might not but refuse you * but he protests he loues you,
And needes no other suitor but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in againe.

Caf. Yet I beseech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of some brieue discourse
With *Desdemona* alone,

Em. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall haue time,
To speake your bosome freely †.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Iago, and other gentlemen.

Oth. These letters giue *Iago*, to the pilate,
And by him doe my duties to the state ;
That done, I will be walking on the workes,
Repaire there to me.

Iag. Well my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification gentlemen, shall wee see't ?

Gent. We waite vpon your lordship.

Exeunt.

|| *for't.* * you omitted. † *Caf. I am much bound to you.*

Enter

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd good *Cassio*, I will doe
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Em. Good madam do, I know it grieues my husband,
As if the case were his.

Desd. O that's an honest fellow :—do not doubt *Cassio*,
But I will haue my lord and you againe,
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bountious madame,
What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
Hee's neuer any thing but your true seruant.

Des. O sir, I thanke you, you doe loue my lord :
You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangest, stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.

Cas. I but lady,
The * pollicy may either last so long,
Or feede vpon such nice, and watrish diet,
Or breed it selfe, so out of circumstance,
That I being absent, and my place supplied,
My generall will forget my loue and seruice.

Desd. Doe not doubt that, before *Emilia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place ; assure thee
If I doe vowe a friendship, I'll performe it
To the last article ; my lord shall neuer rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talke him out of patience ;
His bed shall seeme a schoole, his boord a shrift,
I'll intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Cassio's* suite ; therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy foiliciter shall rather die,
Than giue thee † cause away.

* *That.* † *thy.*

Enter

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Enter Othello, Iago, and gentlemen.

Em. Madam, here comes my lord.

Caf. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Desd. Why stay and heare me speake.

Caf. Madam not now, I am very ill at ease,
Vnfit for mine owne purpose,

Desd. Well, doe your discretion.

Exit Cassio.

Iag. Ha, I like not that.

Oth. What doest thou say?

Iag. Nothing my lord, or if, I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iag. *Cassio* my lord?—no sure, I cannot thinke it,
That he would sneake away so guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.

Oth. I doe beleéue twas he.

Desd. How now my lord,
I haue beene talking with a suiter here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who i'st you meane?

Desd. Why your lieutenant *Cassio*, good my lord,
If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His present reconfiliation take:
For if he be not one that truly loues you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honest face,
I prethee call him backe.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Desd. Yes faith, so humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
I suffer with him; good loue call him backe.

Oth.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Not now sweete *Desdemona* * some other time.

Desd. But shal't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner sweete for you.

Desd. Shal't be to night at supper ?

Oth. No, not to night.

Desd. To morrow dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home,

I meete the captaines, at the cittadell.

Desd. Why then to morrow night, or *Tuesday* morne,
On *Tuesday* morne, or night, or *Wednesday* morne,

I preethee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three dayes: ifaith hee's penitent,

And yet his trespassse, in our common reason,

(Saue that they say, the warres must make examples,
Out of her best) is not almost a fault,

To incurre a priuate checke: when shall he come ?

Tell me *Othello*: I wonder in my soule,

What you could aske me, that I should deny ?

Or stand so *muttering* † on ? what *Michael Cassio* ?

That came a wooing with you, and so many a time

When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath tane your part, to haue so much to doe

To bring him in? *birlady* † I could doe much.

Oth. Preethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Desd. Why this is not a boone,

Tis as I should intreate you weare your gloues:

Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,

Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit

To your owne person: nay, when I haue a suite,

Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,

It shall be full of poise and *difficulty* ‡,

And fearefull to be granted.

* *Desdemona*. † *muttering*. ‡ *trust me*. † *difficult weight*.

Oth.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing,
Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

Desd. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my lord.

Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, I'll come to thee straight.

Desd. *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exit Desd. and Em.*

Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

Iag. My noble lord.

Oth. What doest thou say *Iago*?

Iag. Did *Michael Cassio* when you wooed my lady,
Know of your loue?

Oth. He did from first to last:—why doest thou aske?

Iag. But for a satisfaction of my *thoughts* ||.
No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago*?

Iag. I did not thinke he had beene acquainted with her.

Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very often §.

Iag. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? indeed, discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

Iag. Honest my lord?

Oth. Honest? I honest.

Iag. My lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What doest thou thinke?

Iag. Thinke my lord?

Oth. Thinke my lord? *by heauen he ecchoes me* *.

As if there were some monster in *his* † thought:

Too hideous to be shewne: thou *didst* † meane something;

I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that,

|| *thought.* § *oft.* * *why dost thou ecchoe me.* † *thy.* † *dost.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

When *Cassio* left my wife : what didst not like ?
 And when I told thee, he was of my counsell,
 In my whole course of wooing, thou cridst indeed ?
 And didst contract, and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then hadst shut vp in thy braine,
 Some horrible *counsell* † : if thou doest loue me,
 Shew me thy thought.

Iag. My lord, you know I loue you.

Oth. I thinke thou doest,
 And for I know, thou art full of loue and honesty,
 And weighest thy words, before thou giue || em breath,
 Therefore these stops of thine *affright* § me the more :
 For such things in a false disloyall knaue,
 Are trickes of custome ; but in a man that's iust,
 They are close *denotements* *, working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

Iag. For *Michael Cassio*,
 I dare *presume* †, I thinke that he is honest,

Oth. I thinke so to.

Iag. Men should be *that* † they seeme,
 Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Iag. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay yet there's more in this,
 I preethee speake to *me* †† to thy thinkings :
 As thou doest ruminare, and giue *the* ||| worst of thought,
 The worst of word.

Iag. Good my lord pardon me ;
 Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaues are free to,
 Viter my thoughts ? why, say they are vile and false :
 As where's that pallace, whereinto foule things

† conceit. || giu'st. § fright. * dilations. † be sworne.
 † what. †† me as. ||| thy.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,
But some vncleanly apprehensions,
Keepe leetes and law-dayes, and in session *sit* §
With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou doest conspire against thy friend *Iago*,
If thou but thinkest him wrongd, and makest his eare
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iag. I doe beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my ghesse,
As I confesse it is my natures plague,
To spy into abuses, and oft my iealousie
Shapes faults that are not ; *I intreate you then* *,
From one that so imperfectly *coniects* †,
You'd † take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble,
Out of my scattering, and vn sure obseruance ;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisedome,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. *Zouns* †.

Iag. Good name in man and woman's ||| deere my lord ;
Is the immediate iewell of our foules :
Who steales my purse, steals trash, tis something, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands :
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. *By heauen* §§ I'le know thy *thought* **.

Iag. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst tis in my custody : ††
O *beware* †§ iealousie. d
It is *the* †§ greene eyd monster, which doth mocke

§ *sit.* * *that your wisedome yet.* † *conceits.* † *Would.* † *What*
doest thou meane ? ||| *woman.* §§ *By heauen omitted.* ** *though his.*
†† *Oth. Ha ?* †§ *beware my lord.* †§ *a.*

That

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

That || meate it feedes on. That cuckold liues in blisse,
Who certaine of his fate, *hates* § not his wronger :
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loues.

Oth. O misery.

Iag. Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches, finelesse, is as poore as winter,
To him that euer feares he shall be poore :
Good God, the soules of all my tribe defend
From iealousie.

Oth. Why, why is this ?
Thinkst thou I'de make a life of iealousie ?
To follow still the changes of the moone
With fresh suspitions ? no, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolud : exchange me for a goate,
When I shall turne the businesse of my soule
To such exufficate, and blowne furmises,
Matching thy inference : tis not to make me iealous,
To say my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,
Is free of speech, sings, playes, and dances well ;
Where vertue is, these are more vertuous :
Nor from mine owne weake merrits will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For she had eies, and *chose* * me : no *Iago*,
I'le see before I doubt, when I doubt, proue,
And on the prooffe, there is no more but this :
Away at once with loue or iealousie.

Iag. I am glad of it, for now I shall haue reason,
To shew the loue and duty that I beare you,
With franker spirit : therefore as I am bound
Receiue it from me : I speake not yet of prooffe,
Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio* ;
Weare your eye thus, not iealous, nor secure,

|| *The.* § *loves.* * *chosen.*

I would

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

I would not haue your free and noble nature,
Out of selfe-bounty be abus'd, looke to't :
I know our countrey disposition well,
In *Venice* they doe let *God* † see the pranks
They *dare* † shew their husbands: their best conscience,
Is not to *leauē* ‡ vndone, but *keepe* || vnknowne.

Oth. Doest thou say so.

Iag. She did deceiue her father marrying you ;
And when she seem'd to shake and feare your looks,
She lou'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iag. Why go too then,
She that so young, could giue out such a seeming,,
To seale her fathers eyes vp, close as oake,
He thought twas witchcraft : but I am much too blame,
I humbly doe beseech you of your pardon,
For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iag. I see this hath a little dasht your spirits.

Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.

Iag. *Ifaith* § I feare it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke,
Comes from my loue: but I doe see you are moou'd,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech,
To groser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to suspection.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe so my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile successe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Cassio's* my trusty friend :
My lord, I see you are moou'd.

Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Desdemonas* honest.

† *Heaven.* † *dare not.* † *leau't.* || *keepe't.* § *Trust me.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. Long liue she so, and long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.

Iag. I, there's the point : as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her owne clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things, nature tends ;
Fie we may smell in such a will, most ranke
Foule disproportion : thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me : I doe not in position,
Destinctly speake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more
Thou doest perceiue, let me know more, set on
Thy wife to obserue : leaue me *Iago*.

Iag. My lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry? this honest creature doubtlesse
Sees and knowes more, much more then he vnfoldes.

* My lord, I would I might intreate your honour,

Iag. To scan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
Tho it be fit †, that *Cassio* haue his place,
For sure he fills it vp with great ability :
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceiue him and his meanes ;
Note if your lady straine her entertainment,
With any strong or vehement importunity,
Much will be seene in that, in the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
As worthy cause I haue, to feare I am ;
And hold her free, I doe beseech your honour.

Oth. Feare not my gouernement.

Iag. I once more take my leaue.

Exit.

* *Iag.* † *And th; tis fit.*

Oth

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all qualities, with a learned spirit
Of humaine dealing: if I doe prooue her haggard,
Tho that her iesses were my deare heart strings,
I'de whistle her off, and let her *downe* * the wind,
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of conuersation,
That chamberers haue, or for I am declind
Into the *vault* † of yeares; yet that's not much,
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife
Must be to lothe her: O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a toade,
And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
For others vses: yet tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the base,
Tis destiny, vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we doe quicken: *Desdemona* comes,
If she be false, O then heauen mocks it selfe,
I'll not beleuee it.

Enter Desdemona and Emillia.

Desd. How now my deare *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous ilander
By you inuited, doe attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead here.

Des. Faith ‡ that's with watching, t'will away againe;
Let me but bind *your head* †, within this houre
It will be well againe §.

* *downe.* † *vale.* ‡ *Why* † *it lard.* § *againe omitted.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come I'll goe in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin,

Ex. Oth. and Desd.

This was her first remembrance from the Moore;
My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Woode me to steale it, but she so loues the token,
For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it,
That she reserues it euer more about her,
To kisse, and talke to; I'll ha the worke *taine* † out,
And giu't *Iago*: what hee'll doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I,
I nothing *know*, but *for* || his fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?

Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.

Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing.

Em. Ha?

Iag. To haue a foolish thing §.

Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,
For that same *handkercher* *?

Iag. What *handkercher* *?

Em. What *handkercher* *?

Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iag. Ha'st stole it from her?

Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being here, *took't* ‡ vp:
Looke here it is.

Iag. A good wench, giue it me.

† *taine*. || *but to please*. § *wife*. * *handkerchiefe*. ‡ *tooke it*.

Em.

THE MOORE OF VENICE

Em. What will you doe with it, that you haue bin
So earnest to haue me filch it ?

Iag. Why what's that to you ?

Em. If it * be not for some purpose of import,
Giue mee't againe, poore lady, shee'll run mad,
When she shall lacke it.

Iag. Be not you *knowne* † on't, I haue vse for it :—go
leaue me ;

Exit Em.

I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,
And let him finde it : trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations strong
As proofes of holy writ, this may doe something ‡,
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distast.
But with a little *art* §, vpon the blood,

Ent. Othello.

Burne like the *mindes* || of sulphure : I did say so :
Looke where he comes, not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drouisie sirrops of the world,
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe,
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to me, to me ?

Iag. Why how now generall ? no more of that.

Oth. Auant, be gone, thou hast set me on the racke,
I sweare, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to *know* ** a little.

Iag. How now my lord ?

Oth. What sence had I of her stolne houres of lust :
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry ;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips,

* *If't.* † *acknowne.* ‡ *The Moore already changes with my poison.* § *act.*
|| *mines.* ** *know't.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and hee's not rob'd at all.

Iag. I am forry to heare this.

Oth. I had bin happy if the generall campe,
Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweete body,
So I had nothing knowne : O now for euer
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content :
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres :
That makes ambition vertue : O farewell,
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trumpe,
The spirit-stirring drumme, the eare-peircing fife ;
The royall banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre.
And O ye mortall engines, whose wide throates,
The immortall *Ioues* great clamor counterfeit ;
Farewell, *Othello's* occupation's gone.

Iag. Ist possible my lord ?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my loue a whore,
Be sure of it, giue me the ocular prooffe,
Or by the worth of *mans* †† eternall soule,
Thou hadst bin better haue beene borne a dog,
Then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iag. Ist come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see't or at the least so proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on : or woe vpon thy life.

Iag. My noble lord.

Oth. If thou doest slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorse.
On horrors head, horrors accumulate :
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation *ad* †† greater then that.

Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,

†† *my.* †† *adde.*

Are

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Are you a man, haue you a soule or fence ?
 God buy you, take *mine* §§ office,—O wretched foole
 That liuest to make thine honesty a vice,
 O monstrous world, take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe,
 I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
 I'le loue no friend, since loue breedes such offence.

Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest.

Iag. I should be wise, for honestie's a foole,
 And looses that it workes for : *
 I see sir, you are eaten vp with passion,
 I doe repent me that I put it to you,
 You would be fatisfied.

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how, how fatisfied my lord ?
 Would you, the *superuifor* † grossely gape on,
 Behold her topt ?

Oth. Death and damnation—oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
 To bring em to that prospect, dam em then,
 If euer mortall eyes did see them boulder
 More then their owne ; what then, how then ?
 What shall I say ? where's satisfaction ?
 It is impossible you should see this.
 Where they as prime as goates, as hot as monkies,

§§ my.

* *Oth.* By the world

*I thinke my wife is honest, and thinke she is not,
 I thinke that thou art just, and thinke thou art not ;
 Ile haue some prooffe : her name that was as fresh
 As Dians uisage, is now begrimd, and blacke
 As mine owne face : if there be cords or kniues,
 Poyson, or fire, or suffocating fireames,
 Ile not endure it : would I were fatisfied.*

Iag. I see sir, &c.

† *superuifion.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

As salt as wolues, in pride ; and fooles as grosse,
As ignorance made drunke : but yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason, that shee's disloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But sith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and loue,
I will goe on : I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleep.
There are a kinde of men so loose of foule,
That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kinde is *Cassio* :

In sleepe I heard him say. Sweete *Desdemona*,
Let vs be merry, let vs hide our loues ;
And then sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweete creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed, and then
Cried, cursed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O Monstrous, monstrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.

Oth. But this deuoted * a fore-gone conclusion,

† *Iag.* Tis a shrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,
And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'le teare her all to peeces.

Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet, tell me but this,

* deuoted.

† This line is added to *Othello's* speech, the next two are continued to *Iago*,

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Haue you not sometimes seene a handkercher,
Spotted with strawberries in your wiues hand.

Oth. I gaue her such a one, twas my first gift.

Iag. I know not that, but such a handkercher,
I am sure it was your wiues, did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If't be that.

Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It speakes against her, with the other proofes.

Oth. O that the slaue had forty thousand liues,
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge :
Now doe I see tis time, looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen,—tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance from thy hollow cell,
Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and harted throne,
To tirranous hate, swell bosome with thy fraught,
For tis of aspecks tougues.

Iag. Pray be content.

he kneeles.

Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood,

Iag. Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Neuer : *

In the due reuerence of a sacred vow,
I here ingage my words.

Iag. Doe not rise yet :

* — Neuer *Iago* ;
Like the Pontick sea
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'r feels retiring ebbe, but keepes due on,
To the Propontick and the Hellespont :
Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne're looke backe, ne're ebbe to humble lous,
Till that a capeable and wilde reuenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond marble leauen.
I in, &c.

Witnesse

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Witnesse you * euer-burning lights aboue,
You elements that clip vs round about,

Iago kneeles.

Witnesse that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
The excellency † of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* seruice : let him command,
And to obey, shall be remorse,
What bloody worke so euer.

Oth. I greeete thy loue :

Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee to't,
Within these three dayes, let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not aliue.

Iag. My friend is dead :

Tis done as you request, but let her liue.

Oth. Dam her lewd minks : O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death,
For the faire diuell : now art thou my leutenant.

Iag. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

Enter Desdemonia Emilla and the clowne.

Des. Do you know firra, where the leutenant *Cassio* lies ?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man ?

He ‡ is a souldier, and for one to say a souldier lies, is
stabbing.

Des. Go to, where lodges he ? §

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuise a
lodging, and say he lies there, were to lie in my || throate

* the. † execution.

‡ *Clo.* He is, &c.

§ *Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

|| mine owne.

Des.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Desd. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him, that is, make questions

And by them answer.

Desd. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To doe this is within the compasse of a man †, and therefore I'll attempt the doing of it. *Exit.*

Desd. Where should I loose that handkercher ‡ *Emillia*?

Em. I know not madam.

Desd. Beleeue me, I had rather loose my purse
Full of crusadoes: and but my noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse,
As iealous creatures are, it were enough,
To put him to ill thinking.

Em. Is he not iealous.

Desd. Who he? I thinke the sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him.

Enter Othello.

Em. Looke where he comes.

Desd. I will not leaue him now,
Let *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my lord?

Oth. Well my good lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:
How doe you *Desdemona*?

Desd. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moist my lady.

Desd. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulnessse and liberall heart,
Not || hot and moist, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise deuout;

† mans witte.

‡ handkerchief.

|| Hot.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

For heere's a young and swetting diuell here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.

Des. You may indeed say so,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speake of this, come, *come* §, your promise.

Oth. What promise chucked?

Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Oth. I haue a salt and fullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy *handkercher* *,

Des. Here my lord.

Oth. That which I gaue you.

Des. I haue it not about me.

Oth. Not.

Des. No faith † my lord.

Oth. Thats a fault: that *handkercher* *

Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a charmer, and could almost reade
The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,
T'would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Intirely to her loue: but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it: my fathers eye
Should hold her *loathely* †, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she dying, gaue it me,
And bid me when my fate would haue me wiue,
To giue it her; I did so, and take heede on't,
Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,
To loose, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Desd. I't possible?

§ now. † indeed. * *handkerchiefe*. † *loathed*.

Oth.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Oth. Tis true, there's magicke in the web of it,
A *Sybell* that had numbred in the world,
The sun to *make* † two hundred compasses,
In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke;
The wormes were hallowed that did breed the filke,
And it was died in mummy, *with* || the skilfull
Conserues § of maidens hearts.

Des. *Ifaith* * i't true ?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke to't well.

Des. Then would to God, that I had neuer seene it.

Oth. Ha, wherefore ?

Des. Why doe you speake so startingly and *rashly* †.

Oth. I't lost ? i't gone ? speake, is it out o'the way ?

Des. *Heauen* †† blesse vs.

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost, but what and if it were ?

Oth. Ha.

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why so I can sir, but I will not now,
This is a tricke, to put me from my suite,
I pray let *Cassio*, be receiu'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me that *handkercher* |||, my mind misgiues.

Des. Come, come, you'll neuer meete a more sufficient man.

Oth. The *handkercher* |||.

§§ *Des.* I pray talke me of *Cassio*.

Oth. The *handkercher*.

Des. A man that all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The *handkercher* |||.

Des. *Ifaith* ** you are too blame.

† *course.* || *which.* § *Conserue.* * *Indeed.* † *rash.* †† *Heauen*
omitted. ||| *handkerchiefe.* §§ These two speeches omitted. ** *In foote.*

Oth.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Zouns §.

Exit.

Em. Is not this man iealous ?

Def. I ne're saw this before :

Sure there's some wonder in this *handkercher* *,
I am most vnhappy in the *losse* †.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Em. Tis not a yeere or two shewes vs a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode ;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs ; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.

Iag. There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.

Def. How now good *Cassio*, what's the news with you ?

Cas. Madam, my former suite : I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the *duty* ‡ of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed :
If my offence be of such mortall kind,
That *neither* † seruice past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd meritt, in futurity
Can ransome me, into his loue againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit,
So shall I cloth me in a forc'd content,
And *shoote* || my selfe vp in some other course,
To fortunes almes.

Def. Alas thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My aduocation is not now in tune ;
My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor altred.

§ *Away.* * *handkerchiefe.* † *losse of it.* [† *office.* ‡ *not my.* || *shoot.*

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you, all my best,
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure,
For my free speech : you must a while be patient,
What I can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.

Iag. Is my lord angry ?

Em. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

Iag. Can he be angry ? I haue seene the cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre,
And (like the diuell) from his very arme,
Pust his owne brother, and can he be angry ?
Something of moment then : I will goe meete him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Desd. I preethee do so : something sure of state,
Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatht practice,
Made demonstrable here in *Cypres* to him,
Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and in such cases
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho great ones are the obiekt,
Tis euen so : for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other heathfull members,
Euen to that sence of paine ; nay, we must thinke
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruances
As fits the bridall : beshrew me much *Emillia*
I was, (vnhandsome, warrior as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindensse with my foule ;
But now I finde, I had subbornd the witnesse,
And hee's indited falsly.

Em. Pray heauen it be state matters, as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no iealous toy
Concerning you.

Desd.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Desd. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

Em. But iealous foules will not be answered so,
They are not euer iealous for the cause,
But iealous for they are iealous : tis a monster,
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Desd. Heauen keepe that monster from *Othello's* mind.

Em. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seeke him, *Cassio*, walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, I'll moue your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my uttermost.

Exeunt Desd. and Emillia.

Cas. I humbly thanke your ladieship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Saue you friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What make you from home ?
How is it with you my most faire *Bianca* ?

Ifaith * sweete loue I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging *Cassio*;
What, keepe a weeke away ? seuen daies and nights,
Eightscore eight houres, and louers absent houres,
More tedious then the diall, eightscore times,
No weary reckoning.

Cas. Pardon me *Bianca*,
I haue this while with *laden* † thoughts bin prest,
But I shall in a more *conuenient* ‡ time,
Strike off this score of absence : sweete *Bianca*,
Take me this worke out.

Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this ?
This is some token from a newer friend,
To the felt absence, now I feele a cause,
Itt come to this ?

Cas. Go to woman,
Throw your vile ghesse in the diuells teeth,

* *Indeed.* † *laden.* ‡ *continue.*

From

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,
That this is from some mistrisse, some remembrance,
No by my faith § Bianca.

Bian. Why who's ist?

Caf. I know not sweete, I found it in my chamber,
I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,
Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leaue you wherefore?

Caf. I doe attend here on the generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish,
To haue him see me woman'd.

Bian. But that you doe not loue me :
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soone at night.

Caf. Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but I'le see you soone.

Bian. Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt.

A C T U S IV.

Enter Iago and Othello.

Iag. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so *Iago*.

Iag. What, to kisse in private?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse.

Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme.

Oth. Naked a bed *Iago*, and not meane harme?
It is hypocrisie against the diuell :
They that meane vertuously, and yet doe so,
The diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen :

§ in good truth.

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B b

Iag.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. So they doe nothing, tis a veniall slip ;
But if I giue my wife a *handkercher* *,

Oth. What then ?

Iag. Why then tis hers my lord, and being hers,
She may, I thinke, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectres of her honour to †,
May she giue that ?

Iag. Her honour is an essence that's not scene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not :
But for the *handkercher* *.

Oth. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it :
Thou saidst (O it comes o're my memory,
As doth the rauen o're the infected house,
Boding to all.) He had my *hankercher* *.

Iag. I, what of that ?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iag. What if I had said I had scene him do you wrong ?
Or heard him say (as knaues be such abroad)
Who hauing by their owne importunate suite,
Or by the voluntary dotage of some mistris,
Conuinc'd †, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iag. He hath my lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more then hee'l vnsweare.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iag. Faith § that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. But || what ?

Iag. Lye.

Oth. With her ?

Iag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her ? We say lie on her, when they

* *handkerchiefe.* † *too.* ‡ *Conjured.* § *Why.* || *But omitted.*

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

bely her ; lye with her, zounds, that's fulsome, handkerchers,
 confession, hankerchers**.

He falls downe ††.

Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke : thus credulous fooles
 are caught, and many worthy and chaste dames, euen thus
all guiltlesse §, meete reproach ; what ho my lord, my lord I say,
Othello,—how now *Cassio*.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. What's the matter ?

Iag. My lord is false into an epilepsy,
 This is his second fit, he had one yesterday,

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iag. No, forbear,
 The lethergie, must haue his quiet course,
 If not he foames at mouth, and by and by
 Breakes out to sauage madnesse : looke he stirres :
 Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,
 He will recouer straight, when he is gone,
 I would on great occasion speake with you.
 How is it generall, haue you not hurt your head ?

Oth. Doeſt thou mocke me ‡ ?

Iag. I mocke you ? no by heauen,
 Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
 And many a ciuill monster.

Oth. Did he confesse ?

** To confesse, and be hang'd for his labour, first to be hang'd, and then to con-
 fesse ; I tremble at it : nature would not inuest herself in such shadowing passion,
 without some instruction : it is not words that shapen me thus, (pish) noses, eares,
 and lippes : iſt possible ? confesse ? handkerchiefe ? O deuil.

†† in a trance. § In a parenthesis. ‡ Exit Cassio.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. Good fir be a man,
 Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
 May draw with you, there's millions now alieue,
 That nightly lyes in those vnproper beds,
 Which they dare sweare peculiar : your case is better :
 O tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
 To lip a wanton in a secure coach,
 And to suppose her chaste : no, let me know,
 And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O thou art wise, tis certaine.

Iag. Stand you a while apart,
 Confine your selfe but in a patient list :
 Whilst you were here *ere while*, *mad* * with your griefe,
 A passion most *vnfitting* † such a man,
Cassio came hither, I shifted him away,
 And layed good scuse, vpon your extacy,
Bid ‡ him anon retire, and here speake with me,
 The which he promise : but incaue your selfe,
 And marke the *ieeres* †, the *iibes* ‖, and notable scornes,
 That dwell in euery region of his face ;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,
 Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,
 He has, and is againe to cope your wife :
 I say, but marke his ieasture, mary patience,
 Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleene,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou heare *Iago*,
 I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
 But dost thou heare, most bloody.

Iag. That's not amisse :
 But yet keepe time in all ; will you withdraw ?
 Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca* ;
 A hufwife that by selling her desires,

* *overwhelmed.* † *unfitting.* ‡ *Bade.* † *geeres.* ‖ *gibes.*

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Buys her selfe bread and cloathes : it is a creature,
That dotes on *Cassio* : as tis the strumpets plague
To beguile many, and be beguild by one,

Ent. Cassio.

He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
From the excesse of laughter : here he comes :
As he shall smile, *Othello* shall goe mad,
And his vnbookish ieaousie must conster
Poore *Cassio*'s smiles, gestures, and light behauour,
Quite in the wrong : how doe you now lieutenant ?

Cas. The worser, that you giue me the addition,
Whose want euen kills me.

Iag. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't.
Now if this suite lay in *Bianca*'s power,
How quickly should you speed.

Cas. Alas poore catiue.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man so.

Cas. Alas poore rogue, I thinke *ifaith* * she loues me.

Oth. Now he denyes it faintly, and laughes it out.

Iag. Doe you heare *Cassio* ?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on,
Goe to, well said.

Iag. She giues it out that you shall marry her,
Doe you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph *Roman*, doe you triumph ?

Cas. I marry her ? † I prethee beare some charity to my
wit,

Doe not thinke it so vnwholesome : ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so ‡, laugh that wins.

* indeed. † what a customer ? I prethee, &c. ‡ so they.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. Faith the cry goes, you shall marry her.

Caf. Preethee say true.

Iag. I am a very villaine else.

Oth. Ha you *stor'd me well* §.

Caf. This is the monkies own giuing out; she is perswaded I wil marry her, out of her owne loue and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he begins the story.

Caf. She was heere euen now, shee haunts me in euery place, I was tother day, talking on the sea banke, with certaine *Venetians*, and thither comes this bauble, *by this hand she fals thus* * about my neck.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Cassio*, as it were: his iesture imports it.

Caf. So hangs, and *lolls* †, and weepes vpon me; so haies, and puls me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my chamber, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to,

Caf. Well, I must leaue her company.

Enter Bianca.

Iag. Before me, looke where she comes,
Tis such another *ficho* †; marry a perfum'd one, what doe you meane by this hanting of me.

Bian. Let the diuel and his dam haunt you, what did you meane by that same *handkercher* †, you gaue mee euen now? I was a fine foole to take it; I must take out the whole worke, a likely peece of worke, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there: this is some minxes token, and I must take out the worke; there, giue it the hobby horse, wheresoeuer you had it, I'll take out no worke on't.

Caf. How now my sweete *Bianca*, how now, how now?

Oth. By heauen that should be my *handkercher* †.

§ *stor'd me well.* * *fals me thus,* † *jolls.* † *fitchew.* † *handkerchiefe.*

Bian.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Bian. An you'll come to supper to night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iag. After her, after her.

Caf. Faith || I must, shee'll raile i'the streete else.

Iag. Will you sup there † ?

Caf. Faith * I intend so.

Iag. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very faine speake with you.

Caf. Preethee come, will you ?

Iag. Goe to, say no more.

Exit Cassio.

Oth. How shall I murder him *Iago* ?

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice ?

Oth. O *Iago*.

Iag. And did you see the handkercher ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

Oth †. I would haue him nine yeares a killing ; a fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman.

Iag. Nay you must forget †.

Oth. And let her rot and perish, and be damb'd to night, for she shall not liue: no, my heart is turn'd to †† stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an emperours side, and command him taskes.

Iag. Nay that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe but say what she is: so delicate with her needle, an admirable musition, O shee will sing the sa-uagenesse out of a beare; of so hye and plentious wit and in-vention.

Iag. Shee's the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

|| *Faith* omitted.

† *You sup there.*

* *Yes.*

‡ *Oth.* omitted.

† forget that.

†† *no.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. I that's certaine, but yet the pittie of it *Iago*, the pittie

Ia. If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes—cuckold me!

Iag. O tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison *Iago*, this night I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iustice of it pleases very good.

Iag. And for *Cassio*, let me bee his vndertaker: you shall heare more by midnight.

A trumpet.

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and attendants.

Oth. Excellent good:

What trumpet is that fame?

Iag. Something from *Venice* sure, tis *Lodouico*,
Come from the duke, and see your wife is with him.

Lod. God saue the || worthy generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of *Venice* greete you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good cousen *Lodouico*?

Iag. I am very glad to see you seignior:—welcome to *Cypres*.

Lod. I thanke you, how does lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iag. Liues sir.

Des. Cousen, there's falne betweene him and my lord,
An vnkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

|| *Save you.*

Des.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Des. My lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will.—

Lod. He did not call, hee's busie in the paper :
Is there diuision *betweene* § thy lord and *Cassio* ?

Des. A most vnhappy one, I would doe much
To attone them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and brimstone.

Des. My lord.

Oth. Are you wise ?

Desd. What, is he angry ?

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him ;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his gouernement.

Desd. By my troth *, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My lord.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How sweete *Othello* ?

Oth. Diuell.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not bē beleeu'd in *Venice*,
Tho I should sweare I saw't : tis very much,
Make her amends, she weepes.

Oth. O diuell, diuell,
If that the earth could teeme with womens teares
Each drop she falls, would proue a crocadile :
Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly an obedient lady :
I doe beseech your lordship, call her backe,

Oth. Mistrisse.

Des. My lord.

Oth. What would you with her sir ?

§ *twixt.* * *trust me.*

Lod.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Lod. Who, I my lord?

Oth. I, you did wish that I would make her turne :
 Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet go on,
 And turne againe, and she can weepe sir, weepe;
 And shee's obedient, as you say, obedient;
 Very obedient, proceed you in your teares,
 Concerning this sir : O well painted passion :
 I am commanded *here* † :—get you away,
 I'll send for you anon :—sir, I obey the mandat,
 And will returne to *Venice* :—hence, auant,
Cassio shall haue my place ; and sir to night
 I doe intreate that we may sup together,
 You are welcome sir to *Cypres*,—goates and monkies.

Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full senate
 Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,
 Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue,
 The shot of accident, nor dart of chance
 Could neither graze, nor peirce?

Iag. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?

Iag. He's that he is, I may not breathe my censure,
 What he might be, if as he might, he is not,
 I would to heauen he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife.

Iag. Faith that was not so well ; yet would I knew
 That stroake would proue the worst.

Lod. Is it his vse?

Or did the letters worke vpon his blood.
 And new create this fault?

Iag. Alas, alas.

It is not honesty in me to speake,
 What I haue seene and knowne, you shall obserue *him* *.

† *home.* * *him omitted.*

And

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may saue my speech : doe but goe after,
And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello and Emillia.

Oth. You haue seene nothing then.

Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did suspect.

Oth. Yes, and you haue seene *Cassio* and she together.

Em. But then I saw no harme, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made vp betweene 'em.

Oth. What, did they neuer whisper ?

Em. Neuer, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'the way ?

Em. Neuer.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloues, nor nothing ?

Em. Neuer, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Em. I durst my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay downe my soule at stake : if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought, it doth abuse your bosome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let *heauens* requite it † with the serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of *her* sex ‡
Is foule as slander.

Exit Emillia.

Oth. Bid her come hither, goe,
She sayes enough ; yet she's a simple bawde,
That cannot say as much : this is a subtle whore,
A closet, locke and key, of villainous secrets,
And yet shee'll kneele and pray, I ha seene her do't.

† *Heaven* require it. ‡ *their* wives.

Enter

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will ?

Oth. Pray chucke come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes——looke in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. Some of your function mistresse,
Leaue procreants alone, and shut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your mistery, your mistery : nay dispatch.

Exit Em. §

Des. Vpon my knees, what does your speech import ?
I vnderstand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Des. Your wife my lord, your true and loyall wife.

Oth. Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe
Least being like one of heauen, the diuells themselves
Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double dambd,
Sweare thou art honest.

Des. Heauen doth truely know it.

Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord, with whom ? how am I false ?

Oth. O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe ?
Am I the occasion of those teares my lord ?
If haply you my father doe suspect,
An instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me ; if you haue *left* || him,
Why I haue *left* || him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he ram'd

§ *Exit, &c. omitted.* || *left.*

ALL

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

All kindes of fores, and shames on my bare head,
 Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
 Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,
 I should haue found in some part of my soule
 A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
 A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
 To point his slow vnmouing *fingers* * at—oh, oh,
 Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
 But there : where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
 Where either I must liue, or beare no life,
 The fountaine, from the which my currant runnes,
 Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,
 Or keepe it as a cesterne, for foule toades
 To knot and gender in : turne thy complexion there,
 Patience thy young and rose-lip'd cherubin,
 I here looke grim as hell.

Des. I hope my noble lord esteemes me honest.

Oth. O I, as summers flies, are in the shambles,
 That quicken euen with blowing :
 O thou blacke weede, why art so louely faire ?
 Thou smell'st so sweete, that the fence akes at thee,
 Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.

Des. Alas, what ignorant sinne haue I committed ?

Oth. Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,
 Made to write whore *on* † ?—What, committed ? †
 Heauen stops the nose at it, and the moone winks,
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meetes,
 Is husht within the hallow mine of earth,
 And will not hear't :—what committed,—impudent strumpet ?

* *finger.* † *upon.*

‡ *Committed : oh thou publick commoner ;
 I should make very forges of my cheekes,
 That would to cinders burne up modestie,
 Did I but speak thy deedes : what committed ?
 Heauen, &c.*

Des.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Des. By heauen you doe me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet ?

Des. No, as I am a Christian :

If to preferue this vessell for my lord,
From any *hated* §§ foule vnlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore ?

Des. No, as I shall be saued.

*Enter Emillia **.

Oth. Ist possible ?

Des. O heauen *forgiuenesse* †

Oth. I cry you *mercy* ‡,

I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello* : you mistrisse,
That haue the office opposite to *S. Peter*,
And keeps the gates in hell, *I, you, you, you* § ;
We ha done our course ; there's money for your paines,
I pray you turne the key, and keep our counsell. *Exit.*

Em. Alas, what does this gentleman conceiue ?
How doe you madam, how doe you my good lady ?

Des. Faith halfe asleepe.

Em. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord ?

Des. With who ?

Em. Why with my lord madam ¶.

Des. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emillia*,
I cannot weepe, nor answer haue I none,
But what should goe by water : preethee to night
Lay on my bed *our* ** wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Em. Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*

§§ other

* *Enter, &c. omitted.*

† *forgiue us !*

‡ *mercy then.*

§ *you, you, I you.*

¶ *Des. Who is thy lord ?*

Em. He that is yours, sweet lady.

** *my.*

Des.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Des. Tis meete I should be vſde ſo, very well ;
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might ſticke
The ſmalleſt opinion, on my *greateſt abuſe* †.

Enter Iago, and Emillia.

Iag. What is your pleaſure madam
How iſt with you ?

Des. I cannot tell : thoſe that doe teach young babes
Doe it with gentle meanes, and eaſie taskes,
He might ha chid me ſo, for in good faith,
I am a child *at* § chiding.

Iag. What is the matter lady ?

Em. Alas *Iago*, my lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Throwne ſuch deſpite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts cannot beare.

Des. Am I that name *Iago* ?

Iag. What name faire lady ?

Des. Such as ſhe ſayes my lord did ſay I was ?

Em. He call'd her whore : a begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed ſuch tearmes vpon his callet.

Iag. Why did he ſo ?

Des. I doe not know, I am ſure I am none ſuch.

Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe : alas the day.

Em. Has ſhe forſooke ſo many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, *all* † her friends,
To be cald whore ? would it not make one weepe ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iag. Beſhrew him for it; how comes this tricke vpon him ?

Des. Nay, heauen doth know.

Em. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternall villaine,
Some buſie and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, couſening ſlaue, to get ſome office,
Haue not deuifde this ſlander, I'le be hang'd elſe.

Iag. Fie, there is no ſuch man, it is impoſſible.

† *leaſt miſuſe.* § *to* † *and.*

Des.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Des. If any such there *be* *, heauen pardon him.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones :
 Why should he call her whore ? who keepes her company ?
 What place, what time, what forme, what likelihood ?
 The Moore's abus'd by some outragious knaue :
 Some base notorious knaue, some scuruy fellow,
 O heauen, that such companions thou'dst vnfold,
 And put in euery honest hand a whip,
 To lash the rascall naked through the world,
 Euen from the east to the west.

Iag. Speake within dores.

Em. O fie vpon him ; some such squire he was,
 That turnd your wit, the seamy side without,
 And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iag. You are a foole, goe to.

Des. O good *Iago*.

What shall I doe to win my lord againe ?
 Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,
 I know not how I lost him. †

Iag. I pray you be content, tis but his humour,
 The businesse of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

* are.

† Here I kneele

*If ere my will did trespassse 'gainst his loue,
 Either in discourse, or thought, or actuall deed
 Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any sence
 Delighted them in any other forme ;
 Or that I doe not yet, and euer did,
 And ever will (though he do shake me off
 To beggerly diuorcement,) loue him deereely :
 Comfort forswear me ; unkindnesse may do much,
 And his unkindnesse may defeat my life,
 But neuer taint my loue, I cannot say whore,
 It doth abborre me, now I speake the word,
 To do the act, that might th' addition earne,
 Not the worlds masse of vanity could make me.*

Des.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Des. If t'were no other.

Iag. Tis but so, I warrant you,
Harke how these instruments summon you to supper,
And the † great messengers of *Venice* stay,
Goe in, and weepe not, all things shall be well.

Exit women,

Enter Roderigo.

How now *Roderigo*?

Rod. I doe not finde that thou dealst iustly with me.

Iag. What in the contrary?

Rod. Euery day, thou doffist me, with some deuise *Iago*;
And rather, as it seemes to me, *thou* || keepest from me,
All conueniency, then suppliest me, with the least
Aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer indure it,
Nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already
I haue foolishly sufferd.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo*?

Rod. Faith § I haue heard too much, for your words,
And performance are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most vniustly.

Rod. I haue * wasted my selfe out of meanes: the iewels you
haue had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona*, would halfe haue
corrupted a votarist: you haue told me she has receiu'd em,
and return'd mee expectation, and comforts, of suddaine re-
spect, and acquittance †, but I finde none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very good |||.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I cannot goe to man, it is not very
well, by *this band* **, I say tis very scuruy, and begin to
finde my selfe sopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well: I will make my selfe knowne
to *Desdemona*, if she will returne me my iewels, I will giue

† The meate. || now. § Sir. * With nought but truth; I haue.
‡ acquaintance. ||| well. ** by this band, omitted.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

ouer my suite, and repent my vnlawfull sollicitation, if not, assure your selfe I'll seeke satisfaction of you.

Iag. You haue said now.

Rod. I, and I haue said nothing, but what I protest entendment of doing.

Iag. Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and euen from this *time* * doe build on thee, a better opinion then euer before, giue me thy hand *Roderigo*: thou hast taken against me a most iust conception, but yet I protest, I haue delt most directly in thy *affaires* †.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspicion is not without wit and iudgement: but *Roderigo*, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeue now, then euer, I meane purpose, courage, and valour, this night shew it, if thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take mee from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compasse?

Iag. Sir, there is especiall command come from *Venice*, To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* Returne againe to *Venice*.

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him

The faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be linger'd Here by some accident, wherein none can be so Determinate, as the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place, Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to doe.

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit, and right, hee sups to night with a *barlot* ‡, and thither will I goe to

* *instant.* † *affaire.* ‡ *barlotry.*

him;

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

him ;—he knowes not yet of his honourable fortune : if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one, you may take him at your pleasure : I will be neere to second your attempt, and hee shall fall betweene vs : come, stand not amaz'd at it, but goe along with mee, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night growes to wast : about it.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodouico, Emilia, and attendants.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied.

Ex. Iag. and Rod.

Lod. I do beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madame, good night, I humbly thanke your ladieship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir : — O *Desdemona* :

Des. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed, o'the instant I will be return'd, forthwith, dispatch your attendant there,—looke it be done.

Exeunt.

Des. I will my lord.

Em. How goes it now ? he lookes gentler then he did.

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent :

He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bad me to dismisse you.

Em. Dismisse me ?

Des. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emilia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
We must not now displease him.

Em. I † would you had neuer seene him.

Des. So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,

† I, omitted.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

That euen his stubbornenesse, his checks and frownes.
Prethee vnpin me, haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied these sheetes you bade me, on the bed.

Des. All's one good *faith* * : how foolish are our minds?
If I doe die before thee, prethee throwd me
In one of those fame sheetes.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Des. My mother had a maid cald *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he she lou'd, prou'd mad,
And did forsake her, she had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it exprest her fortune,
And she died singing it, that song to night,
Will not goe from my mind †—harke, who's that knocks?

* *father.*

† *I haue much to doe ;*

*But to goe hang my head all at one side and sing it like poore Barbary; prethee
dispatch.*

Em. Shall I goe fetch your night gowne?

Des. No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Em. A very handsome man.

Des. He speakes well.

Em. I know a lady in Venice, would haue walk'd bare-footed to Palestine
for a touch of his neither lip.

Desdemona sings.

*The poore soule sat sighing by a sicamour tree
sing all a green willow,*

*Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,
sing willow, willow, willow,*

*The fresh streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes,
sing willow, willow, willow,*

*Her salt teares fell from her, which softened the stones,
sing willow, &c. (Lay by these.)
willow, willow.*

(Prethee bie thee, be'le come anon)

Sing all a greene willow must be my garland

Let no body blame him, his scorne I approve :

Nay thats not next—harke, &c.

Em.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Em. It is † the wind. †

Def. Now || get thee gone, good night :

Mine eyes doe itch, does that bode weeping ?

Em. Tis neither here nor there. §

Def. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world ?

Em. Why would not you.

Def. No, by this heavenly light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light,
I might *doe it as well* * in the darke.

Def. Would †† thou doe such a *thing* ||| for all the world ?

Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a small vice.

Def. Good §§ troth I thinke thou wouldst not.

Em. By my ** troth I thinke I should, and vndo't when I
had done it, mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt
ring; or for measures of lawne, nor for gownes, or *† petti-
cotes, nor caps, nor any *such* *|| exhibition; but for the whole
world? *uds pittty* *§, who would not make her husband a
cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory
for it.

Def. Beshrew me, if I would doe such a *† wrong,
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and
hauing the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne
world, and you might quickly make it right.

† Tis.

‡ *Def.* I call'd my love false, but what said he then ?

sing willow, willow, willow,

If I court no women, youle couch with no men.

|| So.

§ *Def.* I have heard it said so: O these men, these men:

Dost thou in conscience thinke (tell me Emi ia)

That there be women who abuse their husbands

In such grosse kinds ?

* as well doe it. †† Wouldst. ||| deede. §§ In. ** In. *† or omit-
ted, *|| petty. *§ why. *† a omitted.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Des. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for. *

Des. Good night, good night: *God* † me such *usage* † send,
Not to picke bad from bad, but by bad mend. *Exeunt.*

A C T U S V. ||

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iag. Here stand behind this bulke, strait he come,
Weare thy good rapier bare, and put it home,
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, I'le be at thy elboe;
It makes vs or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe *most* ‡ firme thy resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy sword **.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the *dead* ††;
And yet he has giuen me satisfying reasons,
Tis but a man gone: forth my sword, he dies.

* But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,
If wives doe fall; (say that they slack their duties,
And poure our treasures into forreigne laps,
Or else breake out in peeuish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former hauing in despight)
Why we haue galls, and tho we haue some grace,
Yet haue we some reuenge: let husbands know
Their wives haue sence like them; they see, and smell,
And haue their pallats both for sweet and sowre,
As husbands haue: what is it that they doe
When they change us for others? is it sport?
I thinke it is; and doth affection breed it?
I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus erres?
It is so too; and haue not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailtie as men haue?
Then let em use us well, else let em know,
The ills we doe, their ills instruct us so.

† heauen. † uses. || *Scena I.* † more. ** stand. †† deed;
Iag.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Iag. I haue rubd this young *gnat* ||| almost to the sense,
And he growes angry now : whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game ; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For gold and iewells, that I bobd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona* :
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remaine,
He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly : and besides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him ; there stand I in * perrill :
No, he must die, be't so, I heare him comming.

Ent. Cas.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou diest.
Cas. That thrust had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou *think'st* †.
I will make prooue of thine.

Rod. O I am slaine.

Cas. I am maind ‡ for euer, light ho, murder, murder ||.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke tis euen so.

Cas. O helpe ho, light, a surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honest and iust,
That hast such noble sence of thy friends wrong,
Thou teachest me ; - minion, your deare lies dead,
And your *fate hies apace* § ; strumpet I come ;
Forth of my heart, those charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed lust-staind, shall with lusts blood be spotted. *Ex.*

||| *quat.* * *in much.* † *knowst.* ‡ *maim'd.* || *murder omitted.*
§ *unblest fate hies.*

C c 4

Enter

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

Cas. What ho, no watch, no passage, murder, murder,

Grat. Tis some mischance, the cry is very direfull.

Cas. O helpe.

Lod. Harke.

Rod. O wretched villaine.

Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night,
These may be counterfeits, let's think't vn safe
To come into the cry without more helpe.

Rod. No body come, then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago with a light.

Lod. Harke.

Grat. Here's one comes in his shirt, with lights and weapons.

Iag. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder.

Lod. I doe not know.

Iag. Did not you heare a cry?

Cas. Here, here, for heauens sake helpe me.

Iag. What's the matter.

Grat. This is *Othello's* ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iag. What are you here, that cry so greeuoufly?

Cas. *Iago*, O I am spoil'd, vndone by villaines,
Giue me some helpe.

Iag. O my * lieutenant: what villaines haue done this?

Cas. I thinke the one of them is heere about,
And cannot make away.

Iag. O treacherous villaines:

What are you there? come in and giue some helpe.

* *me.*

Rod.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Rod. O, helpe me here.

Cas. That's one of em.

Iag. O murderous slaue, O villaine.

Rod. O dambd *Iago*, O inhumaine dog,—O, O, O.

Ia. Kill him i'the dark? where be those bloody theeucs?
How silent is this towne? ho, murder, murder:
What may you be, are you of good or euill?

Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs.

Iag. Seignior *Lodouico*.

Lod. He sir.

Iag. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by villaines.

Grat. *Cassio*.

Iag. How is it brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iag. Mary heauen forbid:

Light gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian What is the matter ho, who ist that cried?

Iag. Who ist that cried.

Bian. O my deare *Cassio*, O my sweete *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*,

Iag. O notable strumpet: *Cassio* may you suspect
Who they should be, that thus haue mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus, I haue bin to seeke you.*

Bian. Alas he faints, O *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe suspect this trash
To beare a part in this: patience a while good *Cassio*:
Lend me a light; know we this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:
Roderigo? no, yes sure: O heauen || *Roderigo*.

* *Iag.* Lend me a garter, so;—— for a chaire to beare him easily hence.

|| yes tis,

Gra.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.

Gra. What of *Venice*?

Iag Euen he fir, did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Iag. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iag. How doe you *Cassio*? O a chaire, a chaire.

Gra. *Roderigo*.

Iag. He, tis he: O that's well said, a chaire:
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the generalls surgeon: for you mistrisse,
Saue you your labour, he that lies slaine here *Cassio*,
Was my deare friend, what malice was betwixt you?

Cas. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.

Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'th aire.
Stay you good gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse?
Doe you perceiue the ieaftures of her eye,
Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you see gentlemen? nay guiltinesse
Will speake, though tongues were out of vse.

Enter Em.

Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?

Iag. *Cassio* has here bin set on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are scap't,
Hee's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cassio*.

Iag. This is the fruite of whoring, pray * *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Cassio*, where he supt to night:
What, doe you shake at that?

* prithee,

Bian.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.¹

Bian. He snpt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me.

Em. Fie, *fie* § vpon thee strumpet.

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you, that thus abuse me.

Em. As I: *fough* *, fie vpon thee.

Iag. Kind gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cassio* drest,
Come mistresse, you must tell's another tale.

Emillia, runne you to the cittadell,
And tell my lord and lady what has hapt:
Will you goe on, I pray, this is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello with a light. †

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste starres:
It is the cause, yet I'le not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then snow,
And smooth, as monumentall alabaster;
Yet she must die, else shee'll betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can againe, thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning patterne of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethian* heate,
That can thy light *returne* ‡: when I haue pluckt the rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It must needes wither; I'le smell it on the tree,
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade

§ *fie* omitted. * *now*. † and *Desdemona* in her bed. ‡ *relumine*.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iustice her selfe to breake her *sword* once more ‖,
Be thus, when thou art dead, and I will kill thee.
And loue thee after : once † more, and this the last,

He kisset her.

So sweete was ne're so fatall : I must weepe,
But they are cruell teares ; this *sorrowes* * heauenly,
It strikes *when* ‡ it does loue : she wakes.

Des. Who's there. *Othello* ?

Oth. I, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed my lord ?

Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Desdemona* ?

Des. I my lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any crime,
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
Sollicite for it strait.

Des. Alas my lord, what *may* § you meane by that ?

Oth. Well doe it, and be brieft, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,
No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy soule.

Des. Talke you of killing !

Oth. I, I doe.

Des. Then heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I feare you, for you are fatall then,
When your eyes roule so : why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feele I feare.

Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.

Des. They are loues I beare to you.

Oth. And for that thou diest.

‖ *sword* : one more. † one. * *sorrowes*. ‡ *where*. § *do*.

Des.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Des. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing,
 Alas, why gnaw you so your neather lip?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,
 These are portents : but yet I hope
 They doe not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will, so, what's the matter?

Oth. That *handkercher* † which I so lou'd, and gaue thee,
 Thou gauest to *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and foule,
 Send for the man and aske him.

Oth. Sweete foule take heed, take heed of periury,
 Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. I but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently :
 Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne,
 For to deny each article with oath,
 Cannot remoue, nor choke the strong *conceit* *,
 That I do groane withall : thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord haue mercy on me.

Oth. I say Amen.

Des. And haue you mercy too :
 I neuer did offend you in my life,—neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
 But with such generall warrant of heauen,
 As I might loue : I neuer gaue him token.

Oth. By heauen I saw my *handkercher* † in his hand,
 O periured woman, thou doest stone *thy* ‡ heart,
 And makest me call, what I intend to do,
 A murder, which I thought a sacrifice;
 I saw the *handkercher* †.

Des. He found it then,
 I neuer gaue it him, fend for him hither,
 And § let him confesse a truth.

† *handkerchiefe.* * *conception.* ‡ *my.* § *And, omitted.*

Oth.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. He has confest.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath—*uds death* ||.

Des. How, vnlawfully ?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stop'd,
Honest *Iago* hath tane order for't.

Des. My feare interprets then,—what is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his haire bin liues,
My great reuenge had stomacke for 'em all.

Des. Alas he is betraid, and I vndone.

Oth. O strumpet,—weepest thou for him to my face ?

Des. O bannish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.

Oth. Nay, an you striue.

Des. But halfe an houre, * but while I say one prayer.

Oth. Tis too late.

He stifles her.

Des. O Lord, Lord, Lord †.

Emillia calls within.

Em. My lord, my lord, what ho, my lord, my lord.

Oth. What voyce is this ? not dead ? not yet quite dead ?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine,—so, so.

Em. What ho, my lord, my lord.

Oth. Who's there ?

Em. O good my lord, I'de speake a word with you.

|| *usde thee.*

* *Oth.* *Being done there is no pause.*

Des. But while, &c.

† *Des.* &c. &c. omitted.

Oth.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by : shee's dead :
Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassios* death ;
The noyse was here ; ha, no more mouing,
Still as the graue : shall she come in ? were't good ?
I thnike she stirres againe ; no, what's the best ?
If she come in, shee'll sure speake to my wife.
My wife, my wife, my † wife ; I ha no wife ;
O insupportable : O heauy houre,
Me thinks it should be now a huge ecclips
Of sunne and moone, and that the affrighted globe,
Should yawne at alteration.

Em. I doe beseech you I may speake with you,—good my lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee : O come in *Emillia*.
Soft, by and by ; let me the curtaines draw,

Ent. Emil.

Where art thou ? what's the matter with thee now ?

Em. O my good lord, yonder's foule murders done.

Oth. What now ?

Em. But now my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moone,
She comes more neere the earth, then she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Em. *Cassio* my lord has kil'd a yong *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild ?

Em. No, *Cassio* is not kild.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kild, then murders out of tune,
And sweete reuenge growes harsh.

Des. O falsly, falsly murdered.

† what.

Em.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Em. O Lord *, what cry is that ?

Oth. That ? what ?

Em. Out and alas, it is † my ladyes voyce.
Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O lady speake againe,
Sweete Desdemona, O sweete mistresse speake.

Des. A guiltlesse death I die.

Em. O who has done this deed ?

Des. No body, I my selfe, farewell :
 Commend me to my kinde lord, O farewell.

She dies.

Oth. Why, how should she be murdered ?

Em. Alas, who knowes ?

Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.

Em. She sayd so, I must needes report a truth.

Oth. She's like a lyer, gone to burning hell,
 'Twas I that kild her.

Em. O the more angell she,
 And you the blacker diuell.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Em. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a diuell.

Oth. She was false as water.

Em. Thou as rash as fire,
 To say that she was false : O she was heauenly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband else,
 O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
 But that I did proceed, vpon iust grounds,
 To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.

Em. My husband ?

Oth. Thy husband.

Em. That she was false to wedlocke ?

Oth. I, with *Cassio* : nay, had she bin true,
 If heauen would make me such another world,

* *Alas.* † *was.*

Of

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Of one intire and perfect crisolite,
I'de not haue sold her for it.

Em. My husband?

Oth. I, twas he that told me first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime,
That sticks on filthy deedes.

Em. My husband?

Oth. What needes this iteration? woman, I say thy husband. *

Em. If he say so, may his pernicious soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.

Oth. Ha?

Em. Doe thy worst,
This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as dirtt; thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, I'le make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has kild my mistresse, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter, how now generall?

Em. O, are you come *Iago*? you haue done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.

All. What is the matter?

* *Em.* *Oh mistres, villainy hath made mockes with love:*

My husband say that she was false?

Oth. *He woman, I say thy husband; dost understand the word?*

My friend, thy husband, best, best Iago.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Em. Disproue this villaine, if thou bee'st a man ;
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false,
I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villaine :
Speake, for my heart is full.

Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.

Em. But did you euer tell him she was false ?

Iag. I did.

Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie ;
Vpon my soule, a lie, a wicked lie :
She false with *Cassio* ; did you say with *Cassio* ?

Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse ; go to, charme your tongue.

Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to
speake. †

Iag. What are you mad, I charge you get you home.

Em. Good gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake,
Tis proper I obey him, but not now :
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Oth. falls on the bed.

Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and rore,
For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.

Oth. O she was foule :
I scarce did know you vncle, there lies your niece,

† *My mistresse here lies murdered in her bed.*

All. Oh beaues forsfend.

Em. And your reports haue set the murderer on.

Oth. Nay, stare not masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. Tis a strange truth.

Mon. Oh monstrous act !

Em. Villainy, villany, villany ;

I thinke upon't, I binke, I smell a villany ;

I thought so then ; He kill my selfe for grieffe,

O villany, villany.

Whose

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Whose breath indeed, these hands have newly stop't,
I know this act shewes terrible and grim.

Gra. Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure griefe,
Shore his old thread *atwaine* * : did he liue now,
This fight would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea curse his better angell from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,
That she with *Cassio*, *hath* † the act of shame
A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With the recognifance and pledge of loue,
Which I first gaue her; I saw it in his hand,
It was a handkercher; an antique token
My father gaue my mother.

Em. O God, O heavenly God.

Iag. *Zouns* ‡, hold your peace.

Em. 'Twill out, 'twill: I hold my peace sir, no,
I'le be in speaking, liberall as the ayre,
Let heauen, and men, and diuells, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet I'le speake.

Iag. Be wise, and get you home.

Em. I will not.

Gra. Fie, your sword vpon a woman?

Em. O thou dull Moore, that handkercher thou speakst
on,
I found by fortune, and did giue my husband:
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He beg'd of me to steale it.

Iag. Villainous whore.

* in twaine. † bad. ‡ Come.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Em. She gaue it *Cassio*? no alas I found it,
And I did giu't my husband.

Iag. Filth thou lieſt.

Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not gentlemen,
O murderous coxcombe! what ſhould ſuch a foole
Doe with ſo good a woman?

The Moore runnes at Iago, Iago kills his wife.

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heauen,
But what ſerues for the thunder? *pretious* || villaine.

Gra. The woman falls, ſure he has kild his wife.

Em. I, I, O lay me by my miſtreſſe ſide.

Exit Iago.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore:
Come, guard the dore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather, I'le after that ſame villaine,
For tis a damned ſlaue.

Exit Mont. and Gratiano.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipſter gets my ſword,
But why ſhould honour out liue honeſty?
Let it goe all.

Em. * Moore, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my ſoule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true;
So ſpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die.

She dies.

Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of *Spaine*, the iſebrookes temper;

|| *pernicious.*

* *What did thy ſong bode lady?*

*Harke, canſt thou heare me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſicke: willow, willow, willow.*

Moore, &c.

O here

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

O here it is ; vncke I must come forth.

Gra. within.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere,
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a souldiers thigh : I haue seene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments,
Then twenty times *you* * stop : but O vaine boast,
Who can controule his fate ? tis not so now, †
Pale as thy smocke, when we we shall meete at *count* §,
This looke of thine, will hurle my soule from heauen,
And fiends will snatch at it : cold, cold, my girle,
Euen like thy chastity ; O cursed slaue :
Whippe me you diuells,
From the possession of this heauenly sight,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphure,
Wash me in steepe downe gulphes of liquid fire :
O *Desdemona*, *Desdemoua*, dead, O o, o.

* *your.*

† *Be not affraid, though you doe see me weapon'd ;
Here is my iournies end, here is my butte,
The very sea-marke of my utmost saile.
Doe you goe backe dismaid ? tis a lost feare,
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello goe ?
How dost thou looke now ? O ill-star'd wench.
Pale, &c.*

§ *compte.*

D d 3

Enter

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Enter Lodouico, Montano, Iago, and officers.

Cassio in a chaire.

Lod. Where is this rasha and most infortunate man.

Oth. That he that was *Othello*, here I am.

Lod. Where is *this* † viper, bring the villaine forth.

Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable
If thou beeſt a diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. *Wring* ‡ his ſword from him.

Iag. I bleed ſir, but not kil'd.

Oth. I am not ſorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,
For in my ſenſe tis happineſſe to die.

Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once ſo good,
Falne in the practiſe of a damned ſlaue,
What ſhould be ſaid to thee?

Oth. Why any thing,
An honourable murderer if you will:
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villainy:
Did you and he conſent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. I.

Cas. Deare generall, I did neuer giue you cauſe.

Oth. I doe beleue it, and I aſke you pardon,
Will you § pray demand that demy diuell,
Why he hath thus inſnar'd my ſoule and body?

Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know,
From this time forth I neuer will ſpeake word.

Lod. What not to pray?

Grat. Torments will op'e your lips.

Oth. Well, thou doeſt beſt.

Lod. Sir, you ſhall vnderſtand what hath befallne,
Which, as I thinke you know not: here is a letter,

† *that.* ‡ *Wrench.* § *you I.*

Found

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Found in the pocket of the slaine *Roderigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*; to be vnderooke—by *Roderigo*.

Oth. O villaine.

Caf. Most heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now heres another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,
Roderigo meant to haue sent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago*, in the nicke *
Came in, and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernitiuous catieffe!
How came you *Cassio* by a handkercher,
That was my wifes?

Caf. I found it in my chamber,
And he himselfe confest it ‡ euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose;
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O foole, foole, foole.

Caf. There is besides in *Roderigoes* letter
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him,
Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,
That I was cast; and euen but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago fet him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cypres*: for this slaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: you shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.

* *interim.* ‡ *it but.*

D d 4

Oth.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Soft you, a word or two,
 I haue done the state some seruice, and they know't;
 No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deedes relate,
 Speake of *them as they are* §; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set downe ought in malice, then *must you* || speake,
 Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
 Of one not easily iealous, but being wrought,
 Perplext in the extreame; of one whose hand,
 Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
 Richer then all his tribe: of one whose subdued eyes,
 Albeit vnused to the melting moode,
 Drops teares as fast as the *Arabian* trees,
 Their medicinall gum; set you downe this,
 And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
 Where a malignant and a turband *Turke*,
 Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the state;
 I took bi'th throate the circumcised dog,
 And smote him thus.

He stabs himselfe.

Lod. O bloody period.

Gra. All that's spoke is mard.

Oth. I kist thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
 Killing my selfe, to die vpon a kisse.

He dies.

Caf. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
 For he was great of heart.

Lod. O *Spartane* dog,
 More fell then anguish, hunger, or the sea,
 Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed:
 This is thy worke, the obiekt poisons sight,

§ *me as I am,* || *you must.*

Let

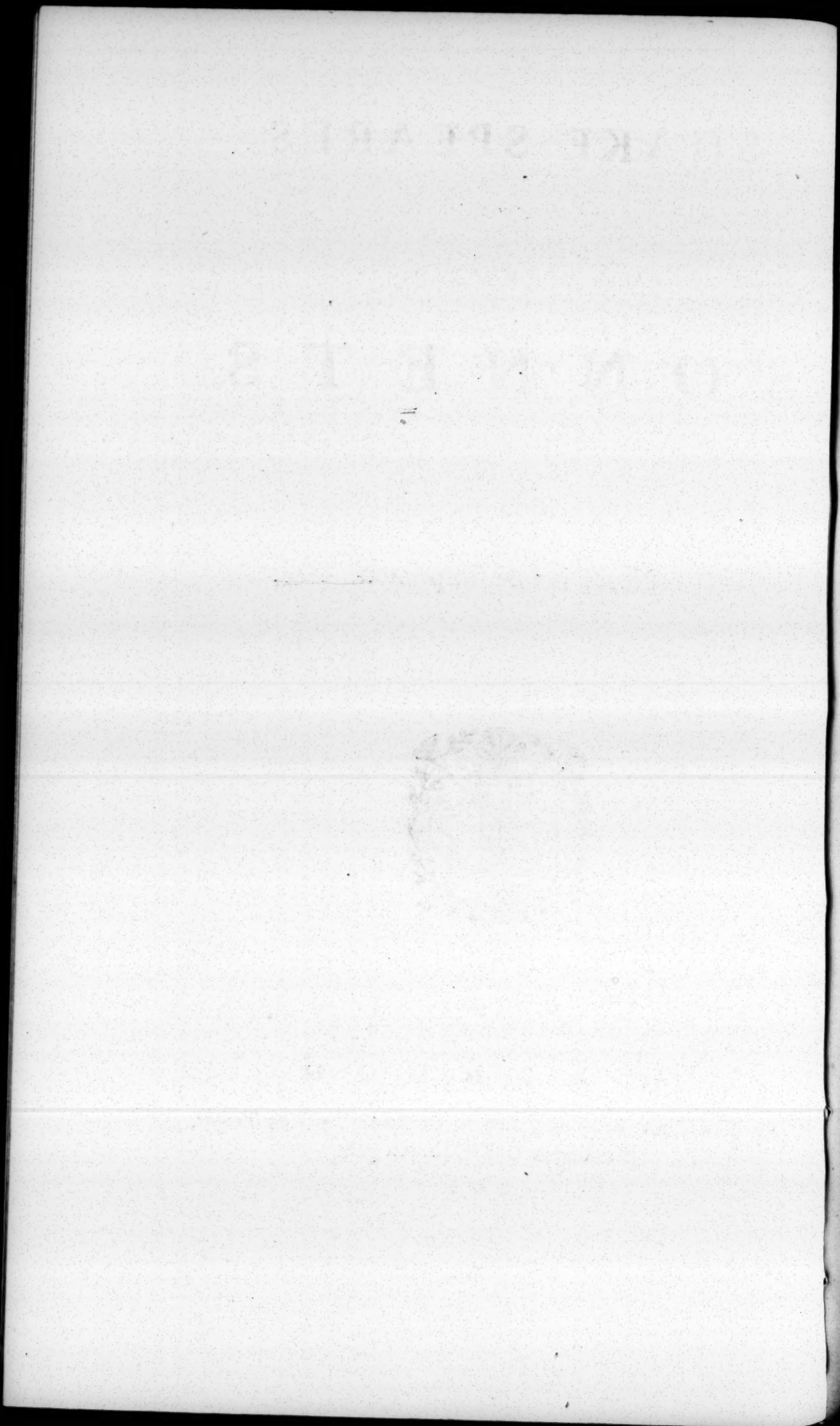
THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Let it be hid : *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore :
For they succeed to you, to you lord gouernour,
Remaines the censure of this hellish villaine,
The time, the place, the torture : O inforce it,
My selfe will straite aboard, and to the state,
This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

Excunt omnes.

F I N I S.

SHAKE-



SHAKE-SPEARES
SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.



AT L O N D O N

By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are to be solde by *John Wright*,
dwelling at Christ Church gate.

1609.

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSVING. SONNETS.
Mr. W.H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR. EVER-LIVING. POET.
WISHETH.
THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTVRER. IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.

S H A K E - S P E A R E S,

S O N N E T S.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties rose might neuer die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heire might beare his memory :

But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substantiall fewell,
Making a famine where aboundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweete selfe too cruell :
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy spring,
Within thine owne bud buriest thy content,
And tender chorle makst wast in niggarding :
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

II.

WHEN fortie winters shall beseige thy brow,
And digge deepe trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud liuery so gaz'd on now,
Wil be a totter'd weed of smal worth held :

Then

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies ;
To say within thine owne deepe sunken eyes,
Where an all-eating shame, and thriftlesse praise.
How much more praise deseru'd thy beauties vse,
If thou couldst answere this faire child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse
Proouing his beautie by succession thine.
This were to be new made when thou art ould.
And see thy blood warme when thou feel'st it could,

III.

LOOKE in thy glasse and tell the face thou vewest,
Now is the time that face should forme an other,
Whose fresh repaire if now thou not renewest,
Thou doo'st beguile the world, vnbleste some mother.
For where is she so faire whose vn-eard wombe
Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry ?
Or who is he so fond will be the tombe,
Of his selfe loue to stop posterity ?
Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee
Calls backe the louely Aprill of her prime,
So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,
Dispight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.
But if thou liue remembred not to be,
Die single and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

VNTHRIFTY louelinesse why doest thou spend,
Vpon thy selfe thy beauties legacy ?
Natures bequest giues nothing but doth lend,
And being franck she lends to those are free :

Then

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Then beaution nigard why doost thou abuse,
The bountious largesse giuen thee to giue?
Profites vferer why doost thou vse
So great a summe of summes yet can'st not liue?
For hauing traffike with thy selfe alone,
Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe dost deceaue,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable *audit* can'st thou leaue?
Thy vnus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which vsed liues th' executor to be.

V.

THOSE howers that with gentle worke did frame,
The louely gaze where euery eye doth dwell.
Will play the tirants to the very fame,
And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell :
For neuer resting time leads summer on,
To hidious winter and confounds him there,
Sap checkt with frost and lustie leau's quite gon.
Beauty ore-snow'd and barennes euery where,
Then were not summers distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse,
Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.

But flowers distil'd though they with winter meete,
Leese but their show, their substance still liues sweet.

VI.

THEN let not winters wragged hand deface,
In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd :
Make sweet some viall; treasure thou some place,
With beauties treasure ere it be selfe kil'd :

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E e

That

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

That vse is not forbidden vsery,
Which happies those that pay the willing lone;
That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,
Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,
Then what could death doe if thou should'st depart,
Leauing thee liuing in posterity?
Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,
To be deaths conquest and make wormes thine heire.

VII.

LOE in the orient when the gracious light,
Lifts vp his burning head, each vnder eye
Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
Seruing with lookes his sacred maiessty,
And hauing climb'd the steepe vp heauenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,
Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:
But when from high-moost pich with wery car,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes (fore dutious) now conuerted are
From his low tract and looke an other way:
So thou thy selfe out-going in thy noon:
Vnlok'd on diest vnlesse thou get a sonne.

VIII.

MVsick to heare, why hear'st thou musick sadly,
Sweets with sweets warre not, ioy delights in ioy:
Why lou'st thou that which thou receaust not gladly,
Or else receau'st with pleasure thine annoy?

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By vnions married do offend thine eare,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singlenesse the parts that thou should'st beare:
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Resembling fier, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none.

IX.

IS it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,
That thou consum'st thy selfe in single life?
Ah; if thou issuleste shalt hap to die,
The world will waile thee like a makelesse wife,
The world wil be thy widdow and still weepe,
That thou no forme of thee hast left behind,
When euery priuat widdow well may keepe,
By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in minde:
Looke what an vnthrif in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world inioyes it
But beauties waste hath in the world an end,
And kept vnvfe the vsr so destroyes it:
No loue toward others in that bosome fits
That on himselfe such murderous shame commits.

X.

FOR shame deny that thou bear'st loue to any
Who for thy selfe art so vnprouident
Graunt if thou wilt, thou art belou'd of many,
But that thou none lou'st is most euident:

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

For thou art so possest with murderous hate,
That gainst thy selfe thou stickst not to conspire,
Seeking that beautious roofe to ruinate
Which to repaire should be thy chiefe desire :
O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,
Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle loue ?
Be as thy prefence is gracious and kind,
Or to thy selfe at least kind harted proue,
Make thee an other selfe for loue of me,
That beauty still may liue in thine or thee.

XI.

AS fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'st,
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
And that fresh blood which yongly thou bestow'st,
Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth conuertest,
Herein liues wisdom, beauty, and increafe,
Without this follie, age, and could decay,
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore yeare would make the world away :
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featurelesse, and rude, barrenly perrish,
Looke whom she best indow'd, she gaue the more ;
Which bountious guift thou shouldst in bounty cherriſh.
She caru'd thee for her seale, and ment thereby,
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

WHEN I doe count the clock that tels the time,
And see the braue day sunck in hidious night,
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls or silver'd ore with white :

When

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

When lofty trees I see barren of leaues,
Which erst from heat did canopie the herd
And sommers greene all girded vp in sheaues
Borne on the beare with white and bristly beard :
Then of thy beauty do I question make
That thou among the wastes of time must goe,
Since sweets and beauties do them-selues forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow,
And nothing gainst times sieth can make defence
Sauē breed to braue him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O That you were your selfe, but loue you are
No longer yours, then you your selfe here liue,
Against this cumming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other giue.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination, then you were
You selfe again after your selves decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet forme should beare.
Who lets so faire a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might vphold,
Against the stormy gusts of winters day
And barren rage of deaths eternall cold ?
O none but vnthrifis, deare my loue you know,
You had a father, let your son say so.

XIV.

N OT from the stars do I my iudgement plucke,
And yet me thinkes I haue astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or euil lucke,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quallity,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Nor can I fortune to breefe mynuits tell ;
Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
Or say with princes if it shal go wel,
By oft predict that I in heauen finde,
But from thine eies my knowledge I deriue,
And constant stars in them I read such art
As truth and beautie shal together thrive
If from thy selfe, to store thou wouldst conuert :
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truthes and beauties doome and date.

XV.

WHEN I consider euery thing that growes
Holds in perfection but a little moment.
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shoves
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment.
When I perceiue that men as plants increase,
Cheared and checkt euen by the selfe-same skie :
Vaunt in their youthfull sap, at height decrease,
And were their braue state out of memory.
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wastfull time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to fullied night,
And all in war with time for loue of you
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

XVI.

BUT wherefore do not you a mightier waite
Make warre vppon this bloudie tirant time ?
And fortifie your selfe in your decay
With meanes more blessed then my barren rime ?

Now

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Now stand you on the top of happie houres,
And many maiden gardens yet vnset,
With vertuous wish would beare your liuing flowers,
Much liker then your painted counterfeit :
So should the lines of life that life repaire
Which this (times pensel or my pupill pen)
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
Can make you liue your selfe in eies of men,
To giue away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,
And you must liue drawne by your owne sweet skill.

XVII.

WH O will beleue my verse in time to come
If it were fild with your most high deserts ?
Though yet heauen knowes it is but as a tombe
Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts :
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say this poet lies,
Such heauenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.
So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth then tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poets rage,
And stretched miter of an antique song.
But were some childe of yours aliue that time,
You should liue twise in it, and in my rime.

XVIII.

SH A L L I compare thee to a summers day ?
Thou art more louely and more temperate :
Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
And sommers lease hath all too short a date :

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And euery faire from faire some-time declines,
By chance, or natures changing course vntim'd :
But thy eternall sommer shall not fade,
Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
So long liues this, and this giues life to thee,

XIX.

Deuouring time blunt thou the lyons pawes,
And make the earth deuoure her owne sweet brood,
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce tygers yawes,
And burne the long liu'd Phænix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time
To the wide world and all her fading sweets :
But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,
O carue not with thy howers my loues faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen.
Him in thy course vntainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to succeeding men.
Yet doe thy worst ould time dispight thy wrong,
My loue shall in my verse euer liue young.

XX.

AWomans face with natures owne hand painted,
Haste thou the master mistris of my passion,
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false womens fashion,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

An eye more bright then theirs, lesse false in rowling :
Gilding the obiekt where-vpon it gazeth,
A man in hew all hews in his controwling,
Which steales mens eyes and womens soules amafeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prickt thee out for womens pleasure,
Mine be thy loue and thy loues vse their treasure.

XXI.

SO is it not with me as with that muse,
Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heauen it selfe for ornament doth vse,
And euery faire with his faire doth reherse,
Making a coopement of proud compare
With sunne and moone, with earth and seas rich gems :
With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,
That heauens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
O let me true in loue but truly write,
And then beleeue me, my loue is as faire,
As any mothers childe, though not so bright
As those Gould candells fixt in heauens ayer :
Let them say more that like of heare-fay well,
I will not prayse that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

MY glasse shall not perswade me I am ould,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee times forrwes I behould,
Then look I death my daies should expiate.

For

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

For all that beauty that doth couer thee,
Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,
Which in thy brest doth liue, as thine in me.
How can I then be elder then thou art ?
O therefore loue be of thy selfe so wary,
As I not for my selfe, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
Presume not on thy heart when mine is flaine,
Thou gau'st me thine not to giue backe againe.

XXIII.

AS an vnperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his feare is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage,
Whose strengths abundance weakens his owne heart ;
So I for feare of trust, forget to say,
The perfect ceremony of loues right,
And in mine owne loues strength seeme to decay,
Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might :
O let my books be then the eloquence,
And dumb presagers of my speaking brest,
Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,
More then that tonge that more hath more exprest.
O learne to read what silent loue hath writ,
To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wiht.

XXIV.

MINE eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeld,
Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,
My body is the frame wherein ti's held,
And perspectiue it is best painters art.

For

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

For through the painter must you see his skill,
To finde where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil.
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes :
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eies haue done,
Mine eyes haue drawne thy shape, and thine for me
Are windowes to my brest, where-through the sun
Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
They draw but what they see, know not the hart,

XXV.

LET those who are in fauor with their stars,
Of publike honour and proud titles boſt,
Whilst I whome fortune of ſuch triumph bars
Vnlookt for ioy in that I honour moſt ;
Great princes fauorites their faire leaues ſpread,
But as the marygold at the ſuns eye,
And in them-ſelues their pride lies buried,
For at a frowne they in their glory die.
The painefull warrier famoſed for worth,
After a thouſand victories once foild,
Is from the booke of honour raſed quite,
And all the reſt forgot for which he toild :
Then happy I that loue and am beloued
Where I may not remoue, nor be remoued,

XXVI.

LORD of my loue, to whome in vaſſalage
Thy merrit hath my dutie ſtrongly knit ;
To thee I ſend this written ambaffage
To witneſſe duty, not to ſhew my wit.

Duty

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine
May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it ;
But that I hope some good conceipt of thine
In thy soules thought (all naked) will bestow it :
Till whatsoeuer star that guides my mouing,
Points on me gratioussly with faire aspect,
And puts apparrell on my tottered louing,
To shew me worthy of their sweet respect,
Then may I dare to boast how I doe loue thee,
Til then, not shew my head where thou maist proue me.

XXVII.

WEARY with toyle, I hast me to my bed,
The deare repose for lims with trauaill tired,
But then begins a iourney in my head
To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee,
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darknes which the blind doe see.
Saue that my soules imaginary sight
Presents their shaddoe to my sightles view,
Which like a iewell (hunge in gastly night)
Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new.
Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,
For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde.

XXVIII.

HOW can I then returne in happy plight
That am debard the benifit of rest ?
When daies oppression is not eazd by night,
But day by night and night by day oprest.

And

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

And each (though enimies to ethers raigne)
Doe in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toyle, the other to complaine
How far I toyle, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day to please him thou art bright,
And do'st him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen :
So flatter I the swart complexiond night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou guil't th' eauen.
But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer,
And night doth nightly make greefes length seeme stronger.

XXIX.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
And trouble deafe heauen with my bootlesse cries,
And looke vpon my selfe and curse my fate.
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possesst,
Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
With what I most inioy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,
Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the larke at breake of daye arising)
From fullen earth sings himns at heauens gate,
For thy sweet loue remembred such welth brings,
That then I skorne to change my state with kings.

XXX.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought,
I sommon vp remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new waile my deare times waste :

Then

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vf'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And weepe a fresh loues long since canceled woe,
And mone th' expence of many a vannisht fight.
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,
Which I new pay as if not payd before.
But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

XXXI.

THY bosome is indeared with all hearts
Which I by lacking haue supposed dead,
And there raignes loue and all loues louing parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious teare
Hath deare religious loue stolne from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appeare,
But things remou'd that hidden in there lie.
Thou art the graue where buried loue doth liue,
Hung with the tropheis of my louers gon,
Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,
That due of many, now is thine alone.
Their images I lou'd, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

IF thou suruiue my well contented daie,
When that churle death my bones with dust shall couer
And shalt by fortune once more re-suruiue :
These poore rude lines of thy deceased louer :

Compare

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And though they be out-stript by euery pen,
Referue them for my loue, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the hight of happier men.
Oh then voutsafe me but this louing thought,
Had my friends muse growne with this growing age,
A dearer birth then this his loue had brought
To march in ranckes of better equipage :
But since he died and poets better proue,
Theirs for their stile Ile read, his for his loue.

XXXIII.

FVLL many a glorious morning haue I seene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with foueraine eie,
Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene ;
Guinding pale streames with heauenly alcumy :
Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride,
With ougly rack on his celestiall face,
And from the for-lorne world his visage hide
Stealing vnseene to west with this disgrace :
Euen so my funne one early morne did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow,
But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth,
Suns of the world may staine, whē heauens sun stainteth.

XXXIV.

WHY didst thou promise such a beautilous day,
And make me trauaile forth without my cloake,
To let base cloudes ore-take me in my way,
Hiding thy brau'ry in their rotten smoke.

Tis

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salue can speake,
That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace :
Nor can thy shame giue phisicke to my grieve,
Though thou repent, yet I haue still the losse,
Th' offenders sorrow lends but weake reliefe
To him that beares the strong offenses losse.
Ah but those teares are pearle which thy loue sheeds,
And they are ritch, and ranfome all ill deeds.

XXXV.

NO more bee green'd at that which thou hast done,
Roses haue thornes, and siluer fountaines mud,
Cloudes and eclipses staine both moone and sunne,
And loathsome canker liues in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and euen I in this,
Authorizing thy trespas with compare,
My selfe corrupting saluing thy amisse,
Excusing their sins more then their sins are :
For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence,
Thy aduerse party is thy aduocate,
And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,
Such ciuill war is in my loue and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be,
To that sweet theefe which fourely robs from me,

XXXVI.

LET me confesse that we two must be twaine,
Although our vndeuided loues are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remaine,
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

In our two loues there is but one respect,
Though in our liues a seperable spight,
Which though it alter not loues sole effect,
Yet doth it steale sweete houres from loues delight,
I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,
Least my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,
Vnlesse thou take that honour from thy name:
But doe not so, I loue thee in such fort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

AS a decrepit father takes delight,
To see his actiue childe do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortunes dearest spight
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more
Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit,
I make my loue ingrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance giue,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory liue:
Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee,
This wish I haue, then ten times happy me.

XXXVIII.

HOW can my muse want subiect to iauent
While thou dost breath that poor'st into my verse,
Thine owne sweete argument, to excellent,
For euery vulgar paper to rehearse:

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F f

Oh

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Oh giue thyselfe the thanks if ought in me,
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,
For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee,
When thou thy selfe dost giue inuention light ?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Then those old nine which rimers inuocate,
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth.
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my slight muse doe please these curious daies,
The paine be mine, but thine shal be the praise.

XXXIX.

OH how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me ?
What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring ;
And what i'st but mine owne when I praise thee,
Euen for this, let vs deuided liue,
And our deare loue loose name of single one,
That by this seperation I may giue :
That due to thee which thou deseru'st alone :
Oh absence what a torment wouldst thou proue,
Were it not thy foure leisure gaue sweet leaue,
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceiue.
And that thou teachest how to make one twaine,
By praising him here who doth hence remaine.

XL.

TAKE all my loues, my loue, yea take them all,
What hast thou then more then thou hadst before ?
No loue, my loue, that thou maist true loue call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more :

Then

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Then if for my loue, thou my loue receiuest,
I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou vnest,
But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deceauest,
By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refuseth.
I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle theefe
Although thou steale thee all my pouerty :
And yet loue knowes it is a greater grieve
To beare lous wrong, then hates knowne iniury.
Lasciuious grace, in whom all il wel showes,
Kill me with spights yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

THOSE pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am some-time absent from thy heart,
Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well befits,
For still temptation followes where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,
Beautious thou art, therefore to be assailed.
And when a woman woes, what womans sonne,
Will sourely leaue her till he haue preuailed.
Aye me, but yet thou mightst my seate forbear,
And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their ryot euen there
Where thou art forst to breake a two-fold truth :
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beautie beeing false to me.

XLII.

THAT thou hast her it is not all my grieve,
And yet it may be said, I lou'd her deerely,
That she hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,
A losse in loue that touches me more neerely.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Louing offenders thus I will excuse yee,
Thou doost loue her, because thou knowst I loue her,
And for my sake euen so doth she abuse me,
Suffring my friend for my sake to approoue her,
If I loose thee, my losse is my lous gaine,
And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse,
Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,
And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,
But here's the ioy, my friend and I are one,
Sweete flattery, then she loues but me alone.

XLIII.

WHEN most I winke then doe mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things vnrespected,
But when I sleepe, in dreames they looke on thee,
And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.
Then thou whose shaddow shaddowes doth make bright,
How would thy shadowes forme, forme happy show,
To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,
When to vn-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,
By looking on thee in the liuing day?
When in dead night their faire imperfect shade,
Through heauy sleepe on sightlesse eyes doth stay?
All dayes are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee me,

XLIV.

IF the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Iniurious distance should not stop my way,
For then dispight of space I would be brought,
From limits farre remote, where thou doost stay,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

No matter then although my foote did stand
Vpon the farthest earth remoou'd from thee,
For nimble thought can iumpe both sea and land,
As soone as thinke the place where he would be.
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend, times leasure with my mone.

Receiuing naughts by elements so floe,
But heaueie teares, badges of eithers woe.

XLV.

THE other two, slight ayre, and purging fire,
Are both with thee, where euer I abide,
The first my thought, the other my desire,
Thele present absent with swift motion slide,
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassie of loue to thee,
My life being made of foure, with two alone,
Sinks downe to death, opprest with melancholie.
Vntill liues composition be recured,
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who euen but now come back againe assured,
Of their faire health, recounting it to me.

This told, I ioy, but then no longer glad,
I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

MINE eye and heart are at a mortall warre,
How to deuide the conquest of thy sight,
Mine eye, my heart their pictures fight would barre,
My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,
(A closet neuer pearst with christall eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes.
To side this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The cleere eyes moyitie, and the deare hearts part.
As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,
And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart.

XLVII.

BETWIXT mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
When that mine eye is famisht for a looke.
Or heart in loue with sighes himselfe doth smother ;
With my loutes picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart :
An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,
And in his thoughts of loue doth share a part.
So either by thy picture or my loue,
Thy selfe away, are present still with me,
For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst moue,
And I am still with them, and they with thee.
Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

XLVIII.

HOW carefull was I when I tooke my way,
Each trifle vnder truest barres to thrust,
That to my vse it might vn-vsed stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust ?

But

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

But thou, to whom my iewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest griefe,
Thou best of deereft, and mine onely care,
Art left the prey of euery vulgar theefe.
Thee haue I not lockt vp in any cheft,
Saue where thou art not, though I feele thou art,
Within the gentle clofure of my brest,
From whence at pleasure thou maift come and part,
And euen thence thou wilt be stolne I feare,
For truth proues theeuiſh for a prize ſo deare.

XLIX.

A G A I N S T that time (if euer that time come)
When I ſhall ſee thee frowne on my defects,
When as thy loue hath caſt his vtmoſt ſumme,
Cauld to that audite by aduiſ'd reſpects,
Againſt that time when thou ſhalt ſtrangely paſſe,
And ſcarcely greete me with that ſunne thine eye,
When loue conuerted from the thing it was
Shall reaſons finde of ſetled grauitie.
Againſt that time do I inſconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine owne deſart,
And this my hand, againſt my ſelfe vpreare,
To guard the lawfull reaſons on thy part,
To leaue poore me, thou haſt the ſtrength of lawes,
Since why to loue, I can alledge no cauſe.

L.

H O W heaue doe I iourney on the way,
When what I ſeeke (my wearie trauels end)
Doth teach that eaſe and that reſpoſe to ſay
Thus farre the miles are meaſurde from thy friend.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

The beast that beares me, tired with my woe,
Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lou'd not speed being made from thee :
The bloody spurre cannot prouoke him on,
That some-times anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heauily he answers with a grone,
More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,
For that same grone doth put this in my mind,
My greefe lies onward and my ioy behind,

LI.

THUS can my loue excuse the slow offence,
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed,
From where thou art, why should I hast me thence,
Till I returne of posting is noe need.
O what excuse will my poore beast then find,
When swift extremity can seeme but slow,
Then should I spurre though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know,
Then can no horse with my desire keepe pace,
Therefore desire (of perfects loue being made)
Shall naigh noe dull flesh in his fiery race,
But loue, for loue, thus shall excuse my iade,
Since from thee going, he went wilfull slow,
Towards thee he run, and giue him leaue to goe.

LII.

SO am I as the rich whose blessed key,
Can bring him to his sweet vp-locked treasure,
The which he will not eu'ry hower furuay,
For blunting the fine point of feldome pleasure.

Therefore

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,
Since sildom comming in the long yeare set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captaine iewells in the carconet.
So is the time that keepes you as my cheft,
Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,
To make some speciall instant speciall blest,
By new vnfoulding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you whose worthineffe giues skope,
Being had to triumph, being lackt to hope.

LIII.

WHAT is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend?
Since euery one, hath euery one, one shade,
And you but one, can euery shaddow lend:
Describe *Adonis* and the counterfet,
Is poorely immitated after you,
On *Hellens* cheeke all art of beautie set,
And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new:
Speake of the spring, and foyzon of the yeare,
The one doth shaddow of your beautie show,
The other as your bountie doth appeare,
And you in euery blessed shape we know.
In all externall grace you haue some part,
But you like none, none you for constant heart.

LIV.

OH how much more doth beautie beautilous seeme,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue,
The rose looks faire, but fairer we it deeme
For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue:

The

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

The canker bloomes haue full as deepe a diē.
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
When sommers breath their masked buds discloſes :
But for their virtue only is their ſhow,
They liue vnwoo'd, and vnreſpected fade,
Die to themſelues. Sweet roſes doe not ſo,
Of their ſweet deathes, are ſweeteſt odors made :
And ſo of you, beautilous and louely youth,
When that ſhall vade, by verſe diſtills your truth.

LV.

NOT marble, nor the gilded monument,
Of princes ſhall out-liue this powrefull rime,
But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe contents
Then vnſwept ſtone, beſmeer'd with ſluttish time.
When waſtefull warre ſhall ſtatues ouer-turne,
And broiles roote out the worke of maſonry,
Nor *Mars* his ſword, nor warres quick fire ſhall burne :
The liuing record of your memory.
Gainſt death, and all obliuious enmity
Shall you pace forth, your praiſe ſhall ſtil finde roome,
Euen in the eyes of all poſterity
That weare this world out to the ending doome.
So til the iudgement that your ſelfe ariſe,
You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

LVI.

SWEET loue renew thy force, be it not ſaid
Thy edge ſhould blunter be then apeteite,
Which but too daie by feeding is alaied,
To morrow ſharped in his former might.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill
Thy hungrie eies, euen till they winck with fulnesse,
Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill
The spirit of loue, with a perpetual dulnesse :
Let this said intrim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new,
Come daily to the banckes, that when they see :
Returne of loue, more blest may be the view.
As cal it winter, which being ful of care,
Makes fōmers welcome, thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

BE IN G your slaue what should I doe but tend,
Vpon the houres, and times of your desire ?
I haue no precious time at al to spend,
Nor seruices to doe til you require.
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
Whilst I (my soueraine) watch the clock for you,
Nor thinke the bitternesse of absence sowre,
When you haue bid your seruant once adieue.
Nor dare I question with my iealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affaires suppose,
But like a sad slaue stay and thinke of nought
Saue where you are, how happy you make those.
So true a foole is loue, that in your will,
(Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.

LVIII.

THAT God forbid, that made me first your slaue,
I should in thought controule your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th'account of houres to craue,
Being your vassail bound to staie your leisure.

Oh

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
Th'imprison'd absence of your libertie,
And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check,
Without accusing you of iniury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
That you your selfe may priuiledge your time
To what you will, to you it doth belong,
Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime.

I am to waite, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

LIX.

IF their bee nothing new, but that which is,
Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,
Which laboring for inuention beare amisse
The second burthen of a former child?
Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
Euen of fise hundreth courses of the funne,
Show me your image in some antique booke,
Since minde at first in carrecter was done.
That I might see what the old world could say,
To this composed wonder of your frame,
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether reuolution be the same.

Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,
To subiects worse haue giuen admiring praise.

LX.

LIKE as the waues make towards the pibled shore,
So do our minuites hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toile all forwards do contend.

Natiuity

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Natiuity once in the maine of light,
Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
And time that gaue, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,
And delues the paralels in beauties brow,
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
And nothing stands but for his sieth to mow.

And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth, dispight his cruell hand.

LXI.

IS it thy wil, thy image should keepe open
My heauy eielids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So farre from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle houres in me,
The skope and tenure of thy ielousie?
O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,
It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,
Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,
To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake.
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me farre of, with others all to neere.

LXII.

SINNE of selfe-loue possesseth al mine eie,
And all my soule, and al my euery part;
And for this sinne there is no remedie,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.

Me

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Me thinkes no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,
Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read
Selfe, so selfe louing were iniquity,
Tis thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies.

LXIII.

A G A I N S T my loue shall be as I am now
With times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,
When houres haue dreind his blood and fild his brow
With lines and wrinkles, when his youthfull morne
Hath trauaild on to ages steepie night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king*
Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring.
For such a time do I now fortifie
Against confounding ages cruell knife,
That he shall neuer cut from memory
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life.
His beautie shall in these blacke lines be seene,
And they shall liue, and he in them still greene.

LXIV.

W H E N I haue seene by times fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworne buried age,
When sometime lostie towers I see downe rased,
And brasse eternall slaue to mortall rage.

When

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

When I haue seene the hungry ocean gaine
Aduantage on the kingdome of the shoare,
And the firme soile win of the watry maine,
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store.
When I haue seene such interchange of state,
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminare
That time will come and take my loue away.

This thought is as a death which cannot choose
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loose.

LXV.

SINCE brasse, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,
But sad mortallity ore-swaies their power,
How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger then a flower?
O how shall summers hunny breath hold out,
Against the wrackfull sledge of battring dayes,
When rocks impregnable are not so stoute,
Nor gates of steele so strong but time decayes?
O fearefull meditation, where alack,
Shall times best iewell from times chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,
Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid?
O none, vnlesse this miracle haue might,
That in black inck my loue may still shine bright.

LXVI.

TYR'D with all these for restfull death I cry,
As to behold desert a begger borne,
And needie nothing trimd in iollitie,
And purest faith vnhappily forsworne,

And

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

And gilded honor shamefully misplast,
And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,
And folly (doctor-like) controuling skill,
And simple-truth miscalde simplicitie,
And captiue-good attending captaine ill.
Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Saue that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

LXVII.

AH wherefore with infection should he liue,
And with his prefence grace impietie,
That sinne by him aduantage should atchiue,
And lace it selfe with his societie?
Why should false painting immitate his cheekes,
And steale dead seeing of his liuing hew?
Why should poore beautie indirectly seeke,
Roses of shaddow, since his rose is true?
Why should he liue, now nature banckrout is,
Beggerd of blood to blush through liuely vaines,
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?
O him she stores, to show what welth she had,
In daies long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

THUS is his cheek the map of daies out-worne,
When beauty liu'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a liuing brow:

Before

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.]

Before the goulden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,
To liue a sccond life on second head,
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay :
In him those holy antique howers are seene,
Without all ornament, it selfe and true,
Making no summer of an others greene,
Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To shew faulse art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

THOSE parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend :
All touns (the voice of foules) giue thee that end,
Vttring bare truth, euen so as foes commend.
Their outward thus with outward praise is crownd,
But those same touns that giue thee so thine owne,
In other accents doe this praise confound
By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds,
Then churls their thoughts (although their eies were kind)
To thy faire flower ad the rancke smell of weeds,
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
The folye is this, that thou doest common grow.

LXX.

THAT thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For flanders marke was euer yet the faire,
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heauens sweetest ayre.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

So thou be good, slander doth but approue,
Their worth the greater beeing woo'd of time,
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth loue,
And thou present'st a pure vnstayned prime.
Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,
Either not assayld, or victor beeing charg'd,
Yet this thy praise cannot be foe thy praise,
To tye vp enuy, euermore enlarged,
If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

NOE longer mourne for me when I am dead,
Then you shall heare the surly fullen bell
Giue warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vildest wormes to dwell:
Nay if you read this line, remember not,
The hand that writ it, for I loue you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poore name reherse;
But let your loue euen with my life decay.
Least the wise world should looke into your mone,
And mocke you with me after I am gon.

LXXII.

O Least the world should taske you to recite.
What merit liu'd in me that you should loue
After my death (deare lone) for get me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy proue.

Vnlesse

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Vnlesse you would deuise some vertuous lye,
To doe more for me then mine owne desert,
And hang more praise vpon deceased I,
Then nigard truth would willingly impart :
O least your true loue may seeme false in this,
That you for loue speake well of me vntrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And liue no more to shame nor me, nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to loue things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

THAT time of yeeare thou maist in me behold,
When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange
Vpon those boughes which shake against the cold,
Bare rn'wd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twi-light of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,
As the death bed, whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nurisht by.
This thou perceu'st, which makes thy loue more strong,
To loue that well, which thou must leaue ere long.

LXXIV.

B^VT be contented when that fell areft,
With out all bayle shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

When thou renewest this, thou dost renew,
The very part was consecrate to thee,
The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,
My spirit is thine the better part of me,
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The pray of wormes, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretches knife,
To base of thee to be remembred,
The worth of that, is that which it containes,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet season'd shewers are to the ground ;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
As twixt a miser and his wealth his found.
Now proud as an inioyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure,
Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,
And by and by cleane starued for a looke,
Possessing or pursuing no delight
Saue what is had, or must from you be tooke.
Thus do I pine and surfet day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

WHY is my verse so barren of new pride ?
So far from variation or quicke change ?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new found methods, and to compounds strange ?

Why

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Why write I still all one, euer the same,
And keepe inuention in a noted weed,
That euery word doth almost fel my name,
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed ?
O know sweet loue I alwaies write of you,
And you and loue are still my argument :
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending againe what is already spent :
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my loue still telling what is told,

LXXVII.

THY glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were,
Thy dyall how thy pretious mynuits waste,
The vacant leaues thy mindes imprint will beare,
And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste.
The wrinckles which thy glasse will truly show,
Of moued graues will giue thee memorie,
Thou by thy dyals shady stealth maist know,
Times theeuissh progresse to eternitie.
Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,
Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde
Those children nurst, deliuerd from thy braine,
To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy booke.

LXXVIII.

SO oft haue I inuok'd thee for my muse,
And found such faire assistance in my verse,
As euery alien pen hath got my vse,
And vnder thee their poesie disperse.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to sing,
And heauie ignorance aloft to flie,
Haue added fethers to the learneds wing,
And giuen grace a double maiestie.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee,
In others workes thou doost but mend the stile,
And arts with thy sweete graces graced be.
But thou art all my art, and doost aduance
As high as learning, my rude ignorance,

LXXIX.

WHILST I alone did call vpon thy ayde,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decayde,
And my sick muse doth giue an other place.
I grant (sweet loue) thy louely argument
Deserues the trauaile of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy poet doth inuent,
He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe,
He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word,
From thy behauiour, beautie doth he giue,
And found it in thy cheeke : he can afford
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth liue.
Then thanke him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay,

LXXX.

OH how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth vse your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tounge-tide speaking of your fame,

But

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest faile doth beare,
My sawsie barke (inferior farre to his)
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.
Your shallowest helpe will hold me vp a floate,
Whilst he vpon your foundlesse deepe doth ride,
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.
Then if he thriue and I be cast away,
The worst was this, my loue was my decay.

LXXXI.

OR I shall liue your epitaph to make,
Or you suruiue when I in earth am rotten,
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortall life shall haue,
Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye,
The earth can yeeld me but a common graue,
When you intombed in mens eyes shall lye,
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read,
And touns to be, your beeing shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You still shall liue (such vertue hath my pen)
Where breath most breaths, euen in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I Grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore maiest without attaint ore-looke
The dedicated words which writers vse
Of their faire subiect, blessing euery booke.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,
Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise,
And therefore art inforc'd to seeke anew,
Some fresher stampe of the time bettering dayes,
And do so loue, yet when they haue deuifde,
What strained touches rhethorick can lend,
Thou truly faire, wert truly simpathizde,
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
And their grosse painting might be better vs'd,
Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I Neuer saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your faire no painting set,
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,
The barren tender of a poets debt;
And therefore haue I slept in your report,
That you your selfe being extant well might show,
How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
This silence for my sinne you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory being dombe,
For I impaire not beautie being mute,
When others would giue life, and bring a tombe.
There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,
Then both your poets can in praise deuise.

LXXXIV.

WHO is it that sayes most, which can say more,
Then this rich praise, that you alone, are you,
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equall grew,

Leane

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Leane penurie within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subiect lends not some small glory,
But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but coppy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so cleere,
And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
Making his stile admired euery where.

You to your beautilous blessings adde a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

MY toung-tide muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise richly compil'd,
Referue their character with goulden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.
I thinke good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes,
And like vnlettered clarke still crie amen,
To euery himne that able spirit affords,
In polliht forme of well refined pen.
Hearing you praist, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise adde some-thing more,
But that is in my thought, whose loue to you
(Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before.

Then others, for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

WAS it the proud full faile of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you
That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearse,
Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?

Was

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,
Aboue a mortall pitch, that struck me dead ?
No, neither he, nor his compiers by night
Giuing him ayde, my verse astonished.
He nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast,
I was not sick of any feare from thence.
But when your countenance fild vp his line,
Then lackt I matter, that infeebl'd mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell thou art too deare for my possessing,
And like enough thou knowst thy estimate,
The charter of thy worth giues thee releasing :
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
And for that ritches where is my deseruing ?
The cause of this faire guift in me is wanting,
And so my pattent back againe is fweruing.
Thy selfe thou gau'st, thy owne worth then not knowing,
Or mee to whom thou gau'st it, else mistaking,
So thy great guift vpon misprision growing,
Comes home againe, on better iudgement making.
Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
In sleepe a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

WHEN thou shalt be disposde to set me light,
And place my merrit in the eie of skorne,
Vpon thy side, against my selfe Ile fight,
And proue thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne :

With

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

With mine owne weakenesse being best acquainted,
Vpon thy part I can set downe a story
Of faults conceald, wherein I am attainted:
That thou in loosing me shall win much glory.
And I by this wil be a gainer too,
For bending all my louing thoughts on thee,
The iniuries that to my selfe I doe,
Doing thee vantage, duple vantage me.
Such is my loue, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong.

LXXXIX.

SAY that thou didst forsake mee for some falt,
And I will comment vpon that offence,
Speake of my lamenesse, and I straight will halt:
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not (loue) disgrace me halfe so ill,
To set a forme vpon desired change,
As Ile my selfe disgrace, knowing thy wil,
I will acquaintance strangle and looke strange:
Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
Thy sweet beloued name no more shall dwell,
Least I (too much prophane) should do it wronge:
And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against my selfe Ile vow debate,
For I must nere loue him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

THEN hate me when thou wilt, if euer, now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse,
Ioyne with the spight of fortune, make me bow,
And doe not drop in for an after losse:

Ah

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Ah doe not, when my heart hath scape this forrow,
Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,
Giue not a windy night a rainie morrow,
To linger out a purposed ouer-throw.
If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me last,
When other pettie griefes haue done their spight,
But in the onset come, so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortunes might.
And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,
Compar'd with losse of thee, will not seeme so.

XCI.

SOME glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,
Some in their garments though new-fangled ill :
Some in their hawkes and hounds, some in their horse.
And euery humor hath his adiunct pleasure,
Wherein it findes a ioy aboue the rest,
But these perticulers are not my measure,
All these I better in one generall best.
Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me,
Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost,
Of more delight then hawkes or horses bee :
And hauing thee, of all mens pride I boast.
Wretched in this alone, that thou maist take,
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

BV T doe thy worst to steale thy selfe away,
For tearme of life thou art assured mine,
And life no longer then thy loue will stay,
For it depends vpon that loue of thine.

Then

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end,
I see, a better state to me belongs
Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,
Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie,
Oh what a happy title do I finde,
Happy to haue thy loue, happy to die !
But whats so blessed faire that feares no blot,
Thou maist be falce, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.

SO shall I liue, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceiued husband, so loues face,
May still seeme loue to me, though alter'd new :
Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.
For their can liue no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In manies lookes, the falce hearts history
Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinckles strange.
But heauen in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet loue should euer dwell,
What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes should nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell.
How like *Eaues* apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet vertue answere not thy show.

XCIV.

THEY that haue powre to hurt, and will doe none,
That doe not do the thing, they most do shoue,
Who mouing others, are themselues as stone,
Vnmoued, could, and to temptation flow :

They

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

They rightly do inheritt heauens graces,
And husband natures ritches from expence,
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence :
The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,
Though to it selfe, it onely liue and die,
But if that flowre with base infection meete,
The basest weed out-braues his dignity :
For sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes,
Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

XCV.

HOW sweet and louely dost thou make the shame,
Which like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name ?
Oh in what sweets doest thou thy sinnes inclose !
That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
(Making lasciuious comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,
Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauties vaile doth couer euery blot,
And all things turnes to faire, that eies can see !
Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuiledge,
The hardest knife ill vs'd doth loose his edge.

XCVI.

SOME say thy fault is youth, some wantonesse,
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,
Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and lesse :
Thou makst faults graces, that to thee resort :

As

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

As on the finger of a throned queene,
The basest iewell wil be well esteem'd:
So are those errors that in thee are seene,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the sterne wolfe betray,
If like a lambe he could his lookes translate.
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst vse the strength of all thy state?
But doe not so, I loue thee in such fort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

HOW like a winter hath my absence beene
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare?
What freezings haue I felt, what darke daies seene?
What old Decembers barenesse euery where?
And yet this time remou'd was sommers time,
The teeming autumn big with ritch increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widdowed wombes after their lords decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,
But hope of orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,
For sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute.
Or if they sing, tis with so dull a cheere,
That leaues looke pale, dreading the winters ncere.

XCVIII.

FROM you haue I beene absent in the spring,
When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)
Hath put a spirit of youth in euery thing:
That heauie-Saturne laught and leapt with him.

Yet

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
Could make me any summers story tell:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lillies white,
Nor praise the deepe vermillion in the rose,
They weare but sweet, but figures of delight:
Drawne after you, you patterne of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,
As with your shaddow I with these did play.

XCIX.

THE forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet theefe whence didst thou steale thy sweet that
smels
If not from my loues breath, the purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells?
In my loues veines thou hast too grosely died,
The lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marierom had stolne thy haire,
The roses fearefully on thornes did stand,
Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire:
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both,
And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee.

C.

WHERE art thou muse that thou forgetst so long,
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might?
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse songe,
Darkning thy powre to lend base subiects light.

Returne

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Returne forgetfull muse, and straight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time so idely spent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies esteeme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise resty muse, my loues sweet face suruay,
If time haue any wrinkle grauen there,
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make times spoiles dispised euery where.
Giue my loue fame faster then time waits life,
So thou preuenst his sieth, and crooked knife.

CI.

OH truant muse what shal be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?
Both truth and beauty on my loue depends:
So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
Make answere muse, wilt thou not haply saie,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
But best is best, if neuer intermixt.
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
To make him much out-live a gilded tombe:
And to be praïsd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office muse, I teach thee how,
To make him seeme long hence, as he shoves now.

CII.

MY loue is strengthned though more weake in seeming
I loue not lesse, thogh lesse the show appeare,
That loue is marchandiz'd, whose ritch esteeming,
The owners tongue doth publish euery where.

VOL. IV.

H h

Our

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Our loue was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
As *Philomell* in summers front doth singe,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies :
Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now
Then when her mournfull himns did hush the night,
But that wild musick burthens euery bow,
And sweets growne common loofe their deare delight.
Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue :
Because I would not dull you with my songe.

CIII.

ALACK what pouerty my muse brings forth,
That hauing such a skope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Then when it hath my added praise beside.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write !
Looke in your glasse and there appeares a face,
That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinfull then struiuing to mend,
To marre the subiect that before was well,
For to no other passe my verses tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
And more, much more then in my verse can fit,
Your owne glasse showes you, when you looke in it.

CIV.

TO me faire friend you neuer can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
Such seemes your beautie still : three winters colde,
Haue from the Forrests shooke three summers pride,

Three

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Three beautilous springs to yellow autumnne turn'd,
In proceſſe of the ſeaſons haue I ſeene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since firſt I ſaw you freſh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,
So your ſweete hew, which me thinkes ſtill doth ſtand
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.

For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties ſummer dead.

CV.

LET not my loue be cal'd idolatrie,
Nor my beloued as an idoll ſhow,
Since all alike my ſongs and praifes be
To one, of one, ſtill ſuch, and euer ſo.
Kinde is my loue to day, to morrow kinde,
Still conſtant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verſe to conſtancie confin'de,
One thing expreſſing, leaues out difference.
Faire, kinde, and true, is all my argument,
Faire, kinde, and true, varrying to other words,
And in this change is my inuention ſpent,
Three theams in one, which wondrous ſcope affords.
Faire, kinde, and true, haue often liu'd alone.
Which three till now, neuer kept ſeate in one.

CVI.

WHEN in the chronicle of waſted time,
I ſee diſcriptions of the faireſt wights,
And beautie making beautifull old rime,
In praife of ladies dead, and louely knights.

H h 2

Then

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

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When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
As *Philomell* in summers front doth singe,
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That hauing such a skope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Then when it hath my added praise beside.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write !
Looke in your glasse and there appeares a face,
That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinfull then striuing to mend,
To marre the subiect that before was well,
For to no other passe my verses tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
And more, much more then in my verse can fit,
Your owne glasse shoves you, when you looke in it.

CIV.

TO me faire friend you neuer can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
Such seemes your beautie still : three winters colde,
Haue from the Forrests shooke three summers pride,

Three

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Three beautilous springs to yellow autumnne turn'd,
In proceſſe of the ſeaſons haue I ſcene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since firſt I ſaw you freſh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,
So your ſweete hew, which me thinkes ſtill doth ſtand
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.

For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties ſummer dead.

CV.

LET not my loue be cal'd idolatrie,
Nor my beloued as an idoll ſhow,
Since all alike my ſongs and praifes be
To one, of one, ſtill ſuch, and euer ſo.
Kinde is my loue to day, to morrow kinde,
Still conſtant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verſe to conſtancie confin'de,
One thing expreſſing, leaues out difference.
Faire, kinde, and true, is all my argument,
Faire, kinde, and true, varrying to other words,
And in this change is my inuention ſpent,
Three theams in one, which wondrous ſcope affords.
Faire, kinde, and true, haue often liu'd alone.
Which three till now, neuer kept ſeate in one.

CVI.

WHEN in the chronicle of waſted time,
I ſee diſcriptions of the faireſt wights,
And beautilie making beautifull old rime,
In praife of ladies dead, and louely knights.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,
Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would haue exprest,
Euen such a beauty as you maister now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,
They had not still enough your worth to sing :
For we which now behold these present dayes,
Haue eyes to wonder, but lack touns to praise.

CVII.

NOT mine owne feares, nor the prophetick foule,
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true loue controule,
Supposde as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
The mortall moone hath her eclipse indur'de,
And the sad augurs mock their owne presage,
Incertenties now crowne them-selues assur'de,
And peace proclaimes oliues of endlesse age,
Now with the drops of this most balmie time,
My loue looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since spight of him Ile liue in this poore rime,
While he insults ore dull and speachlesse tribes.
And thou in this shalt finde thy monument,
When tyrants crests and tombs of brasse are spent.

CVIII.

WHAT's in the braine that inck may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit,
What's new to speake, what now to register,
That may expresse my loue, or thy deare merit ?

Nothing

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine,
I must each day say ore the very fame,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Euen as when first I hallowed thy faire name.
So that eternall loue in loues fresh case,
Waighes not the dust and iniury of age,
Nor giues to necessary wrinckles place,
But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
Finding the first conceit of loue there bred,
Where time and outward forme would shew it dead.

CIX.

O Neuer say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie,
As easie might I from my selfe depart,
As from my soule which in thy brest doth lye :
That is my home of loue, if I haue rang'd,
Like him that trauels I returne againe,
Iust to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that my selfe bring water for my staine,
Neuer beleue though in my nature raign'd,
All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood,
That it could so preposterouslie be stain'd,
To leaue for nothing all thy summe of good :
For nothing this wide vniuerse I call,
Saue thou my rose, in it thou art my all.

CX.

ALAS 'tis true, I haue gone here and there,
And made my selfe a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine owne thoughts, sold cheap what is most deare,
Made old offences of affections new.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Most true it is, that I haue lookt on truth
Asconce and strangely : but by all aboue,
These blenches gaue my heart an other youth,
And worse essaies prou'd thee my best of loue,
Now all is done, haue what shall haue no end,
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de
On newer prooffe, to trie an older friend,
A God in loue, to whom I am confin'd.
Then giue me welcome, next my heauen the best,
Euen to thy pure and most most louing brest.

CXI.

O For my sake doe you with fortune chide,
The guiltie goddesse of my harmfull deeds,
That did not better for my life prouide,
Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receiues a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it workes in, like the dyers hand,
Pitty me then, and wish I were renu'de,
Whilst like a willing patient I will drinke,
Potions of eyfelf gainst my strong infection,
No bitternesse that I will bitter thinke,
Nor double pennance to correct correction.
Pittie me then deare friend, and I assure yee,
Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

CXII.

YOUR loue and pittie doth th'impression fill,
Which vulgar scandall stampt vpon my brow,
For what care I who calles me well or ill,
So you ore-greene my bad, my good alow ?

You

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

You are my all the world, and I must strive,
To know my shames and praises from your tongue,
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd fence or changes right or wrong,
In so profound abisme I throw all care
Of others voyces, that my adders fence,
To cryttick and to flatterer stopped are :
Marke how with my neglect I doe dispence.

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides me thinkes y'are dead.

CXIII.

SINCE I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
And that which gouernes me to goe about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seemes seeing, but effectually is out :
For it no forme deliuers to the heart
Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,
Of his quick obiects hath the minde no part,
Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch :
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet-fauor or deformedst creature,
The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night :
The croe, or doue, it shapeth them to your feature.

Incapable of more repleat, with you,
My most true minde thus maketh mine vntrue.

CXIV.

OR whether doth my minde being crown'd with you
Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery ?
Or whether shall I say mine eie saith true,
And that your loue taught it this alcumie ?

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

To make of monsters, and things indigest,
Such cherubines as your sweet selfe resemble,
Creating euery bad a perfect best
As fast as obiects to his beames assemble:
Oh tis the first, tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great minde most kingly drinks it vp,
Mine eie well knowes what with his gust is greening,
And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
If it be poison'd, tis the lesser sinne,
That mine eye loues it and doth first beginne.

CXV.

THOSE lines that I before haue writ doe lie,
Euen those that said I could not loue you deerer,
Yet then my iudgement knew no reason why,
My most full flame should afterwards burne cleerer,
But reckening time, whose milliond accidents
Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beautie, blunt the sharpest intents,
Diuert strong mindes to th'course of altring things:
Alas why fearing of times tiranie,
Might I not then say now I loue you best,
When I was certaine ore in-certainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest.
Loue is a babe, then might I not say so
To giue full growth to that which still doth grow.

CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments, loue is not loue
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remouer to remoue.

O no,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

O no, it is an euer fixed marke
That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken;
It is the star to euery wandring barke,
Whose worths vnknowne, although his high be taken,
Lou's not times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickles compasse come,
Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:
If this be error and vpon me proued,
I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

CXVII.

ACCUSE me thus, that I haue scant all,
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot vpon your dearest loue to call,
Whereto al bonds do tie me day by day,
That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,
And giuen to time your owne deare purchas'd right,
That I haue hoysted saile to al the windes
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Booke both my wilfulnesse and errors downe,
And on iust prooffe furmise, accumulate,
Bring me within the leuel of your frowne,
But shoote not at me in your wakened hate:
Since my appeale saies I did strue to prooue
The constancy and virtue of your loue.

CXVIII.

LIKE as to make our appetites more keene
With eager compounds we our pallat vrge,
As to preuent our malladies vnseene,
We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge.

Euen

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,
 To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding ;
 And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse,
 To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
 Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate
 The ills that were, not grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthfull state
 Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.
 But thence I learne and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.

CXIX.

WHAT potions haue I drunke of *Syren* teares
 Distil'd from lymbecks foule as hell within,
 Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,
 Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win ?
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed neuer ?
 How haue mine eies out of their spheares bene fitted
 In the distraction of this madding feuer ?
 O benefit of ill, now I find true
 That better is, by euil still made better.
 And ruin'd loue when it is built anew
 Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I returne rebukt to my content,
 And gaine by ills thrife more then I haue spent.

CXX.

THAT you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then didde feele,
 Needes must I vnder my transgression bow,
 Vnlesse my nerues were brasse or hammered steele.

For

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

For if you were by my vnkindesse shaken
As I by yours, y'haue past a hell of time,
And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken
To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O that our night of wo might haue remembred
My deepest fence, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soone to you, as you to me then tendred
The humble salue, which wounded bosomes fits !
But that your trespasse now becomes a fee,
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must rancome mee.

CXXI.

TIS better to be vile then vile esteemed,
When not to be, receiues reproach of being,
And the iust pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
For why should others false adulterat eyes
Giue salutation to my sportiue blood ?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies ;
Which in their wils count bad what I think good ?
Noe, I am that I am, and they that leuell
At my abuses, reckon vp their owne,
I may be straight though they themselues be beuel
By their ranke thoughtes, my deedes must not be shown
Vnlesse this generall euill they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

CXXII.

THY guift, thy tables, are within my braine
Full characterd with lasting memory,
Which shall aboue that idle rancke remaine
Beyond all date euen to eternity.

Or

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Or at the least, so long as braine and heart
Haue facultie by nature to subfist,
Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part
Of thee, thy record neuer can be mist :
That poore retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy deare loue to skore,
Therefore to giue them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receaue thee more,
To keepe an adiunckt to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulnesse in mee.

CXXIII.

NO! Time, thou shalt not boſt that I doe change,
Thy pyramyds buylt vp with newer might
To me are nothing nouell, nothing ſtrange,
They are but dreſſings of a former ſight :
Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire,
What thou doſt ſoyſt vpon vs that is ould,
And rather make them borne to our deſire,
Then thinke that we before haue heard them tould :
Thy registers and thee I both deſie,
Not wondring at the preſent, nor the paſt,
For thy records, and what we ſee doth lye,
Made more or les by thy continuall haſt :
This I doe vow and this ſhall euer be,
I will be true diſpight thy ſyeth and thee.

CXXIV.

YF my deare loue were but the childe of ſtate,
It might for fortunes baſterd be vnfathered,
As ſubieſt to times loue, or to times hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd.

No

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

No it was buylded far from accident,
It suffers not in smilinge pomp, nor falls
Vnder the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto th'inuiting time our fashion calls :
It feares not policy that heriticke,
Which workes on leases of short numbred howers,
But all alone stands hugely pollitick,
That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with showres.
To this I witnes call the foles of time,
Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime.

CXXV.

WER 't ought to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,
Or layd great bases for eternity,
Which proues more short then waft or ruining ?
Haue I not seene dwellers on forme and fauor
Lose all, and more by paying too much rent
For compound sweet ; forgoing simple fauor,
Pittifull thriuors in their gazing spent.
Noe, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblacion, poore but free,
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
But mutuall render onely me for thee.
Hence, thou subbornd informer, a trew soule
When most impeacht, stands least in thy controule.

CXXVI.

O Thou my louely boy who in thy power,
Doeft hould times fickle glasse, his fickle, hower ;
Who hast by wayning growne, and therein shou'lt,
Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'lt.

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Do

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Do I enuie those iackes that nimble leape,
To kisse the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poore lips which should that haruest reape,
At the woods bouldnes by thee blushing stand.
To be so tikled they would change their state,
And situation with those dancing chips,
Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more blest then liuing lips,
Since fausie iackes so happy are in this,
Giue them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse.

CXXIX.

TH' expence of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust,
Is periurd, murdrous, blouddy full of blame,
Sauage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to trust,
Inioyd no sooner but dispised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated as a swallowed bayt.
On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
Made in pursut and in possession so,
Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame,
A blisse in prooffe and proud and very wo,
Before a ioy proposd behind a dreame,
All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
To shun the heauen that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

MY mistres eyes are nothing like the sunne,
Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
If snow be white, why then her brests are dun :
If haire be wiers, black wiers grow on her head :

I haue

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

I haue seene roses damaskt, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheekes,
And in some perfumes is there more delight,
Then in the breath that from my mistres reekes.
I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know,
That musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound :
I graunt I neuer saw a goddesse goe,
My mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground.
And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,
As any she belid with false compare.

CXXXI.

THOU art as tirannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruell :
For well thou know'st to my deare doting hart
Thou art the fairest and most precious iewell.
Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone ;
To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,
Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.
And to be sure that is not false I sweare
A thousand grones but thinking on thy face,
One on anothers necke do witnesse beare
Thy blacke is fairest in my iudgements place.
In nothing art thou blacke saue in thy deeds,
And thence this flaunder as I thinke proceeds.

CXXXII.

THINE eies I loue, and they as pittying me,
Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,
Haue put on black, and louing mourners bee,
Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine.

And

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

And truly not the morning sun of heauen
Better becomes the gray cheeks of th'east,
Nor that full starre that vsers in the eauen
Doth halfe that glory to the sober west
As those two morning eyes become thy face :
O let it then as well befeeme thy heart
To mourne for me since mourning doth thee grace,
And sute thy pittie like in euery part.

Then will I sweare beauty her selfe is blacke,
And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

CXXXIII.

BESHREW that heart that makes my heart to groane
For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me ;
I'ft not ynough to torture me alone,
But slaue to slavery my sweet'ft friend must be.
Me from my selfe thy cruell eye hath taken,
And my next selfe thou harder hast ingrossed,
Of him, my selfe, and thee I am forsaken,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed :
Poison my heart in thy steele bosomes warde,
But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,
Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde,
Thou canst not then vse rigor in my iaile.

And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

SO now I haue confest that he is thine,
And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will,
My selfe Ile forfeit, so that other mine,
Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still ;

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art couetous, and he is kinde,
 He learnd but suretie-like to write for me,
 Vnder that bond that him as fast doth binde.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou vsurer that put'st forth all to vse,
 And sue a friend, came debter for my sake,
 So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse.
 Him haue I lost, thou hast both him and me,
 He paies the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

WH O euer hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
 And *Will* too boote, and *Will* in ouer-plus,
 More then enough am I that vexe thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou whose will is large and spatious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,
 Shall will in others seeme right gracious,
 And in my will no faire acceptance shine :
 The sea all water, yet receiues raine still,
 And in aboundance addeth to his store,
 So thou beeing rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*,
 One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.
 Let no vnkinde, no faire beseechers kill,
 Thinke all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

IF thy soule check thee that I come so neere,
 Swear to thy blind soule that I was thy *Will*,
 And will thy soule knowes is admitted there.
 Thus farre for loue, my loue-fute sweet fullfill.

Will,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Will, will fulfill the treasure of thy loue,
I fill it full with wils, and my will one,
In things of great receipt with ease we prooue,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me passe vntold,
Though in thy stores account I one must be,
For nothing hold me so it please thee hold,
That nothing me, a some-thing sweet to thee.
Make but my name thy loue, and loue that still,
And then thou louest me for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

THOU blinde foole loue, what doost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold and see not what they see:
They know what beautie is, see where it lyes,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,
Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,
Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes,
Whereto the iudgement of my heart is tide?
Why should my heart thinke that a feuerall plot,
Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
To put faire truth vpon so foule a face,
In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

CXXXVIII.

WHEN my loue sweares that she is made of truth,
I do beleue her though I know she lyes,
That she might thinke me some vntuterd youth,
Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress :
But wherefore sayes she not she is vniust ?
And wherefore say not I that I am old ?
O loues best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told.
Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

CXXXIX.

O Call not me to iustifie the wrong,
That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tounge,
Vse power with power, and slay me not by art,
Tell me thou lou'st else-where ; but in my sight,
Deare heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,
What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might
Is more then my ore-prest defence can bide ?
Let me excuse thee, ah my loue well knowes,
Her prettie lookes haue beene mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turnes my foes,
That they else-where might dart their iniuries :
Yet do not so, but since I am neere slaine,
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

CXL.

BE wise as thou art cruell, do not presse
My tounge-tide patience with too much disdain :
Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse,
The manner of my pittie wanting paine.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

If I might teach thee witte better it weare,
Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me so,
As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere,
No newes but health from their phisitions know.
For if I should dispaire I should grow madde,
And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee,
Now this ill wresting world is growne so bad,
Madde slanderers by madde eares beleeued be.
That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde,
Beare thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe wide.

CXLI.

IN faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But 'tis my heart that loues what they dispise,
Who in dispight of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine eares with thy tounge tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be inuited
To any sensuall feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Diswade one foolish heart from seruing thee,
Who leaues vnswai'd the likenesse of a man,
Thy proud hearts slaue and vassall wretch to be:
Ouely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.

CXLII.

LOUE is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,
Hate of my sinne, grounded on sinfull louing,
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne state,
And thou shalt finde it merri'ts not reproofing,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress :
But wherefore sayes she not she is vniust ?
And wherefore say not I that I am old ?
O loues best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told.
Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

CXXXIX.

O Call not me to iustifie the wrong,
That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tounge,
Vse power with power, and slay me not by art,
Tell me thou lou'st else-where ; but in my sight,
Deare heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,
What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might
Is more then my ore-prest defence can bide ?
Let me excuse thee, ah my loue well knowes,
Her prettie lookes haue beene mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turnes my foes,
That they else-where might dart their iniuries :
Yet do not so, but since I am neere slaine,
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

CXL.

BE wise as thou art cruell, do not presse
My tounge-tide patience with too much disdain :
Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse,
The manner of my pittie wanting paine.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

If I might teach thee witte better it weare,
Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me so,
As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere,
No newes but health from their phisitions know.
For if I should dispaire I should grow madde,
And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee,
Now this ill wresting world is growne so bad,
Madde slanderers by madde eares beleeued be.
That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde,
Beare thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe wide.

CXLI.

IN faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But 'tis my heart that loues what they dispise,
Who in dispight of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine eares with thy tounge tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be inuited
To any sensuall feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Diswade one foolish heart from seruing thee,
Who leaues vnswai'd the likenesse of a man,
Thy proud hearts slaue and vassall wretch to be:
Ouely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.

CXLII.

LOUE is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,
Hate of my sinne, grounded on sinfull louing,
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne state,
And thou shalt finde it merri'ts not reproouing,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That haue prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seald false bonds of loue as oft as mine,
Robd others beds reuenues of their rents.
Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'st those.
Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee,
Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
Thy pittie may deserue to pittied bee.
If thou doost seeke to haue what thou doost hide,
By selfe example mai'st thou be denide.

CXLIII.

LOE as a carefull hufwife runnes to catch,
One of her fethered creatures broake away,
Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would haue stay:
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busie care is bent,
To follow that which flies before her face:
Not prizing her poore infants discontent;
So runst thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chace thee a farre behind,
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
And play the mothers part kisse me, be kind.
So will I pray that thou maist haue thy *Will*,
If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

CXLIV.

TWO loues I haue of comfort and dispaire,
Which like two spirits do fugiest me still,
The better angell is a man right faire:
The worser spirit a woman collour'd il.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

To win me soone to hell my femall euill,
Tempteth my better angel from my fight,
And would corrupt my faint to be a diuel:
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,
But being both from me both to each friend,
I gesse one angel in an others hel.
Yet this shal I nere know but liue in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

THOSE lips that loues owne hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said I hate,
To me that languisht for her sake:
But when she saw my wofull state,
Straight in her heart did mercie come,
Chiding that tongue that euer sweet,
Was vsde in giuing gentle dome:
And tought it thus a new to greete:
I hate she alterd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day,
Doth follow night who like a fiend
From heauen to hell is flowne away.
I hate, from hate away she threw,
And sau'd my life saying not you.

CXLVI.

POORE foule the center of my sinfull earth,
My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth
Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Why so large cost hauing so short a lease,
 Dost thou vpon thy fading mansion spend ?
 Shall wormes inheritors of this excesse,
 Eate vp thy charge ? is this thy bodies end ?
 Then soule liue thou vpon thy seruants losse,
 And let that pine to aggrauat thy store ;
 Buy tearmes diuine in selling houres of drosse :
 Within be fed, without be rich no more,
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

MY loue is as a feauer longing still,
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,
 Feeding on that which doth preferue the ill,
 Th'vncertaine scrcklie appetite to please :
 My reason the phisition to my loue,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approoue,
 Desire is death, which phisick did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantick madde with euer-more vnrest,
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,
 At randon from the truth vainely exprest.
 For I haue sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

CXLVIII.

O Me ! what eyes hath loue put in my head,
 Which haue no correspondence with true sight,
 Or if they haue, where is my iudgment fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright ?

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote,
What meanes the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then loue doth well denote,
Loues eye is not so true as all mens: no,
How can it? O how can loues eye be true,
That is so vext with watching and with teares?
No maruaile then though I mistake my view,
The sunne it selfe sees not, till heauen cleeres.
O cunning loue, with teares thou keepst me blinde,
Least eyes well seeing thy foule faults should finde.

CXLIX.

CANST thou O cruell, say I loue thee not,
When I against my selfe with thee pertake;
Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot
Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
On whom froun'st thou that I doe faune vpon,
Nay if thou lowr'st on me doe I not spend
Reuenge vpon my selfe with present mone?
What merrit do I in my selfe respect,
That is so proude thy seruice to dispise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,
Those that can see thou lou'st, and I am blind.

CL.

OH from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway,
To make me giue the lie to my true sight,
And swere that brightnesse doth not grace the day?

Whence

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Whence hast thou this becomming of things il,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds ?
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
The more I heare and see iust cause of hate,
Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state.
If thy vnworthinesse raisd loue in me,
More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

CLI.

LOU E is too young to know what conscience is,
Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of loue,
Then gentle cheater vrge not my amisse,
Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe proue.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my grosse bodies treason,
My soule doth tell my body that he may,
Triumph in loue, flesh staies no farther reason,
But ryding at thy name doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poore drudge to be
To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call,
Her loue, for whose deare loue I rise and fall.

CLII.

IN louing thee thou know'st I am forsworne,
But thou art twice forsworne to me loue swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
In vowing new hate after new loue bearing.

But

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,
When I breake twenty : I am periur'd most
For all my vowes are othes but to misuse thee :
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.
For I haue sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse :
Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie,
And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blindnesse,
Or made them fwere against the thing they see.
For I haue sworne thee faire : more periurde eye,
To fwere against the truth so foule a lie.

CLIII.

CVPID laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,
A maide of *Dyans* this aduantage found,
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly steepe
In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground :
Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,
A datelesse liuely heat still to indure,
And grew a seething bath which yet men proue,
Against strang malladies a foueraigne cure :
But at my mistres eie loues brand new fired
The boy for triall needes would touch my brest,
I sick withall the helpe of bath desired,
And thether hied a sad distemperd guest.
But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,
Where *Cupid* gor new fire ; my mistres eye.

CLIV.

THE little loue-god lying once a sleepe,
Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphes that vou'd chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,

The

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

The fayrest votary tooke up that fire,
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And so the generall of hot desire,
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a coole well by,
Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diseas'd, but I my mistrisse thrall,
Came there for cure and this by that I proue,
Loues fire heates water, water cooles not loue.

F I N I S.

A LOUERS

A

LOUERS COMPLAINT.

B Y

WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

FROM off a hill whose concaue wombe reworded,
A plaintfull story from a fistring vale
My spirrits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,
And downe I laid to list the sad tun'd tale,
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Storming her world with sorrowes, wind and raine.

Vpon her head a plattid hiue of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the funne,
Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw,
The carkas of a beauty spent and donne,
Time had not sithed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit, but spight of heauens fell rage,
Some beauty peept, through lettice of fear'd age.

Oft did she heaue her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited charecters :
Laundring the silken figures in the brine,
That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares,
And often reading what contents it beares :
As often shriking vndistinguisht wo,
In clamours of all size both high and low.

Some-times

A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

Some-times her leueld eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battry to the spheres intend :
Sometime diuerted their poore balls are tide,
To th'orbed earth ; sometimes they do extend,
Their view right on, anon their gages lend,
To euery place at once and no where fixt,
The mind and sight distractedly commxit.

Her haire nor loose nor ti'd in formall plat,
Proclaiemd in her a carelesse hand of pride ;
For some vntuck'd descended her sheu'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beside,
Some in her threedden fillet still did bide,
And trew to bondage would not breake from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand fauours from a maund she drew,
Of amber christall and of bedded iet,
Which one by one she in a riuer threw,
Vpon whose weeping margent she was set,
Like vsery applying wet to wet,
Or monarches hands that lets not bounty fall,
Where want cries some ; but where excesse begs all.

Of folded schedulls had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sighd, tore and gaue the flud,
Crackt many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchers in mud,
Found yet mo letters sadly pend in blood,
With sleided filke, feate and affectedly
Enswath'd and seald to curious secrecy.

These

A LOUERS COMPLAINT.

These often bath'd she in her fluxiue eies,
And often kist, and often gaue to teare,
Cried O false blood thou register of lies,
What vnapproued witnes doost thou beare !
Inke would haue seem'd more blacke and damned heare !
This said in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

A reuerend man that graz'd his cattell ny,
Sometime a blusterer that the ruffle knew
Of court of cittie, and had let go by
The swiftest houres obserued as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew :
And priuilegd by age desires to know
In breefe the grounds and motiues of her wo.

So slides he downe vppon his greyned bat ;
And comely distant sits he by her side,
When hee againe desires her, being fatte,
Her greeuance with his hearing to deuide :
If that from him there may be ought applied
Which may her suffering extasie assuage
Tis promist in the charitie of age.

Father she saies, though in mee you behold
The iniury of many a blasting houre ;
Let it not tell your iudgement I am old,
Not age, but sorrow, ouer me hath power ;
I might as yet haue bene a spreading flower
Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applyed
Loue to my selfe, and to no loue beside.

But

A LOUERS COMPLAINT.

But wo is mee, too early I attended
A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace ;
O one by natures outwards so commended,
That maidens eyes stucke ouer all his face,
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.
And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,
Shee was new lodg'd and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,
And euery light occasion of the wind
Vpon his lippes their silken parcels hurles,
Whats sweet to do, to do wil aptly find,
Each eye that saw him did inchaunt the minde :
For on his visage was in little drawne,
What largeness thinks in parradise was fawne.

Smal shew of man was yet vpon his chinne,
His phenix downe began but to appeare
Like vnshorne veluet, on that termlesse skin
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were.
Yet shewed his visage by that cost more deare,
And nice affections wauering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beautious as his forme,
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free ;
Yet if men mou'd him, was he such a storme
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,
When windes breath sweet, vnruely though they bee.
His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did liuery falsenesse in a pride of truth.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say
That horse his mettell from his rider takes
Proud of subiection, noble by the swaie,
What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he makes
And controuersie hence a question takes
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his mannad'g, by'th wel doing steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went,
His reall habitude gaue life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplisht in him-selfe not in his case :
All ayds them-selues made fairer by their place,
Can for addicions, yet their purpos'd trimme
Peec'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kinde of arguments and question deepe,
Al replication prompt, and reason strong
For his aduantage still did wake and sleep,
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter wespe :
He had the dialect and different skil,
Catching al passions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general bosome raigne
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine
In personal duty, following where he haunted,
Consent's bewicht, ere he desire haue granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

A LOUERS COMPLAINT.

Many there were that did his picture gette
To serue their eies, and in it put their mind,
Like fooles that in th' imagination set
The goodly obiects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them,
Then the true gouty landlord which doth owe them,

So many haue that neuer toucht his hand
Sweetly suppos'd them mistresse of his heart :
My wofull selfe that did in freedome stand,
And was my owne fee simple (not in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Referu'd the stalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did
Demaund of him, nor being desired yeelded,
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde,
With safest distance I mine honour sheelded,
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded,
Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile
Of this false iewell, and his amorous spoile.

But ah who euer shun'd by precedent,
The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay,
Or forc'd examples gainst her owne content
To put the by-past perrils in her way ?
Counsaile may stop a while what will not stay :
For when we rage, advise is often seene
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

Nor giues it fatisfaction to our blood,
That wee must curbe it vppon others prooffe ;
To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good,
For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe ;
O appetite from iudgement stand aloofe !
The one a pallate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weepe and cry it is thy last.

For further I could say this mans vntrue,
And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling,
Heard where his plants in other orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guilded in his smiling,
Knew vowes, were euer brokers to defiling,
Thought characters and words meerly but art,
And bastards of his foule adulterat heart.

And long vpon these termes I held my citty,
Till thus hee gan besiege me : gentle maid
Haue of my suffering youth some feeling pittie
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,
Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said,
For feasts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto
Till now did nere inuite nor neuer vow.

All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood none of the mind :
Loue made them not, with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor trew nor kind,
They fought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much lesse of shame in me remaines,
By how much of me their reproch containes.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

Among the many that mine eyes haue seene,
Not one whose flame my hart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to th, smallest teene,
Or any of my leifures euer charmed,
Harne haue I done to them but nere was harmed,
Kept hearts in lieries, but mine owne was free,
And raignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood :
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of greefe and blushes, aptly vnderstood
In bloodlesse white, and the encrimson'd mood,
Effects of terror and deare modesty,
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And lo behold these tallents of their heir,
With twisted mettle amorously empleacht
I haue receau'd from many a feuerall faire,
Their kind acceptance, wepingly beseecht,
With th'annexions of faire gems inricht,
And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie
Each stoness deare nature, worth and quallity.

The Diamond ? why twas beautifull and hard,
Whereto his inuis'd properties did tend,
The deepe greene emerald in whose fresh regard,
Weake sights their sickly radience do amend.
The heauen hewd saphir and the opall blend
With obiects manifold ; each feuerall stone,
With wit well blazond smil'd or made some mone.

A LOUERS COMPLAINT.

Lo all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiu'd and subdew'd desires the tender,
Nature hath chargd me that I hoord them not,
But yeeld them vp where I my selfe must render :
That is to you my origin and ender :
For these of force must your oblations be,
Since I their aulter, you en patrone me.

Oh then aduance (of yours) that phrafeles hand,
Whose white weighes downe the airy scale of praise,
Take all these similies to your owne command,
Hollowed with sighes that burning lunges did raise :
What me your minister for you obaies
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes
Their distract parcells, in combined summes.

Lo this deuice was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest hauings made the blossoms dote,
For she was fought by spirits of ritcheft cote,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remoue,
To spend her liuing in eternall loue.

But oh my sweet what labour ist to leaue,
The thing we haue not, mastring what not striues,
Playing the place which did no forme receiue,
Playing patient sports in vnconstrained giues,
She that her fame so to her selfe contriues.
The scarres of battaile scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

A LOUERS COMPLAINT.

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true,
The accident which brought me to her eie,
Vpon the moment did her force subdewe,
And now she would the caged cloister flie :
Religious loue put out religions eye :
Not to be tempted would she be enur'd,
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How mightie then you are, oh heare me tell,
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well :
And mine I powre your ocean all amonge :
I strong ore them and you ore me being strong,
Must for your victorie vs all congest,
As compound loue to phisick your cold brest.

My parts had powre to charme a sacred funne,
Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,
Beleeu'd her eies, when they t'assaile begun,
All vowes and consecrations giuing place :
O most potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor space
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine
For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impressst what are precepts worth
Of stale example ? when thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame,
Loues armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst fence, gainst shame
And sweetens in the suffering pangues it beares,
The *Alloes* of all forces, shockes and feares.

Now

A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend,
Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,
And supplicant their sighes to you extend
To leaue the battrie that you make gainst mine,
Lending soft audience, to my sweet designe,
And credent soule, to that strong bonded oth,
That shall preferre and vndertake my troth.

This said, his watrie eies he did dismount,
Whose sightes till then were leaueld on my face,
Each cheeke a riuer running from a fount,
With brynish currant dowe-ward flowed a pace :
Oh how the channell to the streame gaue grace !
Who glaz'd with christall gate the glowing roses,
That flame through water which their hew incloses.

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
In the small orb of one perticular teare ?
But with the invndation of the eies :
What rocky heart to water will not weare ?
What brest so cold that is not warmed heare,
Or cleft effect, cold modesty hot wrath :
Both fire from hence, and chill extinc'ture hath.

For loe his passion but an art of craft,
Euen there resolu'd my reason into teares,
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shooke off my sober gardes, and ciuill feares,
Appeare to him as he to me appeares :
All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

A LOUERS COMPLAINT.

In him a plentitude of subtile matter,
Applied to cautills, all straining formes receiues,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or sounding palenesse : and he takes and leaues,
In eithers aptnesse as it best deceiues :
To blush at speeches ranck, to weepe at woes
Or to turne white and found at tragick shoves.

That not a heart which in his leuell came,
Could scape the haile of his all hurting ayme,
Shewing fair nature is both kinde and tame :
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maime,
Against the thing he fought, he would exclaime,
When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie,
He preacht pure maide, and praisd cold chastitie.

Thus meere with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed feind he couerd,
That th' vnexperient gaue the tempter place,
Which like a cherubin aboue them houer'd,
Who young and simple would not be so louerd.
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,
What I should doe againe for such a fake.

O that infected moysture of his eye,
O that false fire which in his cheeke so glowd :
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye
O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestowed,
O all that borrowed motion seeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,
And new peruert a reconciled maide.

F I N I S.

THE TRUE
CHRONICLE HISTORY
OF
KING LEIR,
AND

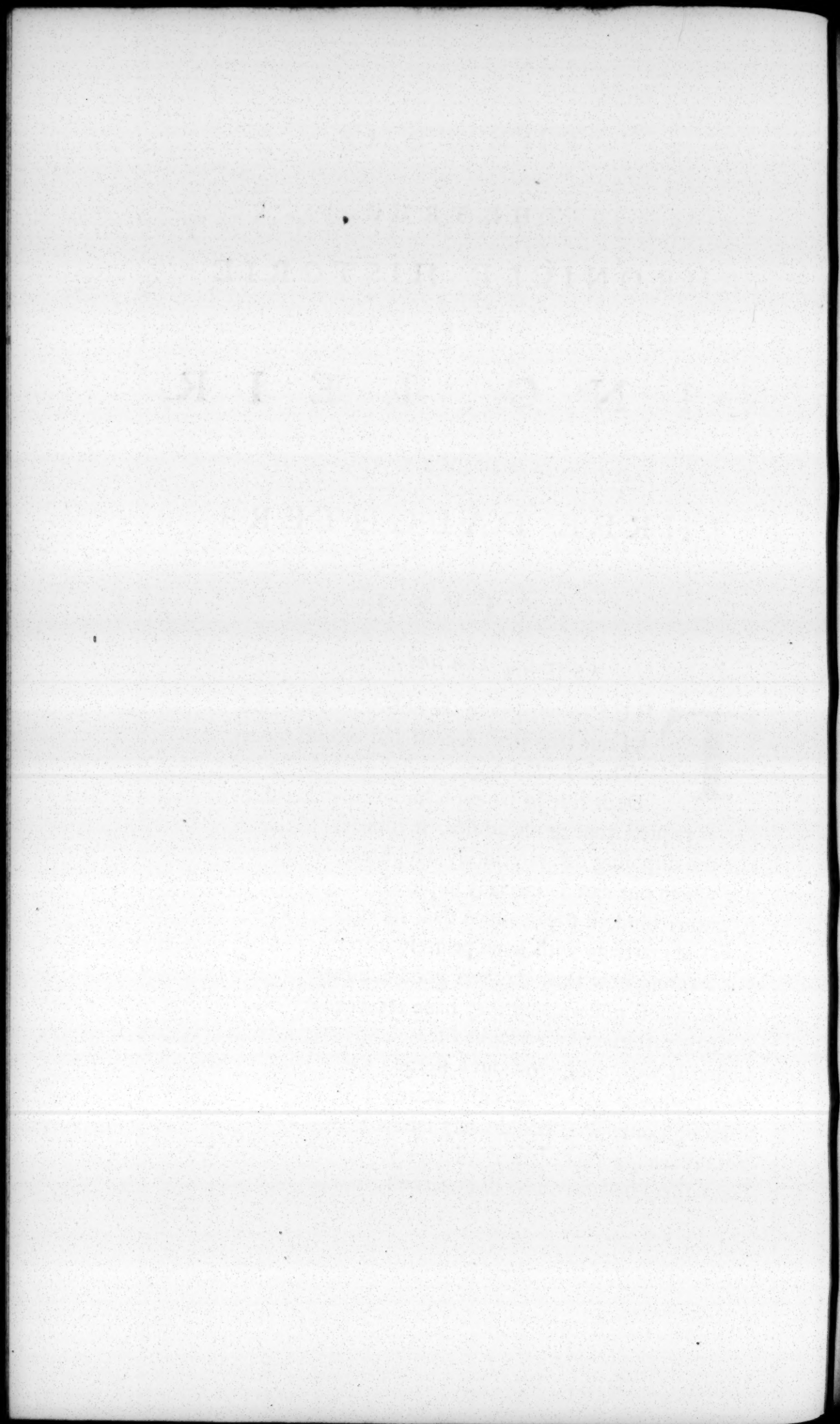
HIS THREE DAUGHTERS,
GONORILL, RAGAN, and CORDELLA.

As it hath bene diuers and fundry times lately acted.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *Simon Stafford* for *John Wright*, and are to bee
sold at his shop at Christes church dore, next *Newgate-*
market. 1605.



THE TRUE
CHRONICLE HISTORIE
OF
K I N G L E I R
AND HIS
THREE DAUGHTERS.

A C T V S I.

Enter king Leir and nobles.

THUS to our grieve the obsequies performd
Of our (too late) decest and dearest queen,
Whose soule I hope, posselt of heauēly ioyes,
Doth ride in triumph 'mōgst the cherubins ;

Let vs request your graue aduice, my lords,
For the disposing of our princely daughters,
For whom our care is specially imployd,
As nature bindeth to aduaunce their states,
In royall marriage with some princely mates :
For wanting now their mothers good aduice,
Vnder whose gouernment they haue receyued
A perfit patterne of a vertuous life :
Left as it were a ship without a sterne,
Or silly sheepe without a pastors care ;
Although our selues doe dearely tender them,
Yet are we ignorant of their affayres :
For fathers best do know to gouerne sonnes ;

But

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

But daughters steps the mothers counsell turnes.
A sonne we want for to succeed our crowne,
And course of time hath cancelled the date
Of further issue from our withered loynes:
One foote already hangeth in the graue,
And age hath made deepe furrowes in my face:
The world of me, I of the world am weary,
And I would fayne resigne these earthly cares,
And thinke vpon the welfare of my soule:
Which by no better meanes may be effected,
Then by resigning vp the crowne from me.
In equall dowry to my daughters three.

Skalliger. A worthy care, my liege, which well declares,
The zeale you bare vnto our *quondam* queene:
And since your grace hath licens'd me to speake,
I censure thus; your maiesty knowing well,
What feuerall suters your princely daughters haue,
To make them eche a ioynter more or lesse,
As is their worth, to them that loue professe.

Leir. No more, nor lesse, but euen all alike,
My zeale is fixt, all fashiond in one mould:
Wherefore vnpartiall shall my censure be,
Both old and young shall haue alike for me,

Nobl. My gracious lord, I hartily do wish,
That God had lent you an heyre indubitate,
Which might haue set vpon your royall throne,
When fates should loose the prision of your life,
By whose succession all this doubt might cease;
And as by you, by him we might haue peace.
But after-wishes euer come too late,
And nothing can reuoke the course of fate:
Wherefore, my liege, my censure deemes it best,
To match them with some of your neighbour kings,
Bordring within the bounds of *Albion*,

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

By whose vnited friendship, this our state
May be protected 'gainst all forrayne hate.

Leir. Herein, my lords, your wishes fort with mine,
And mine (I hope) do fort with heauenly powers :
For at this instant two neere neyghbouring kings,
Of *Cornwall* and of *Cambria*, motion loue
To my two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*.
My youngest daughter, fayre *Cordella*, vowes
No liking to a monarch, vnlesse loue allowes.
She is sollicitated by diuers peeres ;
But none of them her partiall fancy heares.
Yet, if my policy may her beguyle,
Ile match her to some king within this ile,
And so establish such a perfit peace,
As fortunes force shall ne're preuaile to cease.

Perillus. Of vs and ours, your gracious care, my lord,
Deserues an euerlasting memory,
To be inrol'd in chronicles of fame,
By neuer-dying perpetuity :
Yet to become so prouident a prince,
Lose not the title of a louing father :
Do not force loue, where fancy cannot dwell,
Lest streames being stopt, aboue the banks do swell.

Leir. I am resolu'd, and euen now my mind
Doth meditate a sudden stratagem,
To try which of my daughters loues me best :
Which till I know, I cannot be in rest.
This graunted, when they ioyntly shall contend,
Eche to exceed the other in their loue :
Then at the vantage will I take *Cordella*,
Euen as she doth protest she loues me best,
Ile say, then, daughter, graunt me one request,
To shew thou louest me as thy sisters doe,
Accept a husband, whom my selfe will woo.

This

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

This sayd, she cannot well deny my sute,
Although (poore soule) her fences will be mute :
Then will I tryumph in my policy,
And match her with a king of *Brittany*.

Skal. Ile to them before, and bewray your secrecy.

Per. Thus fathers think their children to beguile,
And oftentimes themselues do first repent,
When heauenly powers do frustrate their intent.

Exeunt.

Enter *Gonorill* and *Ragan*.

Gon. I maruell, *Ragan*, how you can indure
To see that proud pert peat, our youngest sister,
So slightly to account of vs, her elders,
As if we were no better then her selfe !
We cannot haue a quaynt deuice so soone,
Or new made fashion, of our choyce inuention ;
But if she like it, she will haue the same,
Or study newer to exceed vs both.
Besides, she is so nice and so demure ;
So sober, courteous, modest, and precise,
That all the court hath work ynough to do,
To talke how she exceedeth me and you.

Ra. What should I do ? would it were in my power,
To find a cure for this contagious ill :
Some desperate medicine must be soone applyed,
To dimme the glory of her mounting fame ;
Els ere't be long, sheele haue both prick and praise,
And we must be set by for working dayes.
Doe you not see what feuerall choyce of suters
She daily hath, and of the best degree ?
Say, amongst all, she hap to fancy one,
And haue a husband when as we haue none :

Why

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Why then, by right, to her we must giue place,
Though it be ne're so much to our disgrace.

Gon. By my virginity, rather then she shall haue
A husband before me,
Ile marry one or other in his shirt :

And yet I haue made halfe a graunt already
Of my good will vnto the king of *Cornwall*.

Ra. Swear not so deeply (sister) here cometh my **L.**

Skalliger.

Something his hasty comming doth import.

Enter Skal.

Skal. Sweet princesses, I am glad I met you heere so luckily,
Hauing good newes which doth concerne you both,
And craueth speedy expedition.

Ra. For Gods sake tell vs what it is, my lord,
I am with child vntill you vtter it.

Skal. Madam, to saue your longing, this it is :
Your father in great secrecy to day,
Told me, he meanes to marry you out of hand,
Vnto the noble prince of *Cambria* ;
You, madam, to the king of *Cornwalls* grace :
Your yonger sister he would fayne bestow
Vpon the rich king of *Hibernia* :
But that he doubts, she hardly will consent ;
For hitherto she ne're could fancy him.
If she do yeeld, why then, betweene you three,
He will deuide his kingdome for your dowries.
But yet there is a further mystery,
Which, so you will conceale, I will disclose.

Gon. What e're thou speakst to vs, kind *Skalliger*,
Thinke that thou speakst it only to thy selfe.

Skal.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Skal. He earnestly desireth for to know,
Which of you three do beare most loue to him,
And on your loues he so extremely dotes,
As neuer any did, I thinke, before.
He presently doth meane to send for you,
To be resolu'd of this tormenting doubt :
And looke, whose answere pleaseth him the best,
They shall haue most vnto their marriages.

Ra. O that I had some pleasing mermayds voyce,
For to inchaunt his fencelesse fences with !

Skal. For he supposeth that *Cordella* will
(Striuing to go beyond you in her loue)
Promise to do what euer he desires :
Then will he straight enioyne her for his sake,
The *Hibernian* king in marriage for to take.
This is the summe of all I haue to say ;
Which being done, I humbly take my leaue,
Not doubting but your wisdomes will foresee,
What course will best vnto your good agree.

Gon. Thanks, gentle *Skalliger*, thy kindnes vnderuewed,
Shall not be vnrequited, if we liue.

Exit Skalliger.

Ra. Now haue we fit occasion offred vs,
To be reueng'd vpon her vnpercey'd.

Gon. Nay, our reuenge we will inflict on her,
Shall be accounted piety in vs :
I will so flatter with my doting father,
As he was ne're so flattred in his life.
Nay, I will say, that if it be his pleasure,
To match me to a begger, I will yeeld :
For why, I know what euer I do say,
He meanes to match me with the *Cornwall* king.

Ra. Ile say the like : for I am well assured,
What e're I say to please the old mans mind,

Who

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Who dotes, as if he were a child agayne,
I shall inioy the noble *Cambrian* prince:
Only, to feed his humour, will suffice,
To say, I am content with any one
Whom heele appoynt me; this will please him more.
Then e're *Apolloes* musike pleased *Ioue*,

Gon. I smile to think, in what a wofull plight
Cordella will be, when we answere thus:
For she will rather dye, then giue consent
To ioyne in marriage with the *Irish* king:
So will our father think, she loueth him not,
Because she will not graunt to his desire,
Which we will aggrauate in such bitter termes,
That he will soone conuert his loue to hate:
For he, you know, is alwayes in extremes.

Rag. Not all the world could lay a better plot,
I long till it be put in practice.

Exeunt.

Enter Leir and Perillus.

Leir. *Perillus*, go seeke my daughters,
Will them immediately come and speak with me.

Per. I will, my gracious lord.

Exit.

Leir. Oh, what a combat feeles my panting heart,
'Twixt childrens loue, and care of common weale!
How deare my daughters are vnto my soule,
None knowes, but he, that knowes my thoughts and secret
deeds.

Ah, little do they know the deare regard,
Wherein I hold their future state to come:
When they securely sleepe on beds of downe,
These aged eyes do watch for their behalfe:
While they like wantons sport in youthfull toyes,
This throbbing heart is pearst with dire annoyas.
As doth the sun exceed the smallest starre,
So much the fathers loue exceeds the childs.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Yet my complaynts are causlesse: for the world
Affords not children more conformable:
And yet, me thinks, my mind presageth still
I know not what; and yet I feare some ill.

Enter Perillus, with the three daughters.

Well, here my daughters come: I haue found out
A present meanes to rid me of this doubt.

Gon. Our royall lord and father, in all duty,
We come to know the tenour of your will,
Why you so hastily haue sent for vs.

Leir. Deare *Gonorill*, kind *Ragan*, sweet *Cordella*,
Ye flourishing branches of a kingly stocke,
Sprung from a tree that once did flourish greene,
Whose blossomes now are nipt with winters frost,
And pale grym death doth wayt vpon my steps,
And summons me vnto his next affizes.

Therefore, deare daughters, as ye tender the safety
Of him that was the cause of your first being,
Resolue a doubt which much molests my mind,
Which of you three to me would proue most kind;
Which loues me most, and which at my request
Will soonest yeeld vnto their fathers heft.

Gon. I hope, my gracious father makes no doubt
Of any of his daughters loue to him:
Yet for my part, to shew my zeale to you,
Which cannot be in windy words rehearst,
I prize my loue to you at such a rate,
I thinke my life inferiour to my loue.
Should you inioyne me for to tye a milstone
About my neck, and leape into the sea,
At your commaund I willingly would doe it:
Yea, for to doe you good, I would ascend

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

The highest turret in all *Brittany*,
And from the top leape headlong to the ground :
Nay, more, should you appoynt me for to marry
The meanest vassayle in the spacious world,
Without reply I would accomplish it :
In briebe, commaund what euer you desire,
And if I fayle, no fauour I require.

Leir. O, how thy words reuiue my dying soule !

Cor. O, how I doe abhorre this flattery !

Leir. But what sayth *Ragan* to her fathers will ?

Rag. O, that my simple vtterance could suffice,
To tell the true intention of my heart,
Which burnes in zeale of duty to your grace,
And neuer can be quench'd, but by desire
To shew the same in outward forwardnesse.
Oh, that there were some other mayd that durst
But make a challenge of her loue with me ;
Ide make her soone confesse she neuer loued
Her father halfe so well as I doe you.
I then, my deeds should proue in playner case,
How much my zeale aboundeth to your grace :
But for them all, let this one meane suffice.
To ratify my loue before your eyes :
I haue right noble suters to my loue,
No worfe then kings, and happely I loue one :
Yet, would you haue me make my choyce anew,
Ide bridle fancy, and be rulde by you.

Leir. Did neuer *Philomel* sing so sweet a note.

Cord. Did neuer flatterer tell so false a tale.

Leir. Speak now, *Cordella*, make my ioyes at full,
And drop downe nectar from thy hony lips.

Cor. I cannot paynt my duty forth in words,
I hope my deeds shall make report for me :

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

But looke what loue the child doth owe the father,
The same to you I beare, my gracious lord.

Gon. Hete is an answere answerlesse indeed:
Were you my daughter, I should scarcely brooke it.

Rag. Dost thou not blush, proud peacock as thou art,
To make our father such a slight reply?

Leir. Why how now, minion, are you growne so proud?
Doth our deare loue make you thus peremptory?
What, is your loue become so small to vs,
As that you scorne to tell vs what it is?
Do you loue vs, as euery child doth loue
Their father? True indeed, as some,
Who by disobedience short their fathers dayes,
And so would you; some are so father-sick,
That they make meanes to rid them from the world;
And so would you: some are indifferent,
Whether their aged parents liue or dye;
And so are you. But, didst thou know, proud gyrl,
What care I had to foster thee to this,
Ah, then thou wouldst say as thy sisters do:
Our life is lesse, then loue we owe to you.

Cord. Deare father, do not so mistake my words,
Nor my playne meaning be misconstrued;
My tounge was neuer vsde to flattery.

Gon. You were not best say I flatter: if you do,
My deeds shall shew, I flatter not with you.
I loue my father better then thou canst.

Cor. The prayse were great, spoke from anothers mouth:
But it should seeme your neighbours dwell far off.

Rag. Nay; here is one, that will confirme as much
As she hath sayd, both for my selfe and her.
I say, thou dost not wish my fathers good.

Cord. Deare father.—

Leir.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Leir. Peace, bastard impe, no issue of king *Leir*,
I will not heare thee speake one tittle more.
Call not me father, if thou loue thy life,
Nor these thy sisters once presume to name :
Looke for no helpe henceforth from me or mine ;
Shift as thou wilt, and trust vnto thy selfe :
My kingdome will I equally deuide
'Twixt thy two sisters to their royall dowre,
And will bestow them worthy their deserts :
This done, because thou shalt not haue the hope,
To haue a childs part in the time to come,
I presently will dispossesse my selfe,
And set vp these vpon my princely throne.

Gon. I euer thought that pride would haue a fall.

Ra. Plaine dealing, sister : your beauty is so sheene,
You need no dowry, to make you be a queene.

Exeunt Leir, Gonorill, Ragan.

Cord. Now whither, poore forsaken, shall I goe,
When mine owne sisters triumph in my woe ?
But vnto him which doth protect the iust,
In him will poore *Cordella* put her trust.
These hands shall labour, for to get my spending ;
And so Ile liue vntill my dayes haue ending.

Per. Oh, how I grieue, to see my lord thus fond,
To dote so much vpon vayne flattering words.
Ah, if he but with good aduice had weyghed,
The hidden tenure of her humble speech,
Reason to rage should not haue giuen place,
Nor poore *Cordella* suffer such disgrace.

Exit.

Enter the Gallian king with Mumford, and three nobles more.

King. Disswade me not, my lords, I am resolu'd,
This next fayre wynd to sayle for *Brittany*,

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

In some disguise, to see if flying fame
Be not too prodigall in the wondrous prayse
Of these three nymphes, the daughters of king *Leir*.
If present view do answere absent prayse,
And eyes allow of what our eares haue heard,
And *Venus* stand auspicious to my vowes,
And fortune fauour what I take in hand ;
I will returne seyz'd of as rich a prize
As *Iason*, when he wanne the golden fleece.

Mum. Heauens graūt you may ; the match were ful of
honor,

And well beseeming the young *Gallian* king.
I would your grace would fauour me so much,
As make me partner of your pilgrimage.
I long to see the gallant *Brittish* dames,
And fked mine eyes vpon their rare perfections :
For till I know the contrary, Ile say,
Our dames in *Fraunce* are far more fayre then they.

Kin. Lord *Mumford*, you haue saued me a labour,
In offring that which I did meane to aske :
And I most willingly accept your oompany.
Yet first I will inioyne you to obserue
Some few conditions which I shall propose.

Mum. So that you do not tye mine eyes for looking
After the amorous glaunces of fayre dames :
So that you do not tye my tounge from speaking,
My lips from kissing when occasion serues,
My hands from congees, and my knees to bow
To gallant gyrles ; which were a taske more hard,
Then flesh and bloud is able to indure :
Commaund what else you please, I rest content.

Kin. To bind thee from a thing thou canst not leaue,
Were but a meane to make thee seeke it more :
And therefore speake, looke, kisse, salute for me ;

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

In these my selfe am like to second thee.
Now heare thy taske. I charge thee from the time
That first we set-fayle for the *Brittish* shore,
To vse no words of dignity to me,
But in the friendliest manner that thou canst,
Make vse of me as thy companion :
For we will go disguisde in palmers weeds,
That no man shall mistrust vs what we are.

Mum. If that be all, Ile fit your turne I warrant you. I
am some kin to the *Blunts*, and I think, the bluntest of all my
kindred; therefore if I bee too blunt with you, thanke your
selfe for praying me to be so.

King. Thy pleasant company will make the way seeme short.
It resteth now, that in my absence hence,
I do commit the gouernment to you
My trusty lords and faythfull counsellors.
Time cutteth off the rest I haue to say :
The wynd blowes fayre, and I must needs away.

Nobles. Heauens send your voyage to as good effect,
As we your land do purpose to protect. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the king of Cornwall and his man booted and spurred, a
riding wand, and a letter in his hand.*

Corn. But how far distant are we from the court ?

Ser. Some twenty miles, my lord, or thereabouts.

Corn. It seemeth to me twenty thousand myles :

Yet hope I to be there within this houre. *To himselfe.*

Ser. Then are you like to ride alone for me.
I thinke my lord is weary of his life.

Corn. Sweet *Gonorill*, I long to see thy face,
Which hast so kindly gratified my loue.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

*Enter the king of Cambria booted and spurred, and his man with
a wand and a letter.*

Cam. Get a fresh horse : for by my soule I sweare,

He lookes on the letter.

I am past patience, longer to forbear
The wished sight of my beloued mistris,
Deare *Ragan*, stay and comfort of my life.

Ser. Now what in Gods name doth my lord intend ?

To himselfe.

He thinks he ne're shall come at's iourneyes end.
I would he had old *Dedalus* waxen wings,
That he might flye, so I might stay behind :
For e're we get to *Troynouant*, I see,
He quite will tyre himselfe, his horse and me.

*Cornwall and Cambria looke one vpon another, and start to
see eche other there..*

Corn. Brother of *Cambria*, we greet you well,
As one whom here we little did expect.

Cam. Brother of *Cornwall*, met in happy time :
I thought as much to haue met with the souldan of *Persia*,
As to haue met you in this place, my lord.
No doubt, it is about some great affayres,
That makes you here so slenderly accompanied.

Corn. To say the truth, my lord, it is no lesse,
And for your part some hasty wind of chance
Hath blowne you hither thus vpon the sudden.

Cam. My lord, to break off further circumstances,
For at this time I cannot brooke delays :
Tell you your reason, I will tell you mine.

Corn.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Corn. In fayth content, and therefore to be briefe;
For I am fure my hafte's as great as yours :
I am fent for, to come vnto king *Leir*,
Who by thefe present letters promifeth
His eldeft daughter, louely *Gonorill*,
To me in mariage, and for present dowry,
The moiety of halfe his regiment.
The ladies loue I long ago poffefft :
But vntill now I neuer had the fathers.

Cam. You tell me wonders, yet I will relate
Strange newes, and henceforth we muft brothers call ;
Witneffe thefe lynes : his honourable age,
Being weary of the troubles of his crowne,
His princely daughter *Ragan* will beftow
On me in mariage, with halfe his feignories,
Whom I would gladly haue accepted of,
With the third part, her complements are fuch.

Corn. If I haue one halfe, and you haue the other,
Then betweene vs we muft needs haue the whole.

Cam. The hole ! how meane you that ? zlood, I hope,
We fhall haue two holes betweene vs,

Corn. Why, the whole kingdome.

Cam. I, that's very true.

Cor. What then is left for his third daughters dowry,
Louely *Cordella*, whom the world admires ?

Cam. Tis very ftrange, I know not what to thinke,
Vnleffe they meane to make a nunne of her.

Corn. 'Twere pity fuch rare beauty fhould be hid
Within the compaffe of a cloyfters wall :
But howfoe're, if *Leirs* words proue true,
It will be good, my lord, for me and you.

Cam. Then let vs hafte, all danger to preuent,
For feare delayes doe alter his intent.

Exeunt.

Enter

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Enter Gonorill and Ragan.

Gon. Sister, when did you see *Cordella* last,
That pretty piece, that thinks none good ynough
To speake to her, because (sir-reuerence)
She hath a little beauty extraordinary ?

Ra. Since time my father warnd her from his presence,
I neuer saw her, that I can remember.
God giue her ioy of her surpassing beauty ;
I thinke, her dowry will be small ynough.

Gon. I haue incenst my father so against her,
As he will neuer be reclaymd agayne.

Rag. I was not much behind to do the like.

Gon. Faith, sister, what moues you to beare her such good
will ?

Rag. In truth, I thinke, the same that moueth you ;
Because she doth surpasse vs both in beauty.

Gon. Beshrew your fingers, how right you can gesse :
I tell you true, it cuts me to the heart.

Rag. But we will keepe her low enough, I warrant,
And clip her wings for mounting vp too hye.

Gon. Who euer hath her, shall haue a rich mariage of her.

Rag. She were right fit to make a parsons wife :
For they, men say, do loue faire women well,
And many times doe marry them with nothing.

Gon. With nothing ! marry God forbid : why, are there
any such.

Rag. I meane, no money.

Gon. I cry you mercy, I mistooke you much :
And she is far too stately for the church ;
Sheele lay her husbands benefice on her back,
Euen in one gowne, if she may haue her will.

Ra. In faith, poore soule, I pittie her a little.
Would she were lesse fayre, or more fortunate.

Well

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Well, I thinke long vntill I see my *Morgan*,
The gallant prince of *Cambria*, here arriue.

Gon. And so do I, vntill the *Cornwall* king
Present himselfe, to consummate my ioyes.
Peace, here, commeth my father.

Enter Leir, Perillus and others.

Leir. Cease, good my lords, and sue not to reuerse
Our censure, which is now irreuocable,
We haue dispatched letters of contract
Vnto the kings of *Cambria* and of *Cornwall*;
Our hand and seale will iustify no lesse :
Then do not so dishonour me, my lords,
As to make shipwrack of our kingly word.
I am as kind as is the pellican,
That kills it selfe, to faue her young ones liues :
And yet as ielous as the princely eagle,
That kills her young ones, if they do but dazell
Vpon the radiant splendor of the sunne.
Within this two dayes I expect their coming.

Enter kings of Cornwall and Cambria.

But in good time, they are arriu'd already.
This haste of yours, my lords, doth testify
The feruent loue you beare vnto my daughters :
And think your selues as welcome to king *Leir*,
As euer *Pryams* children were to him.

Corn. My gracious lord, and father too, I hope,
Pardon, for that I made no greater haste :
But were my horse as swift as was my will,
I long ere this had seene your maiesty.

Cam. No other scuse of absence can I frame,

Then

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Then what my brother hath inform'd your grace:
For our vnderferued welcome, we do vowe,
Perpetually to rest at your commaund.

Corn. But you, sweet loue, illustrious *Gonorill*,
The regent, and the foueraigne of my soule,
Is *Cornwall* welcome to your excellency?

Gon. As welcome, as *Leander* was to *Hero*,
Or braue *Aeneas* to the *Carthage* queene:
So and more welcome is your grace to me.

Cam. O, may my fortune proue no worse then his,
Since heauens do know, my fancy is as much.
Deare *Ragan*, say, if welcome vnto thee,
All welcomes else will little comfort me.

Rag. As gold is welcome to the couetous eye,
As sleepe is welcome to the traueller,
As is fresh water to sea-beaten men,
Or moystned showres vnto the parched ground,
Or any thing more welcomer then this,
So and more welcome louely *Morgan* is.

Leir. What resteth then, but that we consummate,
The celebration of these nuptiall rites?
My kingdome I do equally deuide.
Princes, draw lots, and take your chaunce as falles.

Then they draw lots.

These I resigne as freely vnto you,
As earst by true succession they were mine.
And here I do freely dispossesse my selfe,
And make you two my true adopted heyres:
My selfe will soiorne with my sonne of *Cornwall*,
And take me to my prayers and my beades.
I know, my daughter *Ragan* will be sorry,
Because I do not spend my dayes with her:
Would I were able to be with both at once;
They are the kindest gyrls in *Christendome*.

Per.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Per. I haue bin silent all this while, my lord,
To see if any worthyer then my selfe,
Would once haue spoke in poore *Gordellaes* cause :
But loue or feare tyes silence to their tounge.
Oh, heare me speake for her, my gracious lord,
Whose deeds haue not deseru'd this ruthlesse doome,
As thus to disinherit her of all.

Leir. Vrge this no more, and if thou loue thy life :
I say, she is no daughter, that doth scorne
To tell her father how she loueth him.
Who euer speaketh hereof to mee agayne,
I will esteeme him for my mortall foe.
Come, let vs in, to celebrate with ioy,
The happy nuptialls of these louely payres.

Exeunt omnes, manet Perillus.

Per. Ah, who so blind, as they that will not see
The neere approach of their owne misery ?
Poore lady, I extremely pittie her :
And whilest I liue, eche drop of my heart blood,
Will I strayne forth, to do her any good. *Exit.*

Enter the Gallian king, and Mumford, disguised like pilgrims.

Mum. My lord, how do you brook this *Brittish* ayre ?

King. My lord ? I told you of this foolish humour,
And bound you to the contrary, you know.

Mum. Pardon me for once, my lord ; I did forget.

King. My lord agayne ? then let's haue nothing else,
And so be tane for spyes, and then tis well.

Mum. Swounds, I could bite my tounge in two for anger :
For Gods sake name yourselfe some proper name.

King. Call me *Trefillus* : Ile call thee *Denapoll*.

Mum. Might I be made the monarch of the world,
I could not hit vpon these names, I sweare.

King.

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King. Then call me *Will*, Ile call thee *Iacke*.

Mum. Well, be it so, for I haue well deseru'd to be cal'd
Iack.

King. Stand close ; for here a *Brittish* lady cōmeth :

Enter Cordella.

A fayrer creature ne're mine eyes beheld.

Cord. This is a day of ioy vnto my sisters,
Wherein they both are married vnto kings ;
And I, by byrth, as worthy as themselues,
Am turnd into the world, to seeke my fortune.
How may I blame the fickle queene of chaunce,
That maketh me a patterne of her power ?
Ah, poore weake mayd, whose imbecility
Is far vnable to indure these brunts.
Oh, father *Leir*, how dost thou wrong thy child,
Who alwayes was obedient to thy will !
But why accuse I fortune and my father ?
No, no, it is the pleasure of my God :
And I do willingly imbrace the rod.

King. It is no goddesse ; for she doth complayne
On fortune, and th'vnkindnesse of her father.

Cord. These costly robes ill fitting my estate,
I will exchange for other meaner habit.

Mum. Now if I had a kingdome in my hands,
I would exchange it for a milkmaids smock and petycoate,
That she and I might shift our clothes together.

Cord. I will betake me to my threed and needle,
Aud earne my liuing with my fingers ends.

Mum. O braue ! God willing, thou shalt haue my custome.
By sweet S. *Denis*, here I sadly sweare,
For all the shirts and night-geare that I weare.

Cord. I will professe and vow a maydens life.

Mum. Thē I protest thou shalt not haue my custom.

King.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

King. I can forbear no longer for to speak :
For if I do, I think my heart will breake.

Mum. Sblood, *Wil*, I hope you are not in loue with my
ſepſter.

King. I am in ſuch a laborinth of loue,
As that I know not which way to get out.

Mum. You'l ne're get out, vnleſſe you firſt get in.

King. I prithy *Iacke*, croſſe not my paſſions.

Mum. Prithy *Wil*, to her, and try her patience.

King. Thou faireſt creature, whatſoere thou art,
That euer any mortall eyes heheld,
Vouchſafe to me, who haue o'reheard thy woes,
To ſhew the cauſe of theſe thy ſad laments.

Cor. Ah pilgrims, what auails to ſhew the cauſe,
When there's no meanes to find a remedy ?

King. To vtter griefe, doth eaſe a heart o'recharg'd.

Cor. To touch a ſore, doth aggrauate the payne.

King. The ſilly mouſe, by vertue of her teeth,
Releas'd the princely lyon from the net.

Cor. Kind palmer, which ſo much deſir'ſt to heare
The tragick tale of my vnhappy youth :
Know this in brieſe, I am the hapleſſe daughter
Of *Leir*, ſometimes king of *Brittany*.

King. Why, who debarres his honourable age,
From being ſtill the king of *Brittany* ?

Cor. None, but himſelfe hath diſpoſſeſt himſelfe,
And giuen all his kingdome to the kings
Of *Cornwall* and of *Cambria*, with my ſiſters.

King. Hath he giuen nothing to your louely ſelfe ?

Cor. He lou'd me not, and therfore gaue me nothing,
Only becauſe I could not flatter him :
And in this day of tryumph to my ſiſters,
Doth fortune tryumph in my ouerthrow.

King. Sweet lady, ſay there ſhould come a king,

As

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As good as eyther of you sisters husbands,
To craue your loue, would you accept of him ?

Cor. Oh, doe not mocke with those in misery,
Nor do not think, though fortune haue the power,
To spoyle mine honour, and debase my state,
That she hath any interest in my mind :
For if the greatest monarch on the earth,
Should sue to me in this extremity,
Except my heart could loue, and heart could like,
Better then any that I euer saw,
His great estate no more should moue my mind,
Then mountaynes moue by blast of euery wind.

King. Think not, sweet nymph, tis holy palmers guise,
To grieued soules fresh torments to deuise :
Therefore in witnesse of my true intent,
Let heauen and earth beare record of my words :
There is a young and lusty *Gallian* king,
So like to me, as I am to myselfe,
That earnestly doth craue to haue thy loue,
And ioyne with thee in *Hymens* sacred bonds.

Cor. The like to thee did ne're these eyes behold ;
Oh liue to adde new torments to my griefe :
Why didst thou thus intrap me unawares ?
Ah palmer, my estate doth not besit
A kingly mariage, as the case now stands.
Whilome when as I liu'd in honours height,
A prince perhaps might postulate my loue :
Now misery, dishonour and disgrace,
Hath light on me, and quite reuerst the case.
Thy king will hold thee wife, if thou surcease
The sute, whereas no dowry will insue.
Then be aduised, palmer, what to do :
Cease for thy king, seeke for thy selfe to woo.

King. Your birth's too high for any, but a king.

Cor.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Cor. My mind is low ynough to loue a palmer,
Rather then any king vpon the earth.

King. O, but you neuer can indure their life,
Which is so straight and full of penury.

Cor. O yes, I can, and happy if I might :
Ile hold thy palmers staffe within my hand,
And thinke it is the scepter of a queene.
Sometime Ile fet thy bonnet on my head,
And thinke I weare a rich imperiall crowne.
Sometime Ile helpe thee in thy holy prayers,
And thinke I am with thee in paradise.
Thus Ile mock fortune, as she mocketh me,
And neuer will my louely choyce repent :
For hauing thee, I shall haue all content.

King. 'Twere sin to hold her longer in suspence,
Since that my soule hath vow'd she shall be mine.
Ah, deare *Cordella*, cordiall to my heart,
I am no palmer, as I seeme to be,
But hither come in this vnknowne disguise,
To view th' admired beauty of those eyes.
I am the king of *Gallia*, gentle mayd,
(Although thus slenderly accompanied)
And yet thy vassayle by imperious loue,
And sworne to serue thee euerlastingly.

Cor. What e're you be, of high or low discent,
All's one to me, I do request but this :
That as I am, you will accept of me,
And I will haue you whatsoe're you be :
Yet well I know, you come of royall race,
I see such sparks of honour in your face :

Mum. Haue palmers weeds such power to win fayre ladies ?
Fayth, then I hope the next that falles is myne :
Vpon condition I no worse might speed,
I would for euer weare a palmers weed.

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I like an honest and playne dealing wench,
That sweares (without exceptions) I will haue you.
These foppets, that know not whether to loue a man or no,
except they first go aske their mothers leaue, by this hand, I
hate them ten tymes worse then poyson.

King. What resteth then our happinesse to procure ?

Mum. Fayth, go to church, to make the matter sure.

King. It shall be so, because the world shall say,

King Leirs three daughters were wedded in one day :

The celebration of this happy chaunce,

We will deferre, vntill we come to *Fraunce*.

Mum. I like the wooing, that's not long a doing.

Well, for her sake, I know what I know :

Ile neuer marry whilest I liue,

Except I haue one of these *Brittish* ladies,

My humour is alienated from the mayds of *Fraunce*.

Exeunt.

Enter Perillus solus.

Per. The king hath dispossessed himselfe of all,
Those to aduaunce, which scarce will giue him thanks :
His youngest daughter he hath turnd away,
And no man knowes what is become of her.
He sojournes now in *Cornwall* with the eldest,
Who flattred him, vntill she did obtayne
That at his hands, which now she doth possesse :
And now she fees hee hath no more to giue,
It grieues her heart to see her father liue,
Oh, whom should man trust in this wicked age,
When children thus against their parents rage ?
But he, the myrrour of mild patience,
Puts vp all wrongs, and neuer giues reply :

Yet

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Yet shames she not in most opprobrious sort,
To call him foole and doted to his face,
And sets her parasites of purpose oft,
In scoffing wise to offer him disgrace.
Oh yron age ! O times ! O monstrous, vilde,
When parents are contemned of the child !
His pension she hath halfe restrain'd from him,
And will, e're long, the other halfe, I feare :
For she thinks nothing is bestowde in vayne,
But that which doth her fathers life maintayne.
Trust not alliance ; but trust strangers rather,
Since daughters proue disloyall to the father.
Well, I will counsell him the best I can :
Would I were able to redresse his wrong.
Yet what I can, vnto my vtmost power,
He shall be sure of to the latest houre.

Exit.

Enter Gonorill and Skalliger.

Gon. I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me what thou thinkst :
Could any woman of our dignity
Endure such quips and peremptory taunts,
As I do daily from my doting father ?
Doth't not suffice that I him keepe of almes,
Who is not able for to keepe himselfe ?
But as if he were our better, he should thinke
To check and snap me vp at euery word.
I cannot make me a new fashioned gowne,
And set it forth with more then common cost ;
But his old doting doltish withered wit,
Is sure to giue a fencelesse check for it.
I cannot make a banquet extraordinary,
To grace my selfe, and spread my name abroad,
But he, old foole, is captious by and by,
And sayth, the cost would well suffice for twice.

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Iudge then, I pray, what reason ist, that I
Should stand alone charg'd with his vaine expence,
And that my sister *Ragan* should go free,
To whom he gaue as much, as vnto me?
I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me, if thou know,
By any meanes to rid me of this woe.

Skal. Your many fauours still bestowde on me,
Binde me in duty to aduise your grace,
How you may soonest remedy this ill.
The large allowance which he hath from you,
Is that which makes him so forget himselfe:
Therefore abbridge it halfe, and you shall see,
That hauing lesse, he will more thankfull be:
For why, abundance maketh vs forget
The fountaynes whence the benefits do spring.

Gon. Well, *Skalliger*, for thy kynd aduice herein,
I will not be vngratefull, if I liue:
I haue restrayned halfe his portion already,
And I will presently restrayne the other,
That hauing no meanes to releue himselfe,
He may go seeke elsewhere for better helpe.

Exit.

Skal. Go, viperous woman, shame to all thy sexe:
The heauens, no doubt, will punish thee for this:
And me a villayne, that to curry fauour,
Haue giuen the daughter counsell 'gainst the father.
But vs the world doth this experience giue,
That he that cannot flatter, cannot liue.

Exit.

Enter king of Cornwall, Leir, Perillus and nobles.

Corn. Father, what ayleth you to be so fad?
Me thinks, you frollike not as you were wont.

Leir. The neerer we do grow vnto our graues,
The lesse we do delight in worldly ioyes.

Corn.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Corn. But if a man can frame himselfe to myrth,
It is a meane for to prolong his life.

Leir. Then welcome sorrow, *Leirs* only friend,
Who doth desire his troubled dayes had end.

Corn. Comfort your selfe, father, here comes your daughter,
Who much will grieue, I know, to see you sad.

Enter Gonorill.

Leir. But more doth grieue, I feare, to see me liue.

Corn. My *Gonorill*, you come in wished time,
To put your father from these pensive dumps.
In fayth, I feare that all things go not well.

Gon. What, do you feare, that I haue angered him ?
Hath he complaynd of me vnto my lord ?
Ile prouide him a piece of bread and cheefe ;
For in a time heele practise nothing else,
Then carry tales from one vnto another.
Tis all his practise for to kindle strife,
'Twixt you, my lord, and me your louing wife :
But I will take an order, if I can,
To cease th' effect, where first the cause began.

Corn. Sweet, be not angry in a partiall cause,
He ne're complayn'd of thee in all his life.
Father, you must not weygh a woman's words,

Leir. Alas, not I : poore foule, she breeds yong bones,
And that is it makes her so tutchy fure.

Gon. What, breeds young bones already ! you will make
An honest woman of me then, belike.
O vild olde wretch ! who euer heard the like,
That seeketh thus his owne child to defame ?

Corn. I cannot stay to heare this discord sound.

Exit.

Gon. For any one that loues your company,

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You may go pack, and seeke some other place,
To sowe the seed of discord and disgrace.

Exit.

Leir. Thus, say or do the best that e're I can,
Tis wrested straight into another fence,
This punishment my heavy finnes deserue,
And more then this ten thousand thousand times :
Else aged *Leir* them could neuer find
Cruell to him, to whom he hath bin kind.
Why do I ouer-lieue my selfe, to see
The course of nature quite reuerst in me ?
Ah, gentle death, if euer any wight
Did wish thy presence with a perfit zeale :
Then come, I pray thee, euen with all my heart,
And end my sorrowes with thy fatall dart.

He weepes.

Per. Ah, do not so disconsolate your selfe,
Nor dew your aged cheeks with wasting teares.

Leir. What man art thou that takest any pity
Vpon the worthlesse state of old *Leir* ?

Per. One, who doth beare as great a share of grieve,
As if it were my dearest fathers case.

Leir. Ah, good my friend, how ill art thou aduise,
For to consort with miserable men :
Go learne to flatter, where thou mayst in time
Get fauour 'mongst the mighty, and so clyme :
For now I am so poore and full of want,
As that I ne're can recompence thy loue.

Per. What's got by flattery, doth not long indure ;
And men in fauour liue not most secure.
My conscience tels me, if I should forsake you,
I were the hatefullst excrement on the earth :
Which well do know, in course of former time,
How good my lord hath bin to me and mine,

Leir.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Leir. Did I ere rayse thee higher then the rest
Of all thy ancestors which were before ?

Per. I ne're did seeke it ; but by your good grace,
I still inioyed my owne with quietnesse.

Leir. Did I ere giue thee liuing, to increase
The due reuennues which thy father left ?

Per. I had ynough, my lord, and hauing that,
What should you need to giue me any more ?

Leir. Oh, did I euer dispossesse my selfe,
And giue thee halfe my kingdome in good will ?

Per. Alas, my lord, there were no reason, why
You should haue such a thought, to giue it me.

Leir. Nay, if thou talke of reason, then be mute ;
For with good reason I can thee confute.
If they, which first by natures sacred law,
Do owe to me the tribute of their liues ;
If they to whom I alwayes haue bin kinde,
And bountifull beyond comparifon ;
If they, for whom I haue vndone my selfe,
And brought my age vnto this extreme want,
Do now reiect, contemne, despise, abhor me,
What reason moueth thee to sorrow for me ?

Per. Where reason fayles, let teares confirme my loue,
And speake how much your passions do me moue.
Ah, good my lord, condemne not all for one :
You haue two daughters left, to whom I know
You shall be welcome, if you please to go.

Leir. Oh, how thy words adde sorrow to my soule,
To thinke of my vnkindnesse to *Cordella* !
Whom causelesse I did dispossesse of all.
Vpon th' vnkind suggestions of her sisters :
And for her sake, I thinke this heauy doome
Is false on me, and not without desert :
Yet vnto *Ragan* was I alwayes kinde,

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And gaue to her the halfe of all I had :
It may be, if I should to her repayre,
She would be kinder, and intreat me fayre.

Per. No doubt she would, and practife ere't be long,
By force of armes for to redresse your wrong.

Leir. Well, since thou doest aduise me for to go,
I am resolu'd to try the worst of wo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ragan solus.

Rag. How may I blesse the howre of my natiuity,
Which bodeth vnto me such happy starres !
How may I thank kind fortune, that vouchsafes
To all my actions, such desir'd euent !
I rule the king of *Cambria* as I please :
The states are all obedient to my will ;
And looke what ere I say, it shall be so ;
Not any one, that dareth answere no.
My eldest sister liues in royall state,
And wanteth nothing fitting her degree :
Yet hath she such a cooling card withall,
As that her hony fauoureth much of gall.
My father with her is quarter-master still,
And many times restraynes her of her will :
But if he were with me, and seru'd me so,
Ide send him packing some where else to go.
Ide entertayne him with such slender cost,
That he should quickly wish to change his host.

Exit.

Enter Cornwall, Gonorill, and attendants.

Corn. Ah, *Gonorill*, what dire vnhappy chaunce
Hath sequestred thy father from our presence,
That no report can yet be heard of him ?

Some

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Some great vnkindnesse hath bin offred him,
Exceeding far the bounds of patience :
Else all the world shall neuer me perswade,
He would forsake vs without notice made.

Gon. Alas, my lord, whom doth it touch so neere,
Or who hath interest in this griefe, but I,
Whom sorrow had brought to her longest home,
But that I know his qualities so well ?
I know, he is but stolne vpon my sister
At vnawares, to see her how she fares,
And spend a little time with her, to note
How all things goe, and how she likes her choyce :
And when occasion serues, heele steale from her,
And vnawares returne to vs agayne.
Therefore, my lord, be frolick, and resolute
To see my father here agayne e're long.

Corn. I hope so too ; but yet to be more sure,
Ile send a poste immediately to know
Whether he be arriued there or no. *Exit.*

Gon. But I will intercept the messenger,
And temper him before he doth depart,
With sweet perswasions, and with sound rewards,
That his report shall ratify my speech,
And make my lord cease further to inquire.
If he be not gone to my sisters court,
As sure my mind presageth that he is,
He happely may, by traueilling vnknowne wayes,
Fall sicke, and as a common passenger,
Be dead and buried : would God it were so well ;
For then there were no more to do, but this,
He went away, and none knowes where he is.
But say he be in *Cambria* with the king,
And there exclaime against me, as he will :
I know he is as welcome to my sister,

As

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As water is into a broken ship.
Well, after him Ile fend such thunderclaps
Of slaunder, scandall, and inuented tales,
That all the blame shall be remou'd from me,
And vnperceiu'd rebound vpon himselfe.
Thus with one nayle another Ile expell,
And make the world iudge, that I vsde him well.

Enter the messenger that should go to Cambria, with a letter in his hand.

Gon. My honest friend, whither away so fast?

Mef. To *Cambria*, madam, with letters frō the king.

Gon. To whom?

Mess. Vnto your father, if he be there.

Gon. Let me see them.

She opens them.

Mess. Madam, I hope your grace will stand
Betweene me and my neck-verse, if I be
Calld in question, for opening the kings letters.

Gon. 'Twas I that opened them, it was not thou.

Mef. I, but you need not care, and so must I,
A handsome man, be quickly trust vp,
And when a man's hang'd, all the world cannot saue him.

Gon. He that hangs thee, were better hang his father,
Or that but hurts thee in the least degree,
I tell thee, we make great account of thee.

Mef. I am o're-joy'd, I surfet of sweet words:
Kind queene, had I a hundred liues, I would
Spend ninety nyne of them for you, for that word.

Gon. I, but thou wouldst keepe one life still,
And that's as many as thou art like to haue.

Mef. That one life is not too deare for my good queene;
this sword, this buckler, this head, this heart, these hands,
armes, legs, tripes, bowels, and all the members else what-
soeuer, are at your dispose; vse me, trust me, commaund me;
if

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

if I fayle in any thing, tye me to a dung cart, and make a scauengers horſe of me, and whip me, ſo long as I haue any ſkin on my back.

Gon. In token of further imployment, take that.

Flings him a purſe.

Meſ. A ſtrong bond, a firme obligation, good in law, good in law: if I keepe not the condition, let my necke be the forfeiture of my negligence.

Gon. I like thee well, thou haſt a good tounge.

Meſ. And as bad a tounge if it be ſet on it, as any oyſterwife at *Billinſgate* hath: why, I haue made many of my neighbours forſake their houſes with rayling vpon them, and go dwell elſe where; and ſo by my meanes houſes haue bin good cheape in our pariſh: my tounge being well whetted with choller, is more ſharpe then a razer of *Palerno*.

Gon. O thou art a fit man for my purpoſe.

Meſ. Commend me not, ſweet queene, before you try me. As my deſerts are, ſo do think of me.

Gon. Well ſayd, then this is thy tryall: inſtead of carrying the kings letters to my father, carry thou theſe letters to my ſiſter, which contayne matter quite contrary to the other: there ſhal ſhe be giuen to vnderſtand, that my father hath detracted her, giuen out ſlaundrous ſpeeches againſt her; and that hee hath moſt intollerably abuſed me, ſet my lord and me at variance, and made mutinyes amongſt the commons.

Theſe things (although it be not ſo)

Yet thou muſt affirme them to be true,

With othes and proteſtations as will ſerue,

To driue my ſiſter out of loue with him.

And cauſe my will accompliſhed to be,

This do, thou winſt my fauour for euer,

And makeſt a hie way of preferment to thee

And all thy friends.

Meſſ.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Mess. It sufficeth, conceyt it is already done:
I will so tounge-whip him, that I will
Leaue him as bare of credit, as a poulter
Leaues a cony, when she pulls off his skin.

Gon. Yet there is a further matter.

Mess. I thirst to heare it.

Gon. If my sister thinketh conuenient, as my letters import-
eth, to make him away, hast thou the heart to effect it?

Mess. Few words are best in so small a matter:
These are but trifles. By this booke I will.

Kisse the paper.

Gon. About it presently, I long till it be done.

Mess. I fly, I fly.

Exeunt.

Enter Cordella solus.

I haue bin ouer-negligent to day,
In going to the temple of my God,
To render thanks for all his benefits,
Which he miraculously hath bestowed on me,
In rayeing me out of my meane estate,
When as I was deuoyd of worldly friends,
And placing me in such a sweet content,
As far exceeds the reach of my deserts.
My kingly husband, myrroure of his time,
For zeale, for iustice, kindnesse, and for care
To God, his subiects, me, and common weale,
By his appoyntment was ordaynd for me.
I cannot wish the thing that I do want;
I cannot want the thing but I may haue,
Saue only this which I shall ne're obtayne,
My fathers loue, oh this I ne're shall gayne.
I would abstayne from any nutryment,
And pyne my body to the very bones:

Bare

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Bare foote I would on pilgrimage set forth
Vnto the furthest quarters of the earth,
And all my life time would I sackcloth weare,
And mourning-wise powre dust vpon my head :
So he but to forgiue me once would please,
That his gray haire might go to heauen in peace,
And yet I know not how I him offended,
Or wherein iustly I haue deserued blame.
Oh sisters ! you are much to blame in this,
It was not he, but you that did me wrong,
Yet God forgiue both him, and you and me.
Euen as I doe in perfit charity.
I will to church, and pray vnto my Sauour,
That ere I dye, I may obtayne his fauour.

Exit.

Enter Leir and Perillus fayntly.

Per. Rest on me, my lord, and stay your selfe,
The way seemes tedious to your aged lymmes.

Leir. Nay, rest on me, kind friend, and stay thy selfe,
Thou art as old as I, but more kind.

Per. Ah, good my lord, it ill befits, that I
Should leane vpon the person of a king.

Leir. But it fits worse, that I should bring thee forth,
That had no cause to come along with me,
Through these vncouth paths, and tirefull wayes,
And neuer ease thy faynting limmes a whit.
Thou hast left all, I, all to come with me,
And I, for all, haue nought to guerdon thee.

Per. Cease, good my lord, to aggrauate my woes,
With these kind words, which cuts my heart in two,
To think your will should want the power to do.

Leir. Cease, good *Perillus*, for to call me lord,
And think me but the shaddow of my selfe.

Per.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Per. That honourable title will I giue,
Vnto my lord, so long as I do liue.
Oh, be of comfort ; for I see the place
Whereas your daughter keeps her residence.
And loe, in happy time the *Cambrian* prince
Is here arriu'd, to gratify our comming.

*Enter the prince of Cambria, Ragan, and nobles : looke vpon
them, and whisper together.*

Leir. Were I best speak, or sit me downe and dye ?
I am asham'd to tell this heauy tale.

Per. Then let me tell it, if you please, my lord :
'Tis shame for them that were the cause thereof.

Cam. What two old men are those that seeme so sad ?
Me thinks, I should remember well their looks.

Rag. No, I mistake not, sure it is my father :
I must dissemble kindnesse now of force.

She runneth to him, and kneeles downe, saying :

Father, I bid you welcome, full of griefe,
To see your grace vsde thus vnworthily,
And ill besitting for your reuerend age,
To come on foot a iourney so indurable.
Oh, what disaster chaunce hath bin the cause,
To make your cheeks so hollow, spare and leane ?
He cannot speake for weeping : for Gods loue, come,
Let vs refresh him with some needfull things,
And at more leysure we may better know,
Whence springs the ground of this vnlookt for wo.

Cam. Come, father, e're we any further talke,
You shall refresh you after this weary walk.

Exeunt, manet Ragan.

Rag.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Rag. Comes he to me with finger in the eye,
To tell a tale against my sister here ?
Whom I do know, he greatly hath abusde :
And now like a contentious crafty wretch,
He first begins for to complayne himselfe,
When as himselfe is in the greatest fault.
He not be partiall in my sisters cause,
Nor yet belecue his doting vayne reports :
Who for a trifle (safely) I dare say,
Vpon a spleene is stolen thence away :
And here (forsooth) he hopeth to haue harbour,
And to be moan'd and made on like a child :
But ere't be long, his comming he shall curse,
And truely say, he came from bad to worse :
Yet will I make fayre weather, to procure
Conuenient meanes, and then He strike it sure.

Exit.

Enter messenger solus.

Mef. Now happily I am arriued here,
Before the stately palace of the *Cambrian* king :
If *Leir* be here safe-seated, and in rest,
To rowse him from it I will do my best.

Enter Ragan.

Now bags of gold, your vertue is (no doubt)
To make me in my message bold and stout.
The King of heauen preferue your maiesty.
And send your highnesse euerlasting raigne.

Ra. Thanks, good my friend ; but what imports thy
message ?

Mef. Kind greetings from the *Cornwall* queene :
The residue these letters will declare.

She opens the letters.

Rag. How fares our royall sister ?

Mef.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR.

Mef. I did leaue her at my parting, in good health.

She reads the letter, frownes and stamps.

See how her colour comes and goes agayne,
Now red as scarlet, now as pale as ash :
She how she knits her brow, and bytes her lips,
And stamps, and makes a dumbe shew of disdayne,
Mixt with reuenge, and violent extreames.
Here will be more worke and more crownes for me.

Rag. Alas, poore soule, and hath he vsde her thus ?
And is he now come hither, with intent
To set diuorce betwixt my lord and me ?
Doth he giue out, that he doth heare report,
That I do rule my husband as I list,
And therefore meanes to alter so the case,
That I shall know my lord to be my head ?
Well, it were best for him to take good heed,
Or I will make him hop without a head,
For his presumption, dottard that he is.
In *Cornwall* he hath made such mutinies,
First, setting of the king against the queene ;
Then stirring vp the commons 'gainst the king ;
That had he there continued any longer,
He had bin call'd in question for his fact.
So vpon that occasion thence he fled,
And comes thus slyly stealing vnto vs :
And now already since his comming hither,
My lord and he are growne in such a league,
That I can haue no conference with his grace :
I feare, he doth already intimate
Some forged cauillations 'gainst my state :
Tis therefore best to cut him off in time,
Lest slaunderous rumours once abroad disperst,
It is too late for them to be reuerst.

Friend,

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Friend, as the tennour of these letters shewes,
My sister puts great confidence in thee.

Mef. She neuer yet committed trust to me,
But that (I hope) she found me alwayes faythfull :
So will I be to any friend of hers,
That hath occasion to imploy my helpe.

Rag. Hast thou the heart to act a stratagem,
And giue a stabbe or two, if need require ;

Mess. I haue a heart compact of adamant,
Which neuer knew what melting pitty meant.

I weigh no more the murthering of a man,

Then I respect the cracking of a flea,

When I doe catch her byting on my skin.

If you will haue your husband or your father,

Or both of them sent to another world,

Do but commaund me doo't, it shall be done.

Rag. It is ynough, we make no doubt of thee :

Meet vs to morrow here, at nyne a clock :

Meane while, farewell, and drink that for my sake. *Exit.*

Mef. I, this is it will make me do the deed :

Oh, had I every day such customers,

This were the gainefulst trade in *Christendome* !

A purse of gold giu'n for a paltry stabbe !

Why, heres a wench that longs to haue a stabbe.

Wel, I could giue it her, and ne're hurt her neither.

Enter the Gallian king, and Cordella.

King. When will these clouds of sorrow once disperse.

And smiling ioy triumph vpon thy brow ?

When will this scene of sadnesse haue an end,

And pleasant acts insue, to moue delight ?

When will my louely queene cease to lament,

And take some comfort to her griued thoughts ?

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

If of thy selfe thou daignst to haue no care,
Yet pittie me, whom thy grieffe makes despayre.

Cor. O, grieue not you, my lord, you haue no cause;
Let not my passions moue your mind a whit:
For I am bound by nature, to lament
For his ill will, that life to me first lent.
If so the stocke be dried with disdayne,
Withered and fere the branch must needes remaine.

King. But thou art now graft in another stock;
I am the stock, and thou the louely branch:
And from my root continuall sap shall flow,
To make thee flourish with perpetual spring.
Forget thy father and thy kindred now,
Since they forsake thee like inhumane beastes,
Thinke they are dead, since all their kindnesse dyes,
And bury them, where black obliuion lyes.
Think not thou art the daughter of old *Leir*,
Who did vnkindly disinherit thee:
But think thou art the noble *Gallian* queene,
And wife to him that dearely loueth thee:
Embrace the ioyes that present with thee dwell,
Let sorrow packe and hide her selfe in hell.

Gord. Not that I misse my country or my kinne,
My old acquaintance or my ancient friends,
Doth any whit distemperate my mynd,
Knowing you, which are more deare to me,
Then country, kin, and all things els can be.
Yet pardon me, my gracious lord, in this:
For what can stop the course of nature's power?
As easy is it for foure-footed beastes,
To stay themselues vpon the liquid ayre,
And mount aloft into the element,
And ouerstrip the feathered fowles in flight:
As easy is it for the slimy fish,

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

To liue and thrīue without the helpe of water :
As easie is it for the blackamoore,
To wash the tawny colour from his skin,
Which all oppose against the course of nature,
As I am able to forget my father.

King. Myrrour of vertue, *Phoenix* of our age !
Too kind a daughter for an vnkind father,
Be of good comfort ; for I will dispatch
Ambassadors immediately for *Brittayne*,
Vnto the king of *Cornwall*s court, whereas
Your father keepeth now his residence,
And in the kindest maner him intreat,
That setting former grieuances apart,
He will be pleasde to come and visit vs.
If no intreaty will suffice the turne,
Ile offer him the halfe of all my crowne :
If that moues not, wee le furnish out a fleet,
And sayle to *Cornwall* for to visit him ;
And there you shall be firmly reconcilde
In perfit loue, as earst you were before.

Cor. Where tounge cannot sufficient thanks afford,
The king of heauen remunerate my lord.

King. Only be blithe, and frolick (sweet) with me :
This and much more Ile do to comfort thee.

Enter messenger solus.

Mef. It is a world to see now I am flush,
How many friends I purchase euery where !
How many seekes to creepe into my fauour,
And kisse their hands, and bend their knees to me !
No more, here comes the queene, now shall I know her
mind,
And hope for to deriue more crownes from her.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Enter Ragā.

Rag. My friend, I see thou mind'st thy promise well,
And art before me here, me thinks, to day,

Mef. I am a poore man, and it like your grace ;
But yet I alwayes loue to keepe my word.

Ra. Wel, keepe thy word with me, and thou shalt see,
That of a poore man I will make thee rich.

Mef. I long to heare it, it might haue bin dispatcht,
If you had told me of it yesternight.

Ra. It is a thing of right strange consequence,
And well I cannot vtter it in words.

Mef. It is more strange, that I am not by this
Beside my selfe, with longing for to heare it,
Were it to meet the deuill in his denne,
And try a bout with him for a scratcht face,
Ide vndertake it, if you would but bid me.

Ra. Ah, good my friend, that I should haue thee do,
Is such a thing, as I do shame to speake ;
Yet it must needs be done.

Mef. Ile speake it for thee, queene: shall I kill thy father ?
I know tis that, and if it be so, say,

Rag. I.

Mef. Why, thats ynough.

Rag. And yet that is not all.

Mef. What else ?

Rag. Thou must kill that old man that came with him.

Mif. Here are two hands, for eche of them is one.

Rag. And for eche hand here is a recompence.

Giue him two purses.

Mef. Oh, that I had ten hands by myracle,
I could teare ten in pieces with my teeth,

So

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

So in my mouth you'd put a purse of gold.
But in what manner must it be effected ?

Rag. To morrow morning ere the breake of day,
I by a wyle will send them to the thicket,
That is about some two myles from the court,
And promise them to meet them there my selfe,
Because I must haue priuate conference,
About some newes I haue recey'd from *Cornwall*.
This is ynough, I know, they will not fayle,
And then be ready for to play thy part :
Which done, thou mayst right easily escape,
And no man once mistrust thee for the fact :
But yet, before thou prosecute the act,
Shew him the letter, which my sister sent,
There let him read his owne inditement first,
And then proceed to execution :
But see thou faynt not ; for they will speake fayre.

Mef. Could he speak words as pleasing as the pipe
Of *Mercury*, which charm'd the hundred eyes
Of watchfull *Argos*, and inforc'd him sleepe :
Yet here are words so pleasing to my thoughts,

To the purse.

As quite shall take away the sound of his.

Exit.

Rag. About it then, and when thou hast dispatcht,
Ile find a meanes to send thee after him

Exit.

Enter Cornwall and Gonorill,

Corn. I wonder that the messenger doth stay,
Whom we dispatcht for *Cambria* so long since :
If that his answer do not please vs well,
And he do shew good reason for delay,
Ile teach him how to dally with his king,
And to detayne vs in such long suspence.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Gon. My lord, I thinke the reason may be this :
My father meanes to come along with him ;
And therefore tis his pleasure he shall stay,
For to attend vpon him on the way.

Corn. It may be so, and therefore till I know
The truth thereof, I will suspend my iudgement.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. And't like your grace, there is an ambassadør
Arriued from *Gallia*, and craues admittance to your maiesty.

Corn. From *Gallia* ? what should his message
Hither import ? is not your father happely
Gone thither ? well, whatsoere it be,
Bid him come in, he shall haue audience.

Enter ambassador.

What newes from *Gallia* ? speake ambassador.

Am. The noble king and queene of *Gallia* first salutes,
By me, their honourable father, my lord *Leir* :
Next, they commend them kindly to your graces,
As those whose wellfare they intirely wish.
Letters I haue to deliuer to my lord *Leir*,
And presents too, if I might speake with him.

Gon. If you might speak with him ? why, do you thinke,
We are afrayd that you should speake with him ?

Am. Pardon me, madam ; for I thinke not so,
But say so only, 'cause he is not here.

Corn. Indeed, my friend, vpon some vrgent cause,
He is at this time absent from the court :
But if a day or two you here repose,
Tis very likely you shall haue him here,
Or else haue certayne notice where he is.

Gon.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Gon. Are not we worthy to receiue your message ?

Am. I had in charge to do it to himselfe.

Gon. It may be then 'twill not be done in haste.

To herselfe.

How doth my sister brooke the ayre of *Fraunce* ?

Am. Exceeding well, and neuer sicke one houre,
Since first she set her foot vpon the shore.

Gon. I am the more sorry.

Am. I hope, not so, madam.

Gon. Didst thou not say, that she was euer sicke,
Since the first houre that she arriued there ?

Amb. No, madam, I sayd quite contrary.

Gon. Then I mistooke thee.

Corn. Then she is merry, if she haue her health.

Am. Oh no, her griefe exceeds, vntill the time,
That she be reconcil'd unto her father.

Gon. God continue it.

Am. What, madam ?

Gon. Why, her health.

Am. Amen to that : but God release her griefe,
And send her father in a better mind,
Then to continue alwayes so vnkind.

Corn. Ile be a mediator in her cause,
And seeke all meanes to expiat his wrath.

Am. Madam, I hope your grace will do the like.,

Gon. Should I be a meane to exasperate his wrath
Against my sister, whom I loue so deare ? no, no.

Am. To expiate or mittigate his wrath :
For he hath misconceyued without a cause.

Gon. O, I, what else ?

Am. Tis pity it should be so, would it were otherwise.

Gon. It were great pity it should be otherwise.

Am. Then how, madam ?

Gon. Then that they should be reconcilde againe.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Am. It shewes you beare an honourable mind.

Gon. It shewes thy vnderstanding to be blind,
And that thou hadst need of an interpreter :

Speakes to her selfe.

Well, I will know thy message ere't be long,
And find a meane to crosse it, if I can.

Corn. Come in, my friend, and frolick in our court,
Till certayne notice of my father come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leir and Perillus.

Per. My lord, you are vp to day before your houre,
Tis newes to you to be abroad so rathe.

Leir. Tis newes indeed, I am so extreme heauy,
That I can scarcely keepe my eye-lids open.

Per. And so am I, but I impute the cause
To rising sooner then we vse to do,

Leir. Hither my daughter meanes to come disguis'd :
Ile sit me downe, and read vntill she come.

Pull out a booke and sit downe.

Per. Sheele not be long, I warrant you, my lord :
But say, a couple of these they call good fellowes,
Should step out of a hedge, and set vpon vs,
We were in good case for to answere them.

Leir. 'Twere not for vs to stand vpon our hands.

Per. I feare, we scant should stand vpon our legs.
But how should we do to defend our selues ?

Leir. Euen pray to God, to blesse vs frō their hands :
For feruent prayer much ill hap withstands.

Per. Ile sit and pray with you for company ;
Yet was I ne're so heauy in my life.

They fall both asleepe.

Enter the messenger or murtherer with two daggers in his hands.

Mess. Were it not a mad iest, if two or three of my pro-
fessio should meet me, and lay me downe in a ditch, and play
robbe

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

robbe thiefe with me, and perforce take my gold away from me, whilst I act this stratagem, and by this meanes the gray beards should escape? Fayth, when I were at liberty againe, I would make no more to do, but go to the next tree, and there hang my selfe.

See them and start.

But stay, me thinks, my youthes are here already,
And with pure zeale haue prayed themselues asleepe.
I thinke, they know to what intent they came,
And are prouided for another world.

He takes their bookes away.

Now could I stab them brauely, while they sleepe,
And in a maner put them to no payne;
And doing so, I shewed them mighty friendship:
For feare of death is worse then death it selfe.
But that my sweet queene will'd me for to shew
This letter to them, ere I did the deed.
Masse, they begin to stirre: Ile stand aside;
So shall I come vpon them vnawares.

They wake and rise.

Leir. I maruell, that my daughter stayes so long.

Per. I feare, we did mistake the place, my lord.

Leir. God graunt we do not miscarry in the place:
I had a short nap, but so full of dread,
As much amazeth me to think thereof.

Per. Feare not, my lord, dreames are but fantasies,
And slight imaginations of the brayne.

Mef. Perfwade him so, but Ile make him and you
Confesse, that dreames do often proue too true.

Per. I pray, my lord, what was the effect of it?
I may go neere to gesse what it pretends.

Mef. Leaue that to me, I will expound the dreame.

Leir. Me thought, my daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*,
Stood

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Stood both before me with such grim aspects,
 Eche brandishing a faulchion in their hand,
 Ready to lop a lymme off where it fell,
 And in their other hands a naked poynyard,
 Wherwith they stabd me in a hundred places,
 And to their thinking left me there for dead :
 But then my youngest daughter, fayre *Cordella*,
 Came with a boxe of balsome in her hand,
 And powred it into my bleeding wounds,
 By whose good meanes I was recoured well,
 In perfit health, as earst I was before :
 And with the feare of this I did awake,
 And yet for feare my feeble ioynts do quake.

Mef. Ile make you quake for something presently.
 Stand, stand.

They reele.

Leir. We do, my friend, although with much adoe.

Mef. Deliuer, deliuer.

Per. Deliuer vs, good Lord, from such as he.

Mef. You should haue prayed before, while it was time,
 And then perhaps, you might haue scapt my hands :
 But you, like faithfull watch-men, fell asleepe,
 The whilst I came and tooke your halberds from you.

Shew their bookes.

And now you want your weapons of defence,
 How haue you any hope to be deliuered ?
 This comes, because you haue no better stay,
 But fall asleepe, when you should watch and pray ?

Leir. My friend, thou seemst to be a proper man.

Mef. Sblood, how the old flane clawes me by the elbow ?
 He thinks, belike, to scape by scraping thus.

Per. And it may be, are in some need of money.

Mef. That to be false, behold my euidence.

Shewes his purses.

Leir.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Leir. If that I haue will do thee any good,
I giue it thee, euen with a right good will.

Take it.

Per. Here, take mine too, and wish with all my heart,
To do thee pleasure, it were twice as much.

Take his, and weygh them both in his hands.

Mef. Ile none of them, they are too light for me.

Puts them in his pocket.

Leir. Why then farewell : and if thou haue occasion
In any thing, to vse me to the queene,
'Tis like ynough that I can pleasure thee.

They proffer to goe.

Mef. Do you heare, do you heare, fir ?
If I had occasion to vse you to the queene,
Would you do one thing for me I should aske ?

Leir. I, any thing that lyes within my power.
Here is my hand vpon it, so farewell.

Proffer to goe.

Mef. Heare you fir, heare you ? pray, a word with you.
Me thinks, a comely honest ancient man
Should not dissemble with one for a vantage.
I know, when I shall come to try this geare,
You will recant from all that you haue sayd.

Per. Mistrust not him, but try him when thou wilt :
He is her father, therefore may do much.

Mef. I know he is, and therefore meane to try him :
You are his friend too, I must try you both.

Ambo. Prithy do, prithy do.

Proffer to go out.

Mef. Stay gray-beards then, and proue men of your words :
The queene hath tyed me by a solemne othe,
Here in this place to see you both dispatcht :
Now for the safegard of my conscience,
Do me the pleasure for to kill your selues :

So

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

So shall you saue me labour for to do it,
And proue your selues true old men of your words.
And here I vow in sight of all the world,
I ne're will trouble you whilst I liue agayne.

Leir. Affright vs not with terrour, good my friend,
Nor strike such feare into our aged hearts.
Play not the cat, which dallieth with the mouse;
And on a sudden maketh her a pray:
But if thou art markt for the mau of death
To me and to my *Damion*, tell me playne,
That we may be prepared for the stroke,
And make our selues fit for the world to come.

Mef. I am the last of any mortall race,
That ere your eyes are likely to behold,
And hither sent of purpose to this place,
To giue a finall period to your dayes,
Which are so wicked, and haue liued so long,
That your owne children seeke to short your life.

Leir. Camst thou from *France*, of purpose to do this?

Mef. From *France*? zoones, do I looke like a *Frenchman*?
Sure I haue not mine owne face on; some body hath chang'd
faces with me, and I know not of it: but I am sure, my ap-
parell is all *English*. Sirra, what meanest thou to aske that
question? I could spoyle the fashion of this face for anger. A
French face!

Leir. Because my daughter, whom I haue offended,
And at whose hands I haue deseru'd as ill,
As euer any father did of child,
Is queene of *Fraunce*, no thanks at all to me,
But vnto God, who my iniustice see.
If it be so, that shee doth seeke reuenge,
As with good reason she may iustly do,
I will most willingly resigne my life,
A sacrifice to mitigate her ire:

I neuer

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

I neuer will intreat thee to forgiue,
Because I am vnworthy for to liue.
Therefore speake soone, and I will soone make speed :
Whether *Cordella* will'd thee do this deed ?

Mef. As I am a perfit gentleman, thou speakest *French* to me :
I neuer heard *Cordellaes* name before,
Nor neuer was in *Fraunce* in all my life :
I neuer knew thou hadst a daughter there,
To whom thou didst proue so vnkind a churle :
But thy owne tounge declares that thou hast bin
A vyle old wretch, and full of heynous sin.

Leir. Ah no, my friend, thou art deceyued much :
For her except, whom I confesse I wrongd,
Through doting frenzy, and o're-ielous loue.
There liues not any vnder heauens bright eye,
That can conuict me of impiety :
And therefore sure thou dost mistake the marke :
For I am in true peace with all the world.

Mef. You are the fitter for the King of heauen :
And therefore, for to rid thee of suspence,
Know thou, the queenes of *Cambria* and *Cornwall*,
Thy owne two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*,
Appoynted me to massacre thee here.
Why wouldst thou then perswade me, that thou art
In charity with all the world ? but now
When thy owne issue hold thee in such hate,
That they haue hyred me t'abbridge thy fate,
Oh, fy vpon such vyle dissembling breath,
That would deceyue, euen at the poynt of death.

Per. Am I awake, or is it but a dreame ?

Mef. Feare nothing, man, thou art but in a dreame,
And thou shalt neuer wake vntill doomes day,
By then, I hope, thou wilt haue slept ynough.

Leir. Yet, gentle friend, graunt one thing ere I die,

Mef.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Mef. Ile graunt you any thing, except your liues.

Leir. Oh, but assure me by some certayne token,
That my two daughters hyred thee to this deed :
If I were once resolu'd of that, then I

Would with no longer life, but craue to dye.

Mef. That to be true, in sight of heauen I sweare.

Leir. Sweare not by heauen, for feare of punishmēt :
The heauens are guiltlesse of such haynous acts.

Mef. I sweare by earth, the mother of vs all.

Leir. Sweare not by earth ; for she abhors to beare
Such bastards, as are murtherers of her sonnes.

Mef. Why then, by hell, and all the deuils I sweare.

Leir. Sweare not by hell ; for that stands gaping wide,
To swallow thee, and if thou do this deed.

Thunder and lightning.

Mef. I would that word were in his belly agayne,
It hath frighted me euen to the very heart ;
This old man is some strong magician :
His words haue turnd my mind from this exploit.
Then neyther heauen, earth, nor hell be witnesse ;
But let this paper witnesse for them all,

Shewes Gonorils letter.

Shall I relent, or shall I prosecute ?
Shall I resolue, or were I best recant ?
I will not crack my credit with two queenes,
To whom I haue already past my word.
Oh, but my conscience for this act doth tell,
I get heauens hate, earths scorne, and paynes of hell.

They blesse themselves.

Per. Oh iust Iehoua, whose almighty power
Doth gouerne all things in this spacious world,
How canst thou suffer such outragious acts
To be committed without iust reuenge ?

O viperous

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

O viperous generation and accurst,
To seeke his blood, whose blood did make them first !

Leir. Ah, my true friend in all extremity,
Let vs submit vs to the will of God :
Things past all fence, let vs not seeke to know;
It is Gods will, and therefore must be so.
My friend, I am prepared for the stroke :
Strike when thou wilt, and I forgiue thee here,
Euen from the very bottome of my heart.

Mef. But I am not prepared for to strike.

Leir. Farewell, *Perillus*, euen the truest friend,
That euer liued in aduersity :
The latest kindnesse Ile request of thee,
Is that thou go vnto my daughter *Cordella*,
And carry her her fathers latest blessing :
Withall desire her, that she will forgiue me ;
For I haue wrongd her without any cause.
Now, lord, receyue me, for I come to thee,
And dye, I hope, in perfit charity.
Dispatch, I pray thee, I haue liued too long.

Mef. I, but you are unwise, to send an errand
By him that neuer meaneth to deliuer it :
Why, he must go along with you to heauen :
It were not good you should go all alone.

Leir. No doubt, he shal, when by the course of nature,
He must surrender vp his due to death :
But that time shall not come, till God permit

Mef. Nay, presently, to beare you company.
I haue a passport for him in my pocket,
Already seald, and he must needs ride poste.

Shew a bagge of money.

Leir. The letter which I read, imports not so,
It only toucheth me, no word of him.

Mef.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Mess. I, but the queene commaunds it must be so,
And I am payd for him, as well as you.

Per. I, who haue borne you company in life,
Most willingly will beare a share in death.
It skilleth not for me, my friend, a whit,
Nor for a hundred such as thou and I.

Mes. Mary, but it doth, sir, by your leaue ; your good dayes
are past : though it bee no matter for you, tis a matter for
me, proper men are not so rife.

Per. Oh, but beware, how thou dost lay thy hand
Vpon the high anoynted of the Lord :
O, be aduised ere thou dost begin :
Dispatch me straight, but meddle not with him.

Leir. Friend, thy commission is to deale with me,
And I am he that hath deserued all :
The plot was layd to take away my life :
And here it is, I do intreat thee take it :
Yet for my sake, and as thou art a man,
Spare this my friend, that hither with me came :
I brought him forth, whereas he had not bin,
But for good will to beare me company.
He left his friends, his country and his goods,
And came with me in most extremity.
Oh, if he should miscarry here and dye,
Who is the cause of it, but only I ?

Mes. Why that am I, let that ne're trouble thee.

Leir. O no, tis I. O, had I now to giue thee
The monarchy of all the spacious world
To saue his life, I would bestow it on thee :
But I haue nothing but these teares and prayers,
And the submission of a bended knee.

kneele.

O, if all this to mercy moue thy mind,
Spare him, in heauen thou shalt like mercy find.

Mes.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Mef. I am as hard to be moued as another, and yet me thinks the strength of their perswasions stirres me a little.

Per. My friend, if feare of the almighty power
Haue power to moue thee, we haue sayd ynough :
But if thy mind be moueable with gold,
We haue not presently to giue it thee :
Yet to thy selfe thou mayst do greater good,
To keepe thy hands still vndefilde from blood :
For do but well consider with thy selfe,
When thou hast finisht this outrageous act,
What horroure still will haunt thee for the deed :
Think this agayne, that they which would incense
Thee for to be the butcher of their father,
When it is done, for feare it should be knowne,
Would make a meanes to rid thee from the world :
Oh, then art thou for euer tyed in chaynes
Of euerlasting torments to indure,
Euen in the hottest hole of grisly hell,
Such paynes, as neuer mortall tounge can tell.

*It thunders. He quakes, and lets fall the dagger next to
Perillus.*

Leir. O, heauens be thanked, he will spare my friend.
Now when thou wilt come make an end of me.

He lets fall the other dagger.

Per. Oh, happy sight ! he meanes to saue my lord.
The king of heauen continue this good mind.

Leir. Why stayst thou to do execution ?

Mef. I am as wilfull as you for your life :
I will not do it, now you do intreat me.

Per. Ah, now I see thou hast some sparke of grace.

Mef. Beshrew you for it, you haue put it in me :
The parlofest old men, that ere I heard.
Well, to be flat, Ile not meddle with you :

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Here I found you, and here Ile leaue you :
If any aske you why the case so stand ?
Say that your touns were better then your hands.

Exit Mess.

Per. Farewell. If euer we together meet,
It shall go hard, but I will thee regret.
Courage, my lord, the worst is ouerpast ;
Let vs giue thanks to God, and hye vs hence.

Leir. Thou art deceyued ; for I am past the best,
And know not whither for to go from hence :
Death had bin better welcome vnto me,
Then longer life to adde more misery.

Per. It were not good to returne from whence we came,
Vnto your daughter *Ragan* back againe.
Now let vs go to *France*, vnto *Cordella*,
Your youngest daughter, doubtlesse she will succour you.

Leir. Oh, how can I perswade my selfe of that,
Since the other two are quite deuoyd of loue ;
To whom I was so kind, as that my gifts,
Might make them loue me, if 'twere nothing else ?

Per. No worldly gifts, but grace from God on hye,
Doth nourish vertue and true charity.
Remember well what words *Cordella* spake,
What time you askt her, how she lou'd your grace.
She sayd, her loue vnto you was as much,
As ought a child to beare vnto her father.

Leir. But she did find, my loue was not to her,
As should a father beare vnto a child.

Per. That makes not her loue to be any lesse,
If she do loue you as a child should do :
You haue tryed two, try one more for my sake,
Ile ne're intreat you further tryall make.
Remember well the dreame you had of late,
And thinke what comfort it foretels to vs.

Leir.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Leir. Come, truest friend, that euer man possést,
I know thou counfaillst all things for the best :
If this third daughter play a kinder part,
It comes of God, and not of my desert. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Gallian ambassador solus.

Am. There is of late newes come vnto the court,
That old lord *Leir* remaynes in *Cambria* :
He hye me thither presently, to impart
My letters and my message vnto him.
I neuer was lesse welcome to a place
In all my life time, then I haue bin hither,
Especially vnto the stately queene,
Who would not cast one gracious looke on me,
But still with lowring and suspicious eyes,
Would take exceptions at each word I spake,
And fayne she would haue vndermined me,
To know what my ambassage did import.
But she is like to hop without her hope,
And in this matter for to want her will,
Though (by report) sheele hau't in all things else.
Well, I will poste away for *Cambria* :
Within these few dayes I hope to be there, *Exit.*

Enter the king and queene of Gallia, and Mumford.

King. By this, our father vnderstands our mind,
And our kind greetings sent to him of late :
Therefore my mind presageth ere't be long,
We shall receyue from *Brittayne* happy newes.

Cord. I feare, my sifter will dissuade his mind;
For she to me hath alwayes bin vnkind.

King. Feare not, my loue, since that we know the worst,
The last meanes helps, if that we misse the first :

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

If hee'le not come to *Gallia* vnto vs,
Then we will sayle to *Brittayne* vnto him.

Mum. Well, if I once see *Brittayne* agayne,
I haue sworne, Ile ne're come home without my wench,
And Ile not be forsworne,
Ile rather neuer come home while I liue.

Cor. Are you sure, *Mumford*, she is a mayd still?

Mum. Nay, Ile not sweare she is a mayd, but she goes for
one :

Ile take her at all aduentures, if I can get her.

Cord. I, thats well put in.

Mum. Well put in? nay, it was ill put in; for had it
Bin as well put in, as ere I put in, in my dayes,
I would haue made her follow me to *Fraunce*.

Cor. Nay, you'd haue bin so kind, as take her with you,
Or else, were I as she,
I would haue bin so louing, as Ide stay behind you :
Yet I must confesse, you are a very proper man,
And able to make a wench do more then she would do.

Mum. Well, I haue a payre of slops for the nonce,
Will hold all your mocks.

King. Nay, we see you haue a handsome hose.

Cor. I, and of the newest fashion.

Mum. More bobs, more : put them in still,
They'l serue instead of bumbast, yet put not in too many, lest
the seames crack, and they fly out amongst you againe : you
must not think to outface me so easily in my mistris quarrel, who
if I see once agayne, ten teame of horses shall not draw me
away, till I haue full and whole possession.

King. I, but one teame and a cart will serue the turne.

Cor. Not only for him, but also for his wench.

Mum. Well, you are two to one, Ile giue you ouer :
And since I see you so pleasantly disposed,
Which indeed is but feldome seene, Ile clayme

A promise

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

A promise of you, which you shall not deny me :
For promise is debt, and by this hand you promis'd it me.
Therefore you owe it me, and you shall pay it me,
Or Ile sue you vpon an action of vnkindnesse.

King. Prithy, lord *Mumford*, what promise did I make thee ?

Mum. Fayth, nothing but this,
That the next fayre weather, which is very now,
You would go in progresse downe to the sea side,
Which is very neere.

King. Fayth, in this motion I will ioyne with thee,
And be a mediator to my queene.
Prithy, my loue, let this match go forward;
My mind foretels, 'twill be a lucky voyage.

Cor. Entreaty needs not, where you may cōmaund,
So you be pleasde, I am right well content :
Yet, as the sea I much desire to see ;
So am I most vnwilling to be seene.

King. Weele go disguised, all vnknowne to any.

Cor. Howsoeuer you make one, Ile make another.

Mum. And I the third : oh, I am ouer-ioyed !
See what loue is, which getteth with a word,
What all the world besides could ne're obtayne :
But what disguises shall we haue, my lord ?

King. Fayth thus : my queene and I will be disguised,
Like a playne country couple, and you shall be *Roger*
Our man, and wayt vpon vs : or if you will,
You shall go first, and we will wayt on you.

Mum. 'Twere more then time; this deuice is excellent :
Come let vs about it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cambria and Ragan, with nobles.

Cam. What strange mischance or vnexpected hap
Hath thus depriu'd vs of our fathers prefence ?

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Can no man tell vs what's become of him,
 With whom we did conuerse not two dayes since?
 My lords, let euery where light horſe be ſent,
 To ſcoure about through all our regiment.
 Diſpatch a poſte immediately to *Cornwall*,
 To ſee if any newes be of him there;
 My ſelfe will make a ſtrict inquiry here,
 And all about our cities neere at hand,
 Till certayne newes of his abode be brought.

Rag. All forrow is but counterfet to mine,
 Whoſe lips are almoſt ſealed vp with griefe:
 Mine is the ſubſtance, whilſt they do but ſeeme
 To weepe the leſſe, which teares cannot redeeme.
 O, ne're was heard ſo ſtrange a miſaduenture,
 A thing ſo far beyond the reach of ſence,
 Since no mans reaſon in the cauſe can enter.
 What hath remou'd my father thus from hence?
 O, I do feare ſome charme or inuocation
 Of wicked ſpirits, or infernall fiends,
 Stird by *Cordella*, moues this innouation,
 And brings my father timeleſſe to his end.
 But might I know, that the deteſted witch
 Were certayne cauſe of this vncertayne ill,
 My ſelfe to *Fraunce* would go in ſome diſguiſe,
 And with theſe nayles ſcratch out her hatefull eyes:
 For ſince I am depriv'd of my father,
 I loath my life, and with my death the rather.

Cam. The heauens are iuſt, and hate impiety,
 And will (no doubt) reueale ſuch haynous crimes:
 Cenſure not any, till you know the right:
 Let him be iudge, that bringeth truth to light.

Ra. O, but my griefe, like to a ſwelling tyde,
 Exceeds the bounds of common patience:

Nor

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Nor can I moderate my tongue so much,
To conceale them, whom I hold in suspect.

Cam. This matter shall be sifted: if it be she,
A thousand *Fraunces* shall not harbour her.

Enter the Gallian ambassador.

Am. All happinesse vnto the *Cambrian* king.

Cam. Welcom, my friend, from whence is thy ambassage?

Am. I came from *Gallia*, vnto *Cornwall* sent,
With letters to your honourable father,
Whom there not finding, as I did expect,
I was directed hither to repayre.

Rag. Frenchman, what is thy message to my father?

Am. My letters, madam, will import the same,
Which my commission is for to deliuer.

Ra. In his absence you may trust vs with your letters.

Am. I must performe my charge in such a maner,
As I haue strict commaundement from the king.

Ra. There is good packing twixt your king and you:
You need not hither come to aske for him,
You know where he is better then our selues.

Am. Madam, I hope, not far off.

Ra. Hath the young murtheresse, your outrageous queene,
No meanes to colour her detested deeds,
In finishing my guiltlesse fathers dayes,
(Because he gaue her nothing to her dowre)
But by the colour of a fayn'd ambassage,
To send him letters hither to our court?
Go carry them to them that sent them hither,
And bid them keepe their scroules vnto themselves:
They cannot blind vs with such slight excuse,
To smother vp so monstrous vild abuse.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

And were it not, it is 'gainst law of armes,
To offer violence to a messenger,
We would inflict such torments on thy selfe,
As should inforce thee to reueale the truth.

Am. Madam, your threats no whit apall my mind,
I know my conscience guiltlesse of this act;
My king and queene, I dare be sworne, are free
From any thought of such impiety:
And therefore, madam, you haue done them wrong,
And ill beseeming with a sisters loue,
Who in meere duty tender him as much,
As euer you respected him for dowre.
The king your husband will not say as much.

Cam. I will suspend my iudgement for a time,
Till more apparance giue vs further light:
Yet to be playre, your comming doth inforce
A great suspicion to our doubtfull mind,
And that you do resemble, to be brieft,
Him that first robs, and then cries, stop the theefe.

Am. Pray God some neere you haue not done the like.

Rag. Hence, saucy mate, reply no more to vs;

She strikes him.

For law of armes shall not protect thy tounge.

Am. Ne're was I offred such discourtesy;
God and my king, I trust, ere it be long,
Will find a meane to remedy this wrong.

Exit Amb.

Rag. How shall I liue, to suffer this disgrace,
At euery base and vulgar peasants hands?
It ill befitteth my imperiall state,
To be thus vsde, and no man take my part.

She weeps.

Cam.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Cam. What should I do - infringe the law of armes,
Were to my euerlasting obloquy:
But I will take reuenge vpon his master,
Which sent him hither, to delude vs thus.

Rag. Nay, if you put vp this, be sure, ere long,
Now that my father thus is made away,
Sheele come and clayme a third part of your crowne,
As due vnto her by inheritance.

Cam. But I will proue her title to be nought
But shame, and the reward of parricide,
And make her an example to the world,
For after-ages to admire her penance.
This will I do, as I am *Cambriaes* king,
Or lose my life, to prosecute reuenge.
Come, first let's learne what newes is of our father,
And then proceed, as best occasion fits.

Exeunt.

*Enter Leir, Perillus, and two marriners, in sea-gownes and
sea-caps.*

Per. My honest friends, we are asham'd to shew
The great extremity of our present state,
In that at this time we are brought so low,
That we want money for to pay our passage.
The truth is so, we met with some good fellowes,
A little before we came aboard your ship,
Which stript vs quite of all the coyne we had,
And left vs not a penny in our purses:
Yet wanting mony, we will vse the meane,
To see you satisfied to the vttermost,

Looke on Leir.

1 Mar.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

1 *Mar.* Heres a good gown, 'twould become me passing wel,
I should be fine in it.

Locke on Perillus.

2 *Mar.* Heres a good cloke, I maruel how I should look in it.

Leir. Fayth, had we others to supply their roome,
Though ne're so meane, you willingly should haue them.

1 *Mar.* Do you heare, sir? you looke like an honest man; Ile not stand to do you a pleasure: here's a good strōg motly gaberdiue, cost me xiiij. good shillings at *Billingsgate*, giue me your gowne for it, and your cap for mine, and Ile forgiue your passage.

Leir. With al my heart, and xx. thanks.

Leir and he changeth.

2 *Mar.* Do you heare, sir? you shall haue a better match thē he, because you are my friend: here is a good sheeps russet sea-gowne, will bide more stresse, I warrant you, then two of his, yes for you seem to be an honest gentleman, I am content to chāge it for your cloke, and aske you nothing for your passage more.

Pull off Perillus cloke.

Per. My owne I willingly would change with thee,
And think my selfe indebted to thy kindnesse;
But would my friend might keepe his garment still.
My friend, Ilegiue thee this new dublet, if thou wilt
Restore his gowne vnto him back agayne.

1 *Mar.* Nay, if I do, would I might ne're eate powderd beefe and mustard more, nor drink can of good liquor whilst I liue. My friend, you haue small reason to seeke to hinder me of my bargaine: but the best is, a bargayne's a bargayne.

Leir. Kind friend, it is much better as it is;

Leir to Perillus.

For

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

For by this meanes we may escape vnknowne,
Till time and opportunity do fit.

2 *Mar.* Hark, hark, they are laying their heads together,
Theile repent them of their bargayne anon,
'Twere best for vs to go while we are well.

1 *Mar.* God be with you, sir, for your passage back agayne,
Ile vse you as vnreasonable as another.

Leir. I know thou wilt; but we hope to bring ready
money
With vs, when we come back agayne.

Exeunt mariners.

Were euer men in this extremity,
In a strange country, and deuoyd of friends,
And not a penny for to helpe our selues?
Kind friend, what thinkst thou will become of vs?

Per. Be of good cheere, my lord, I haue a dublet,
Will yeeld vs mony ynough to serue our turnes,
Vntill we come vnto your daughters court:
And then, I hope, we shall find friends ynough.

Leir. Ah, kind *Perillus*, that is it I feare,
And makes me faynt, or euer I come there.
Can kindnesse spring out of ingratitude?
Or loue be reapt, where hatred hath bin sowne?
Can henbane ioyne in league with Methridate?
Or sugar grow in wormwoods bitter stalke?
It cannot be, they are too opposite:
And so am I to any kindnesse here.
I haue throwne wormwood on the sugred youth,
And like to henbane poysoned the fount,
Whence flowed the Methridate of a child's good wil.
I, like an enuious thorne, haue prickt the heart,
And turnd sweet grapes, to sowre vnrelisht sloes:
The causelesse ire of my respectlesse brest,
Hath sowrd the sweet milk of dame natures paps:

My

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

My bitter words haue gauld her hony thoughts,
And weeds of rancour chokt the flower of grace.

Then what remainder is of any hope,
But all our fortunes will go quite aslope?

Per. Feare not, my lord, the perfit good indeed,
Can neuer be corrupted by the bad:

A new fresh vessell still retaynes the taste
Of that which first is powr'd into the same:

And therefore, though you name yourselfe the thorn,
The weed, the gall, the henbane and the wormewood;
Yet sheele continue in her former state,
The hony, milke, grape, sugar, Methridate.

Leir. Thou pleasing orator vnto me in wo,
Cease to beguile me with thy hopefull speeches:
O ioyne with me, and thinke of nought but crosses,
And then weele one lament anothers losses,

Per. Why, say the worst, the worst can be but death,
And death is better then for to despaire:
Then hazzard death, which may conuert to life;
Banish despaire, which brings a thousand deathes.

Leir. Orecome with thy strong arguments, I yeeld,
To be directed by thee, as thou wilt:
As thou yeeldst comfort to my crazed thoughts,
Would I could yeeld the like vnto thy body,
Which is full weake, I know, and ill apayd,
For want of fresh meat and due sustenance.

Per. Alack, my lord, my heart doth bleed, to think
That you should be in such extremity.

Leir. Come, let vs go, and see what God will fend;
When all meanes faile, he is the surest friend.

Exeunt.

Enter

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Enter the Gallian king and queene, and Mumford, with a basket, disguised like countrey folke.

King. This tedious iourney all on foot, sweet loue,
Cannot be pleasing to your tender ioynts,
Which ne're were vsed to these toylefome walks.

Cord. I neuer in my life tooke more delight
In any iourney, then I do in this :
It did me good, when as we hapt to light
Amongst the merry crue of countrey folke,
To see what industry and paynes they tooke,
To win them commendations 'mongst their friends.
Lord, how they labour to bestir themselves,
And in their quirks to go beyond the moone,
And so take on them with such antike fits,
That one would think they were beside their wits !
Come away, *Roger*, with your basket.

Mum. Soft, dame, here comes a couple of old youthes,
I must needs make my selfe fat with iesting at them.

Enter Leir and Perillus very faintly.

Cor. Nay, prithy do not, they do seeme to be
Men much o'regone with grieve and misery.
Let's stand aside, and harken what they say.

Leir. Ah, my *Perillus*, now I see we both
Shall end our dayes in this vnfruitfull soyle,
Oh, I do faint for want of sustenance :
And thou, I know, in little better case.
No gentle tree affords one taste of fruit,
To comfort vs, vntill we meet with men :
No lucky path conducts our lucklesse steps
Vnto a place where any comfort dwels.

Sweet

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Sweet rest betyde vnto our happy soules ;
For here I see our bodies must haue end.

Per. Ah, my deare lord, how doth my heart lament,
To see you brought to this extremity !
O, if you loue me, as you do professe,
Or euer thought well of me in my life,

He strips vp his arme.

Feed on this flesh, whose veynes are not so dry,
But there is vertue left to comfort you.

O, feed on this, if this will do you good,
Ile smile for ioy, to see you suck my blood.

Leir. I am no Caniball, that I should delight

To flake my hungry iawes with humane flesh :

I am no deuill, or ten times worse then so,

To suck the blood of such a peerelesse friend.

O, do not think that I respect my life

So dearely, as I do thy loyall loue.

Ah, *Brittayne*, I shall neuer see thee more,

That hast vnkindly banished thy king :

And yet not thou dost make me to complayne,

But they which were more neere to me then thou.

Cor. What do I heare ? this lamentable voyce,
Me thinks, ere now I oftentimes haue heard.

Leir. Ah, *Gonorill*, was halfe my kingdomes gift
The cause that thou didst seeke to haue my life ?

Ah, cruell *Ragan*, did I giue thee all,

And all could not suffice without my blood ?

Ah, poore *Cordella*, did I giue thee nought,

Nor neuer shall be able for to giue ?

O, let me warne all ages that insueth,

How they trust flattery, and reiect the trueth.

Well, vnkind girles, I here forgiue you both,

Yet the iust heauens will hardly do the like ;

And

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS

And onely craue forgiuenesse at the end
Of good *Cordella*, and of thee, my friend ;
Of God, whose maiesty I haue offended,
By my transgression many thousand wayes :
Of her, deare heart, whom I for no occasion :
Turn'd out of all, through flatterers perswasion :
Of thee, kind friend, who but for me, I know,
Hadst neuer come vnto this place of wo.

Cor. Alack, that euer I should liue to see
My noble father in this misery.

King. Sweet loue, reueale not what thou art as yet,
Vntill we know the ground of all this ill.

Cor. O, but some meat, some meat : do you not see,
How neere they are to death for want of food ?

Per. Lord, which didst help thy seruants at their need,
Or now or neuer send vs helpe with speed.
Oh comfort, comfort ! yonder is a banquet,
And men and women, my lord : be of good cheare ;
For I see comfort comming very neere.
O my lord, a banquet, and men and women !

Leir. O, let kind pity mollify their hearts,
That they may helpe vs in our great extreames.

Per. God saue you, friends ; and if this blessed banquet
Affordeth any food or sustenance,
Euen for his sake that saued vs all from death,
Vouchsafe to saue vs from the gripe of famine.

She bringeth him to the table.

Cor. Here father, sit and eat, here, sit and drink :
And would it were far better for your sakes.

Perillus takes Leir by the hand to the table.

Per. Ile giue you thanks anon : my friend doth faynt,
And needeth present comfort.

Leir drinks.

Mum.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Mum. I warrant, he ne're staves to say a grace :
O, theres no sauce to a good stomake.

Per. The blessed God of heauen hath thought vpon vs.

Leir. The thanks be his, and these kind courteous folke,
By whose humanity we are preserued.

They eat hungerly, Leir drinkes.

Cor. And may that draught be vnto him, as was
That which old *Eson* dranke, which did renue
His withered age, and made him young againe.

And may that meat be vnto him, as was
That which *Elias* ate, in strength whereof
He walked fourty dayes, and neuer faynted.
Shall I conceale me longer from my father ?
Or shall I manifest my selfe to him ?

King. Forbeare a while, vntill his strength returne,
Lest being ouer-ioyed with seeing thee,
His poore weake senses should forsake their office,
And so our cause of ioy be turnd to sorrow.

Per. What chere, my lord ? how do you feele your selfe ?

Leir. Me thinks, I neuer ate such sauory meat :
It is as pleasant as the blessed manna,
That raynd from heauen amongst the *Israelites* :
It hath recall'd my spirits home agayne,
And made me fresh, as earst I was before.
But how shall we congratulate their kindnesse ?

Per. Infayth, I know not how sufficiently ;
But the best meane that I can think on, is this :
He offer them my dublet in requitall ;
For we haue nothing else to spare.

Leir. Nay, stay, *Perillus*, for they shall haue mine.

Per. Pardon, my lord, I sweare they shall haue mine.

Perillus proffers his dublet : they will not take it.

Leir. Ah, who would think such kindnes should remayne
Among such strange and vnacquainted men :

And

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

And that such hate should harbour in the brest
Of those, which haue occasion to be best ?

Cor. Ah, good old father, tell to me thy grieffe,
Ile sorrow with thee, if not adde reliefe.

Leir. Ah, good young daughter, I may call thee so ;
For thou art like a daughter I did owe.

Cor. Do you not owe her still ? what, is she dead ?

Leir. No, God forbid : but all my interest's gone,
By shewing my selfe too much vnnaturall :
So haue I lost the title of a father,
And may be call'd a stranger to her rather.

Cor. Your title's good still : for tis alwayes knowne,
A man may do as him list with his owne.
But haue you but one daughter then in all ?

Leir. Yes, I haue more by two, then would I had.

Cor. O, say not so, but rather see the end
They that are bad, may haue the grace to mend :
But how haue they offended you so much ?

Leir. If from the first I should relate the cause,
'Twould make a heart of adamant to weepe ;
And thou, poore soule, kind-hearted as thou art,
Dost weepe already, ere I do begin.

Cor. For Gods loue tell it, and when you haue done :
Ile tell the reason why I weepe so soone.

Leir. Then know this first, I am a *Brittayne* borne,
And had three daughters by one louing wife :
And though I say it, of beauty they were sped ;
Especially the youngest of the three,
For her perfections hardly matcht could be :
On these I doted with a ielous loue,
And thought to try which of them lou'd me best,
By asking them, which would do most for me ?
The first and second flattred me with words,
And vowd they lou'd me better then their liues :

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

The youngest sayd, she loued me as a child
Might do: her answere I esteem'd most vild,
And presently in an outrageous mood,
I turnd her from me to go sinke or swim:
And all I had, euen to the very clothes,
I gaue in dowry with the other two:
And she that best deseru'd the greatest share,
I gaue her nothing, but disgrace and care.
Now mark the sequell: when I had done thus,
I sojournd in my eldest daughters house,
Where for a time I was intreated well,
And liu'd in state sufficing my content:
But euery day her kindnesse did grow cold,
Which I with patience put vp well ynough,
And seemed not to see the things I saw:
But at the last she grew so far incens'd
With moody fury, and with causelesse hate,
That in most vild and contumelious termes,
She bade me pack, and harbour somewhere else.
Then was I fayne for refuge to repayre
Vnto my other daughter for reliefe.
Who gaue me pleasing and most courteous words;
But in her actions shewed her selfe so fore,
As neuer any daughter did before:
She prayd me in a morning out betime,
To go to a thicket two miles from the court,
Poynting that there she would come talke with me:
There she had set a shag hayrd murdring wretch,
To massacre my honest friend and me.
Then iudge your selfe, although my tale be brieft,
If euer man had greater cause of griefe.

King. Nor neuer like impiety was done,
Since the creation of the world begun.

Leir.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Leir. And now I am constraind to seeke reliefe
Of her, to whom I haue bin so vnkind ;
Whose censure, if it do award me death,
I must confesse she payes me but my due :
But if she shew a louing daughters part,
It comes of God and her, not my desert.

Cor. No doubt she will, I dare be sworne she will.

Leir. How know you that, not knowing what she is ?

Cor. My selfe a father haue a great way hence,
Vfde me as ill as euer you did her ;
Yet, that his reuerend age I once might see,
Ide creepe along, to meet him on my knee.

Leir. O, no mens children are vnkind but mine.

Cor. Condemne not all, because of others crime :
But looke, deare father, looke, behold and see
Thy louing daughter speaketh vnto thee.

She kneeles.

Leir. O, stand thou vp, it is my part to kneele,
And aske forgiuenesse for my former faults.

He kneeles.

Cor. O, if you wish I should inioy my breath,
Deare father rise, or I receiue my death.

He riseth.

Leir. Then I will rise, to satisfy your mind,
But kneele againe, til pardon be resignd.

He kneeles.

Cor. I pardon you : the word befeemes not me :
But I do say so, for to ease your knee,
You gaue me life, you were the cause that I
Am what I am, who else had neuer bin.

Leir. But you gaue life to me and to my friend,
Whose dayes had else, had an vntimely end.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Cor. You brought me vp, when as I was but young,
And far vnable for to helpe my selfe.

Leir. I cast thee forth, when as thou wast but young,
And far vnable for to helpe thy selfe.

Cor. God, world and nature say I do you wrong,
That can indure to see you kneele so long.

King. Let me breake off this louing controuerfy,
Which doth reioyce my very soule to see.
Good father, rise, she is your louing daughter,

He riseth.

And honours you with as respectiue duty,
As if you were the monarch of the world.

Cor. But I will neuer rise from off my knee,

She kneeles.

Vntill I haue your blessing, and your pardon
Of all my faults committed any way,
From my first birth vnto this present day.

Leir. The blessing, which the God of *Abraham* gaue
Vnto the trybe of *Iuda*, light on thee,
And multiply thy dayes, that thou mayst see
Thy childrens children prosper after thee.
Thy faults, which are iust none that I do know,
God pardon on high, and I forgiue below.

She riseth.

Cor. Now is my heart at quiet, and doth leape
Within my brest, for ioy of this good hap :
And now (deare father) welcome to our court,
And welcome (kind *Perillus*) vnto me,
Myrrour of vertue and true honesty.

Leir. O, he hath bin the kindest friend to me,
That euer man had in aduersity.

Per. My tounge doth faile, to say what heart doth think,
I am so rauisht with exceeding ioy.

King.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

King. All you haue spoke : now let me speak my mind,
And in few words much matter here conclude :

He kneeles.

If ere my heart do harbour any ioy,
Or true content repose within my brest,
Till I haue rooted out this viperous sect,
And repossess my father of his crowne,
Let me be counted for the periur'dst man,
That euer spake word since the world began.

Rise.

Mum. Let me pray to, that neuer pray'd before ;

Mumford kneeles.

If ere I resalute the *Brittish* earth,
(As (ere't be long) I do presume I shall)
And do returne from thence without my wench,
Let me be gelded for my recompence.

Rise.

King. Come, let's to armes for to redresse this wrong :
Till I am there, me thinks the time seemes long. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ragan sola.

Rag. I feele a hell of conscience in my brest,
Tormenting me with horreur for my fact,
And makes me in an agony of doubt,
For feare the world should find my dealing out.
The slaue whom I appoynted for the act,
I ne're set eye vpon the peasant since :
O, could I get him for to make him sure,
My doubts would cease, and I should rest secure.
But if the old men, with perswasue words,
Haue sau'd their liues, and made him to relent ;
Then are they fled vnto the court of *Fraunce*,
And like a trumpet manifest my shame.
A shame on these white-liuerd slaues, say I,
That with fayre words so soone are ouercome.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

O God, that I had bin but made a man ;
Or that my strength were equall with my will !
These foolish men are nothing but meere pity,
And melt as butter doth against the sun,
Why should they haue preeminence ouer vs,
Since we are creatures of more braue resolute ?
I sweare, I am quite out of charity
With all the heartlesse men in *Christendome*,
A poxe vpon them, when they are affrayd
To giue a stab, or slit a paltry wind-pipe,
Which are so easy matters to be done.
Well, had I thought the slaue would serue me so,
My selfe would haue bin executioner :
'Tis now vndone, and if that it be knowne,
Ile make as good shift as I can for one.
He that repines at me, how ere it stands,
'Twere best for him to keepe him from my hands. *Exit.*

*Sound drums and trumpets : Enter the Gallian king, Leir,
Mumford and the army.*

King. Thus haue we brought our army to the sea,
Whereas our ships are ready to receyue vs :
The wind stands fayre, and we in foure houres sayle,
May easily arriue on *Brittish* shore,
Where vnexpected we may them surprise,
And gayne a glorious victory with ease.
Wherefore, my louing countreyemen, resolute,
Since truth and iustice fighteth on our sides,
That we shall march with conquest where we go.
My selfe will be as forward as the first,
And step by step march with the hardiest wight :
And not the meanest souldier in our campe

Shall

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Shall be in danger, but Ile second him.
To you, my lord, we giue the whole commaund
Of all the army, next vnto our selfe.
Not doubting of you, but you will extend
Your wonted valour in this needfull case,
Encouraging the rest to do the like,
By your approued magnanimity.

Mum. My liege, tis needlesse to spur a willing horse.
Thats apt enough to run himselfe to death :
For here I sweare by that sweet faints bright eye,
Which are the starres, which guide me to good hap,
Eyther to see my old lord crown'd anew,
Or in his cause to bid the world adieu.

Leir. Thanks, good lord *Mumford*, tis more of your good
will,

Then any merit or desert in me.

Mum. And now to you, my worthy countrymen,
Ye valiant race of *Genouestan Gawles*,
Surnamed *Red-shanks*, for your chyualry,
Because you fight vp to the shanks in bloud ;
Shew your selues now to be right *Gawles* indeed,
And be so bitter on your enemies,
That they may say, you are as bitter as gall.
Gall them, braue shot, with your artillery :
Gall them, braue halberts, with your sharp point billes,
Each in their poynted place, not one, but all,
Fight for the credit of your selues and *Gawle*.

King. Then what should more perswasion need to those,
That rather wish to deale, then heare of blowes ?
Let's to our ships, and if that God permit,
In foure houres sayle, I hope we shall be there.

Mum. And in fise houres more, I make no doubt,
But we shall bring our wish'd desires about.

Exeunt.

Enter

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Enter a Captayne of the Watch, and two Watchmen.

Cap. My honest friends, it is your turne to night,
To watch in this place, neere about the beacon,
And vigilantly haue regard,
If any fleet of ships passe hitherward :
Which if you do, your office is to fire
The beacon presently, and raise the towne. *Exit.*

1. *Wat.* I, I, I, feare nothing ; we know our charge, I warrant : I haue bin a watchman about this beacon this xxx. yere, and yet I ne're see it stir, but stood as quietly as might be.

2. *Wat.* Fayth neighbour, and you'l follow my vice, instead of watching the beacon, wee'l go to goodman *Gennings*, and watch a pot of ale and a rasher of bacon : and if we do not drink ourselues drunke, then so ; I warrant, the beacon will see vs when we come out agayne.

1. *W.* I, but how if some body excuse vs to the captayne ?

2. *W.* Tis no matter, Ile proue by good reason that we watch the beacon : asse for example.

1. *W.* I hope you do not call me asse by craft, neighbour.

2. *W.* No, no, but for example : say here stands the pot of ale, thats the beacon.

1. *W.* I, I, tis a very good beacon.

2. *W.* Well, say here stands your nose, thats the fire.

1. *W.* Indeed I must confesse, tis somewhat red.

2. *W.* I see come marching in a dish, halfe a score pieces of salt bacon.

1. *W.* I vnderstand your meaning, thats as much to say, half a score ships.

2. *W.* True, you conster right ; presently, like a faithfull watchman, I fire the beacon, and call vp the towne.

1. *W.* I, thats as much as to say, you set your nose to the pot, and drink vp the drink.

2. *W.*

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

2. *W.* You are in the right ; come, let's go fire the beacon.
Exeunt.

Enter the king of Gallia with a stil march, Mumford and soldiers.

King. Now march our ensignes on the *Brittish* earth,
And we are neere approching to the towne :
Then looke about you, valiant countrymen,
And we shall finish this exployt with ease.
Th' inhabitants of this mistrustfull place,
Are dead asleep, as men that are secure :
Here shall we skirmish but with naked men,
Deuoyd of fence, new waked from a dreame,
That know not what our comming doth pretend,
Till they do feele our meaning on their skinnes :
Therefore assaile : God and our right for vs. *Exeunt.*

Alarm, with men and women halfe naked : Enter two Captaynes without dublets, with swords.

1 *Cap.* Where are these villaines that were set to watch,
And fire the beacon, if occasion seru'd,
That thus haue suffred vs to be surprisde,
And neuer giuen notice to the towne ?
We are betrayd, and quite deuoyd of hope,
By any meanes to fortify our selues.

2 *Cap.* Tis ten to one the peasants are o'recome with drinke
and sleep, and so neglect their charge.

1. *Cap.* A whirl-wind carry them quick to a whirl-poole,
That there the slaues may drinke their bellies full.

2. *Cap.* This tis, to haue the beacon so neere the ale-house.

Enter the Watchmen drunke, with each a pot.

1. *Cap.* Out on ye, villaynes, whither run you now ?

1. *Wat.* To fire the towne, and call vp the beacon.

2. *Wat.*

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

2. *Wat.* No, no, sir, to fire the beacon.

He drinkes.

2. *Cap.* What, with a pot of ale, you drunken rogues?

1. *Cap.* You'l fire the beacon, when the towne is lost :
Ile teach you how to tend your office better.

Draw to stab them.

Enter Mumford, Captaynes run away.

Mum. Yeeld, yeeld, yeeld.

He kicks downe their pots.

1. *Wat.* Reelee? no, we do not reele :
You may lacke a pot of ale ere you dye.

Mum. But in meane space, I answer, you want none.
Wel, theres no dealing with you, y'are tall men, and wel
weapōd,
I would there were no worfe then you in the towne.

Exit.

2. *Wat.* A speaks like an honest man, my cholers past al-
ready.
Come, neighbour, let's go.

1. *Wat.* Nay, first let's see and we can stand. *Excunt.*

Alarum, excursions, Mumford after them, and some halfe naked.

*Enter the Gallian king, Leir, Mumford, Cordella, Perillus,
and souldiers, with the chiefe of the towne bound.*

King. Feare not, my friends, you shall receyue no hurt,
If you'l subscribe vnto your lawfull king,
And quite reuoke your fealty from *Cambria*,
And from aspiring *Cornwall* too, whose wiues
Haue practisde treason 'gainst their fathers life.
Wee come in iustice of your wronged king,
And do intend no harme at all to you,
So you submit vnto your lawfull king.

Leir.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Leir. Kind countrymen, it grieues me, that perforce,
I am constraind to vse extremities.

Noble. Long haue you here bin lookt for, good my lord,
And wish'd for by a generall consent :
And had we known your highnesse had arriued,
We had not made resistance to your grace :
And now, my gracious lord, you need not doubt,
But all the country will yeeld presently,
Which since your absence haue bin greatly tax'd,
For to maintayne their ouerfwellling pride.
Weele presently fend word to all our friends ;
When they haue notice, they will come apace.

Leir. Thanks, louing subiects ; and thanks, worthy son,
Thanks, my kind daughter, thanks to you, my lord,
Who willingly aduentured haue your blood,
(Without desert) to do me so much good.

Mum. O, say not so :
I haue bin much beholding to your grace :
I must confesse, I haue bin in some skirmishes,
But I was neuer in the like to this :
For where I was wont to meet with armed men,
I was now incountred with naked women.

Cord. We that are feeble, and want vse of armes,
Will pray to God, to sheeld you from all harmes.

Leir. The while your hands do manage ceaselesse toyle,
Our hearts shall pray, the foes may haue the foyle.

Per. Weele fast and pray, whilst you for vs do fight,
That victory may profecute the right.

King. Me thinks, your words doe amplify (my friends)
And adde fresh vigor to my willing limmes :

Drum.

But harke, I heare the aduerse drum approach.
God and our right, saint *Denis*, and saint *George*.

Enter

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Enter Cornwall, Cambria, Gonorill, Ragan, and the army.

Corn. Presumptuous king of *Gawles*, how darest thou
Presume to enter on our *Brittish* shore?
And more then that, to take our townes perforce,
And draw our subiects hearts from their true king?
Be sure to buy it at as deare a price,
As ere you bought presumption in your liues.

King. Ore-daring *Cornwall*, know, we came in right,
And iust reuengement of the wronged king,
Whose daughters there, fell vipers as they are,
Haue fought to murder and depriue of life:
But God protected him from all their spight,
And we are come in iustice of his right.

Cam. Nor he nor thou haue any interest here,
But what you win and purchase with the sword.
Thy slaunders to our noble vertuous queenes,
Wee'l in the battell thrust them down thy throte,
Except for feare of our reuenging hands,
Thou flye to sea, as not secure on lands.

Mum. Welshman, Ile so ferrit you ere night for that word,
That you shall haue no mind to crake so wel this tweluemonth.

Gon. They lye, that say, we fought our fathers death.

Rag. Tis meerely forged for a colours sake,
To set a glosse on your inuasion.
Me thinks, an old man ready for to dye,
Should be asham'd to broache so foule a lye.

Cord. Fy, shamelesse sister, so deuoyd of grace,
To call our father lyer to his face.

Gon. Peace (puritan) dissembling hypocrite,
Which art so good, that thou wilt proue stark naught:
Anon, when as I haue you in my fingers,
Ile make you wish your selfe in purgatory.

Per.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Per. Nay, peace thou monster, shame vnto thy sexe :
Thou fiend in likenesse of a humane creature.

Rag. I neuer heard a fouler spoken man.

Leir. Out on thee, viper, scum, filthy parricide,
More odious to my sight then is a toade.
Knowest thou these letters ?

She snatches them and teares them.

Rag. Think you to outface me with your paltry scrowles ?
You come to driue my husband from his right,
Vnder the colour of a forged letter.

Leir. Who euer heard the like impiety.

Per. You are our debtour of more patience :
We were more patient when we stayd for you,
Within the thicket two long houres and more.

Rag. What houres ? what thicket ?

Per. There, where you sent your seruant with your letters,
Seald with your hand, to send vs both to heauen,
Where, as I thinke, you neuer meane to come.

Rag. Alas, you are growne a child agayne with age,
Or else your sences dote for want of sleepe.

Per. Indeed you made vs rise betimes, you know,
Yet had a care we should sleepe where you bade vs stay,
But neuer wake more till the latter day.

Gon. Peace, peace, old fellow, thou art sleepy still.

Mum. Fayth, and if you reason till to morrow,
You get no other answere at their hands.

Tis pittie two such good faces
Should haue so little grace betweene them.

Well, let vs see if their husbands with their hands,
Can do as much as they do with their touns.

Cam. I, with their swords they'l make your tounge vnsway
What they haue sayd, or else they'l cut them out.

King. Too't, gallants, too't, let's not stand brawling thus,

Exeunt both armyes.

Sound

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

*Sound Alarum: excursions. Mumford must chase Cambria
away: then cease. Enter Cornwall.*

Corn. The day is lost, our friends do all reuolt,
And ioyne against vs with the aduerse part:
There is no meanes of safety but by flight,
And therefore Ile to *Cornwall* with my queene. *Exit.*

Enter Cambria.

Cam. I thinke, there is a deuill in the campe hath haunted
me to day: he hath so tyred me, that in a maner I can fight
no more.

Enter Mumford.

Zounds, here he comes, Ile take me to my horse. *Exit.*

Mumford followes him to the dore, and returnes.

Mum. Farewell (*Welshman*) giue thee but thy due,
Thou hast a light and nimble payre of legs:
Thou art more in debt to them then to thy hands:
But if I meet thee once agayne to day,
Ile cut them off, and set them to a better heart. *Exit.*

*Alarums and excursions, then sound victory. Enter Leir,
Perillus, King, Cordella, and Mumford.*

King. Thanks be to God, your foes are ouercome,
And you againe possessed of your right.

Leir. First to the heauens, next, thanks to you, my sonne,
By whose good meanes I repossesse the same:
Which if it please you to accept your selfe,
With all my heart I will resigne to you:
For it is yours by right, and none of mine.
First, haue you raifd, at your owne charge, a power

Of

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Of valiant fouldiers ; (this comes all from you)
Next haue you ventured your owne persons scathe.
And lastly, (worthy *Gallia* neuer staynd)
My kingly title I by thee haue gaynd.

King. Thank heauens, not me, my zeale to you is such,
Commaund my vtmost, I will neuer grutch.

Cor. He that with all kind loue intreats his queene,
Will not be to her father vnkind seene.

Leir. Ah, my *Cordella*, now I call to mind,
The modest answere, which I tooke vnkind :
But now I see, I am no whit beguild,
Thou louedst me dearely, and as ought a child.
And thou (*Perillus*) partner once in woe,
Thee to requite, the best I can, Ile doe :
Yet all I can, I, were it ne're so much,
Were not sufficient, thy true loue is such.
Thanks (worthy *Mumford*) to thee last of all,
Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small ;
No, thou hast lion-like layd on to day,
Chasing the *Cornwall* king and *Cambria* ;
Who with my daughters, daughters did I say ?
To saue their liues, the fugitiues did play.
Come, sonne and daughter, who bid me aduaunce,
Repose with me a while, and then for *Fraunce*.

Sound drummes and trumpets. *Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. IV.



. T H E
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